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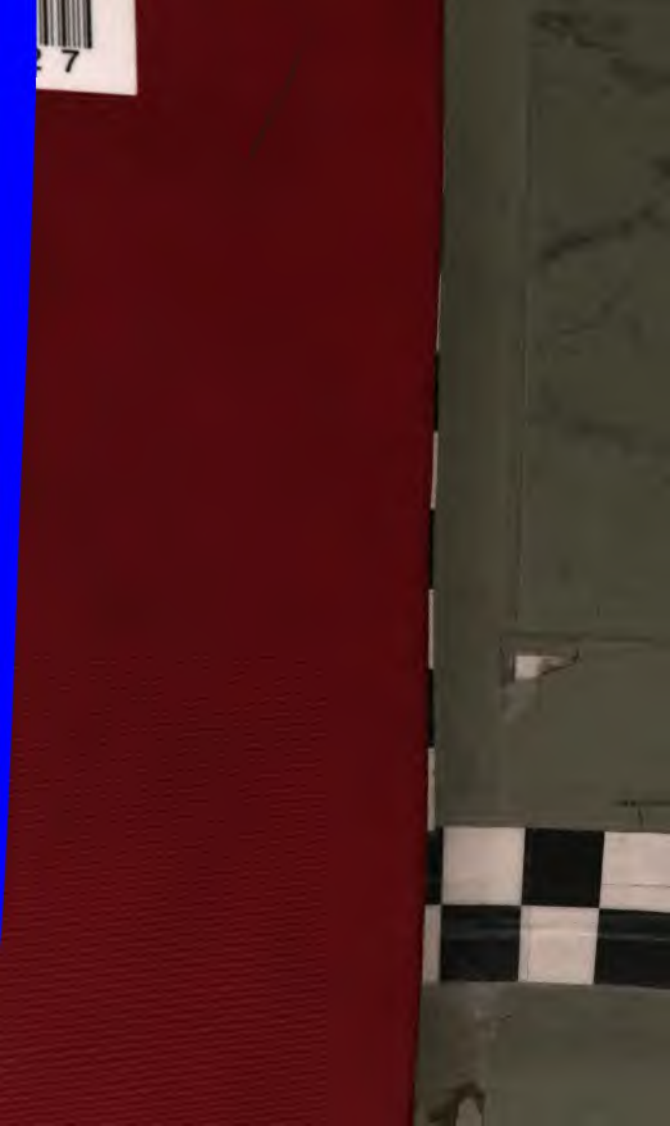

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R L

# THE GOOD SON.

.... Huzza! wife, here he comes on horseback. Our own Charley.

THE

# CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

TRANSLATED

FROM THE FRENCH

OF

## M. BERQUIN.

A NEW AND REVISED EDITION.

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THE

# CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

## THE GOOD SON.

A DRAMA IN ONE ACT.

CHARACTERS.

JEREMY GOODACRE, *a Country Labourer.*
NANCY, *his Wife.*
CICELY, *their Daughter.*
ISAAC, *her Lover.*
CHARLES GOODACRE, *a Lieutenant, and Son to Jeremy.*
BONIFACE, *a Schoolmaster.*
*Recruiting Serjeant—Soldiers—Country People.*

### SCENE I.

*A grass plat before Jeremy Goodacre's cottage. In the middle, a large tree, with a seat round it.*

*Isaac.* (*alone.*) I DID not see her all yesterday. I have not spent a day this twelvemonth without seeing her. What can have happened? Every thing is quiet in the house. Ah, Cicely, can you sleep at ease, while you know how uneasy I am?——Mayhap she has changed her mind, and loves somebody else. (*Goes toward the cottage door.*) Heh! Cicely! Cicely!

*Enter Cicely.*

*Cic.* (*mimicking him.*) Heh! Isaac, Isaac!—Well, here I am.

*Isaac.* You seem to be in high spirits, Cicely!

*Cic.* Are you angry that I am glad to see you?

*Isaac.* You did not want to see me yesterday though, or you would have been where you promised.

*Cic.* Well, are you going to scold at me? Do you think that I was not as uneasy as you were?

*Isaac.* Dear heart! Cicely, are you serious? Well, now I am as happy as I was dull a minute ago. But what hindered you to come?

*Cic.* You know it was the first day of the month; and when my brother, at his landing, wrote to father from Portsmouth, he told him that he should hear from him again, without fail, yesterday.

*Isaac.* Well?

*Cic.* So father would not wait for the postman, but sent me, about four o'clock, to the post-office for the letter. They told me to wait there; that it could not be long before the coach came in: so I staid, upon thorns. And father, uneasy at my stop, came soon afterwards; and before a quarter of an hour's end, comes mother too. You know I could not quit them. So there we staid until dark night, and no coach. I suppose some accident has happened. We came back sorrowful enough, and I could not leave father and mother grieving by themselves; now tell me, could I?

*Isaac.* No, you are very right. I shan't scold at you; but what is your hurry now? Where do you want to go?

*Cic.* To see if the letter is come yet. Father and mother are terribly uneasy. They are so fond of my brother, and he of them.

*Isaac.* Now, Cicely—are you fond of me?

*Cic.* My brother, that was only a private soldier, is now a lieutenant.

*Isaac.* Yes, Cicely, but——

*Cic.* And has two or three score men at his command.

*Isaac.* Ah, your brother is well off!

*Cic.* How grand will he be in his scarlet coat, and his shoulder-knot! O, it is a fine thing, Isaac, to be a captain! Do you not think so?

*Isaac.* Aye, I shall know it, I am afraid. He'll be ashamed now, perhaps, to see me one of his family, as I have no gold shoulder-knot, nor men at my command.

*Cic.* No, Isaac, do not make yourself uneasy. My father has lived in the same way of life with you these sixty years; and my brother has too much sense to despise it. He would have been the same as you, if he had not chanced to enlist when he was young. No, he will never look for a husband for his sister out of her own condition.

*Isaac.* Ah, Cicely, how happy you make me!

*Enter Jeremy.*

*Jer.* Are you come back already? Where is the letter? Let's see.

*Cic.* Father, I have not been to the post office yet.

*Jer.* And you stand there, prating!

*Cic.* I was just going. Well, I'll run as fast as I can. Will you go, Isaac?

*Jer.* Aye, go together; so you will be back the sooner. But don't loiter on the road. And, Cicely, as you pass, you'll tell Mr. Boniface, the schoolmaster, to come here and read the letter for me.

## SCENE IV.

*Jeremy, alone.*

How uneasy I am about the delay of this letter! I could not rest the whole night. Ah, my dear boy, how the thoughts of you make us glad and sorry by turns!

*Enter Nancy.*

*Nan.* Well, this letter does not come. I don't know how it is; a dread hangs over me.

*Jer.* Do not be impatient, my dear! we shall hear from him presently, and see him too again, very soon. I know we shall. I am sure I pray for that every day.

*Nan.* He is a soldier, my good man, and a soldier is not sure of his life a moment. That is what makes me unhappy. Very often, when his letters are read to us, and you imagine that I cry for joy, it is for grief and sorrow. Each, I think, is perhaps his last: and this money that he sent us at his landing, I cannot look at it without a heavy sigh. As I said to myself, it is his pay from the king, the price of his blood; and can we, his father and mother, be happy while we are spending it? Ah, I wish he were here now!

*Jer.* We shall have him here by and by, never

fear, he will come to quarter in some town, perhaps, near ourselves, and then we shall go and see him once a week.

*Nan.* (*overjoyed.*) Aye, twice, three times a week, my man. If that was the case, how happy should I be! But who can tell whether we shall know him again?

*Jer.* Heh! I dare say I shall know my son.

*Nan.* What, when he is drest like an officer, all over gold lace, with his breast-plate and his sash!

*Enter Boniface.*

*Bon.* Good morrow, neighbour Jeremy! Good-morrow, dame Goodacre!

*Jer.* How dost do, master Boniface? (*shaking him by the hand.*)

*Bon.* Well, you have received news from your son! Where is the letter? Let me read it to you.

*Jer.* We have not received it yet, and I am so impatient——

*Bon.* I suppose so, if it were only to have the honour of receiving a letter from a lieutenant. But how the plague did he get up so high? I cannot think, for my part. Besides, you never showed me his letter that mentions it: you got the excise-man to read it for you.

*Nan.* Then you did not hear that part, Mr. Boniface? Do tell him how it was, Jeremiah.

*Bon.* Aye, come, do tell us about it, neighbour Jeremy.

*Jer.* Well, master Boniface, the matter was as thus: In that last battle—at what d'ye call it—near —I never can think of the name; all his regiment

was sadly mauled; most of the officers killed or wounded. My son, too, had received a ball, but never minded it. He rallied about three hundred men as well as he could, (*with vehemence*) led them up to the enemy, fell on with fixed bayonets, checked them so much that our people had time to retreat, and at last came off in good order at the head of fifty men. His general saw the whole, made him lieutenant on the spot, and promised to befriend him as long as he lived. Yes, master Boniface, it is all true. My son did just as I told you.

*Bon.* O, he is a brave youth. I saw that long ago, while he was at school with me. When my boys were at play, it was Charley that led the gang; and if ever there was a quarrel, he always sobered the stoutest of them. It was in him then, neighbour Jerem[illegible] is natural to him.

*Jer.* (*laughing.*) Aye, by the mass, is it?

*Enter Cicely, running.*

*Cic.* Father! father! here is the letter, here it is; and another bank-note in it, I dare say, for it feels thick.

*Jer.* My good Charley! I am afraid he hurts himself to serve me.

*Cic.* And, father, some more wine too. The wine-merchant, he with the great red nose, was at the post-office at the same time with me, and had just got an order to send you another hamper full. Isaac is gone to fetch it.

*Bon.* A hamper full?

*Jer.* There will be some of that for you, master Boniface. But, mean time, we have a little of the

last left. You shall drink with me while you read the letter. Go, dame, and bring us that bottle and three glasses, with a bite of bread and cheese. We will make a luncheon of it here under the tree. Bring out a table, Cicely. Make haste.

*Nancy and Cicely* (*as they go off.*) But, pray now, do not read the letter without us.

*Bon.* Never fear, you know I cannot read before I break my fast.

## SCENE III.

*Jeremy, Boniface, Cicely* (*who goes backward and forward.*)

*Jer.* Open the letter however, master Boniface, though we won't read it the more for that. And yet I am curious to know what he says about the peace, and if he will soon come and see us.

*Bon.* Of the peace, say you? Aye, they talk of it a good deal, but I cannot think it. They recruit and impress still as fast as ever. Why, this morning a serjeant, with his party came into the town.

*Jer.* What, to recruit?

*Bon.* Ay, marry, the same that swears he enlisted Isaac, your daughter's sweetheart, at the fair in t'other town. Take care, neighbour Jeremy, he'll carry off Cicely's husband that is to be, if you do not take care. He is a slippery fellow, that serjeant.

*Cic.* (*coming near to listen.*) O, gracious, are you in earnest, master Boniface?

*Jer.* Do not be afraid, child, you know it was all a trick.

*Bon.* Nay, if you are sure of that. But come, let us unseal——What a fine hand your son writes! how fair and legible! but he is indebted to me for that. (*He hems, and begins to read.*) "*Honored father*—"

*Jer.* (*stretching his head out towards Boniface to hear the letter.*) Ah, my good Charley!

*Bon.* "As our regiment is ordered home, to remain in this country"—

*Jer.* Heaven be praised! Then he will not cross the seas again. How happy my wife will be!

*Bon.* "I hope shortly to have the happiness of seeing my family—"

*Jer.* O, I knew we should soon have him here.

*Bon.* "Meantime I cannot give you greater satisfaction than by informing you how honorably I have been treated a few days since"—

*Jer.* (*joyfully.*) Aye? Let us hear, let us hear.

*Bon.* "By the general, who politely invited me to dine with him,"—

*Jer.* My Charley to dine with him? O, how the rest would stare! all those great officers! Well, well!

*Bon.* "He held a particular conversation with me for a long time, and was pleased to pay me several compliments on my behaviour during the war, which was certainly more than I deserved. In short, he asked me where I was born, and who was my father."

*Jer.* What! the general ask about me? Well, what did he say? let's hear; quick, master Boniface.

*Bon.* "I told him that you were a poor honest labouring man, but that I would not change you for any father in the world, notwithstanding your condition."—

*Jer.* (*lifting up his hands.*) Heavenly goodness! I think I hear him.

*Bon.* "The general was pleased with this expression of my duty towards you, and filling his glass, drank your health in the presence of the whole table, requesting me to inform you that he had done himself that pleasure, and to assure you always of his friendship and good wishes."

*Jer.* (*overjoyed.*) Now, is it possible, master Boniface? The general? some duke, no doubt.

*Bon.* Aye, you hear he drank your health.

*Jer.* (*runs towards the cottage and calls out.*) Wife! wife! never mind what you are doing there, but come hither; come quick.

*Nan.* (*from within the cottage.*) What is the matter, Jeremiah?

*Jer.* Nay, come, you shall hear; come, I tell you, quick.

*Enter Nancy.*

*Jer.* (*kissing Nancy.*) O, my dear good wife, what a son you have given me!

*Nan.* (*sets the wine and bread and cheese on the table. Boniface lays hold of it unconcernedly.*) What is the matter, good now? I am all over in a flutter of joy. Is he coming home?

*Jer.* O, better than that. He dined with the general, d'ye know, and the general asked about our

town, and about me, and my son told him that I was a poor labourer, but that he would not change me for all the fathers in the world. And with that the general drank my health publicly, and promised me his friendship. (*Nancy claps her hands for joy.*) So now, my dear, we must drink the general's health. Come, dame, take you that glass, you t'other, master Boniface, and I'll have this. (*takes off his hat.*) Fill all bumpers. Come, here's a health to the noble general.

*Bon.* 'Fore George, he does not drink better than this.

*Jer.* Hark ye, neighbour Boniface, you must write for me to my son, as how I have pledged the general's health in a bumper; and that he must thank him from me, and assure him that I love him dearly. Now don't forget. Nay, by the rights of the business, it would not be amiss, I think, to send a civil line or two, to himself.

*Bon.* Pooh, neighbour Jeremy, what dost talk on?

*Nan.* But Charley is coming home, is he? We shall see him soon. Eh?

*Jer.* Softly, child, you will hear that directly.

*Nan.* If he could come before our Cicely is married, it would be double happiness.

*Jer.* Patience, patience; master Boniface will go on.

*Nan.* Aye, aye; pray go on, mayhap he'll tell us something more.

*Bon.* (*sitting down again. Nancy goes to his side and listens attentively.*) "Invited me to dine

with him"—Where did I leave off? "Drank your health—Requesting me"—Aye, here it is—"Requesting me to inform you"—

*Enter Cicely, crying and sobbing.*

*Cic.* Help, help, father! here are the soldiers.

*Jer.* How? What is the matter?

*Cic.* The recruiting serjeant is going to take away Isaac.

*Bon.* What, and the hamper of wine too, that he is bringing?

*Nan.* O my stars, this is a misfortune!

*Cic.* Do, father, go and see if you can release him. You are his father as well as mine. The serjeant will respect you, I am sure. Every body respects you.

*Jer.* Silly child! as if every body lived in our town. But make yourselves easy; it is not so bad perhaps as you imagine. I will go and talk to them.

*Cic.* Do, father, and I will go with you: perhaps we may prevail on them.

## SCENE IV.

*Nancy, Boniface.*

*Nan.* Lackaday! I wish I could follow you. But now, master Boniface, you that can speak like an oration, why don't you go and hold forth to them?

*Bon.* No, no, dame, my business is to comfort the afflicted. I cannot quit *you*.

*Nan.* (*with anxiety.*) Bless me! don't I hear a noise already in the town? I hope no harm will happen to my poor man. Do, neighbour Boniface, go and see what is the matter.

*Bon.* Why, you would not have me go? what, me?

*Nan.* Yes. You are a man of learning. You can talk to them something like.

*Bon.* Aye, so much the worse. These blades would desire no better sport than to fall foul of men of learning, like me. 'Sblood, keep to your books, they would say to me. And then again as I am a little hasty, who can tell what might happen. I should better never have meddled with learning, that is plain.

*Nan.* Come, you are one of our best friends, Mr. Boniface, and won't you help us?

*Bon.* Nay, but have a little moderation after all, Gammer. Think of my profession. I can give you counsels and consolations in English and in Latin, as much as you will; but for helping folks, it does not lie in my way.

*Nan.* Well, I could not have expected this of you. I see I must hobble after them myself. (*goes out.*)

*Bon.* (*alone.*) Yes, yes, go and push myself in among a parcel of young swaggerers! I have only twenty brats in my school, and those young monkies play tricks on me from morning to night. What would I be among a score of great hulking fellows? I should have no rods there to frighten them. I think it is much better to finish this bottle, and then I can read the rest of the letter. I long to know—(*fills his glass, and reads to himself.*) "The first of next month?"—Why that was yesterday. (*continues to read eagerly.*) "The second?" To

be here on the second day of the month?—Heh! they'll be quite happy. (*drinks off the wine.*) There is not a moment to be lost. (*fills again and drinks.*) I'll run after them and bring them back. (*fills and drinks a third time.*) The time is precious. (*holding the bottle up and seeing it empty, rises in a hurry, as if to run after them, and calls.*) Jeremy! Nancy! They are too far off: they do not hear me. Well, this news will make it up for me with Nancy. It would be a pity to quarrel with such good folks, especially just now, when they have got a fresh hamper of such nectar as this.

....

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*Jeremy, Isaac, Nancy, Serjeant, Country People.* (*Cicely and Soldiers standing by.*)

*Serj.* (*to the soldiers*) Come, no more of this whining; take him before a justice.

*Country People.* You won't take the man by force, will you?

*Isaac.* Aye, let him if he dare.

*Serj.* You may all talk as you will: this is my man. (*slapping on his pocket*) Here is my beating order, and that is enough.

*Isaac.* Beating order? you have no order to trepan folks.

*Jer.* (*making a sign to the country people to be silent*) Harkye, Mr. Serjeant, good words go a great way.

*Serj.* Good words? I desire no other. Let's see of what sort your's are.

*Jer.* I'll tell you what, serjeant, I love my king and country with all my heart; and if the war was not almost over, and every thing settled, if we were in any danger, and there was a real occasion—

*Serj.* Is that all that you have to say?

*Jer.* Nay, serjeant, only hear me.

*Serj.* (*leaning on his cane*) Well, let us hear.

*Jer.* This young man is my son-in-law, that is to be: but what of that? If things were as I told you, I should be the first to say, carry him off. For what can there be more our duty, than to fight for our country. Take myself, too, I would say. My head is grey, it is true, and my face covered with wrinkles, but I am neither too old, nor too weak to fight as well as another. My son's noble bravery has made me strong again, (*with vehemence*) I will fight as long as I can carry a firelock, and when old age and weakness overpower me, I will hearten up the young fellows round me to behave themselves bravely. If I see any of them draw back, I'll throw myself in his way, and stop his flight; or, if he will run, he shall pass over the carcase of a poor old man. Yes, upon my soul, serjeant, I would say exactly so, if things were at that pass.

*Serj.* And I would say, my good old gentleman, you don't know what you are talking about.

*Jer.* (*advancing a step*) Hark'ye, serjeant, mayhap *you* don't know what you are doing. If you give yourself airs with us, we'll find your betters

somewhere ; and if I write to my son who is a lieutenant—

*Serj.* You a son that is a lieutenant ? But if you had a dozen, I can only say, that I must have master Isaac here, or the smart-money.

*Isaac.* Aye, aye, this is a fine way to come and get folks' money. You a king's man ?

*Serj.* I do no more than the king does, in regard to your money, except that I take the trouble to come for it myself. Two guineas, or he must march.

*Nan.* Nay, serjeant, for pity's sake—

*Serj.* Pity ! we soldiers have much to do with pity. How would it be if the enemy were among you ? No quarter then, but your money or your lives.

*Nan.* (*shuddering*) O dear me !

*Serj.* No, no, we have not much time for pity. Broken arms and legs are nothing among us—But come, we are losing time. Hark'ye, you must find the money, or the man is mine. Come along ; march. (*Goes off with the soldiers and Isaac.*)

*Jer.* Follow him, neighbours, to the justice's, if he goes there. I'll be after you presently. (*Cicely and the country people go out.*)

## SCENE II.

*Jeremy, Nancy, Boniface* (*out of breath.*)

*Jer.* Ah, master Boniface, you left us in the lurch.

*Bon.* What a plague ! I have been running after you this quarter of an hour.

*Jer.* What is the matter, then? You seem all alive.

*Bon.* Matter? the matter is here, gaffer. (*striking the letter*) Why your son is to be with us to-day, man.

*Jer.* To-day, Mr. Boniface?

*Bon.* Only hear. (*he reads*) "Our regiment is ordered into quarters, and the first of next month the company to which I belong, will march through your town." Look ye there, neighbour Jeremy; the first, that is, as one should say, yesterday.

*Nan.* Is it possible? Yesterday? And not here yet?

*Bon.* Stop, stop. Hear what follows (*reads*) "Or if not that day, on the second, at farthest. I shall ask permission of the commanding officer to go and see you as we pass by."

*Jer.* Then, my dear boy comes at last! Wife, I will go and meet him. I'll go as far as the great close. I'll stretch out my arms towards him, and call to him, my son, my dear son.

*Nan.* Nay, don't leave me, pry'thee. How can I keep pace with you, being so feeble? Then he will think that I do not love him as well as you do.

*Jer.* Aye, aye, stay where you are, neighbour.

*Bon.* Only let me have a guinea, quick.

*Jer.* A guinea? For what?

*Bon.* To keep the serjeant in discourse about the two guineas that he asks, and then when your son comes——

*Jer.* Ah, right. Here, my good friend, run, and see what you can do. For my part, I can think of

nothing but my son at this moment. (*Boniface goes out, running.*)

## SCENE III.

*Jeremy and Nancy.*

*Nan.* Pray, Jeremy, don't you go and leave me. I could not stay behind. You had better get up on this little hill. You will see farther from the top of it.

*Jer.* You are right, my dear. Marry, I am all on fire with joy and impatience.

*Nan.* (*while Jeremy goes up the hill*) Heaven be praised, then my son is come home again. I shall see him once more, after so many long years. Dear! how my heart beats! my joy was great when he came into the world, but how much greater now! (*she calls to Jeremy*) Well, my dear man, do you see nothing of him?

*Jer.* (*on tiptoe, holding his hand over his eyes.*) Not yet, honey; the sun dazzles me.

*Nan.* I hope all this joy may not be out of season. Step down, and lend me a hand to get up. I shall see farther than you.

*Jer.* What a dust! Is it a flock of sheep? No; I see the glistening of their arms. They are coming down by yon hill. It is they, my dear, it is they.

*Nan.* Do you see our boy?

*Jer.* He cannot be far off. Eh! who is this that comes galloping towards us through the town? (*he throws his hat up.*) Huzza! wife, here he comes on horseback. Our own Charley.

*Nan.* Good lack! I am out of my wits with joy.

O, I must go to meet him. Gracious! here he comes!

*Enter Lieutenant Goodacre (as Jeremy comes down from the hill.)*

*Lt. Goodacre.* My dear father. (*embraces his father and mother.*)

*Jer.* Ah, my good son! God bless you, my dear boy! The sight of you makes me shed tears of joy. You have a thankful father.

*Nan.* O, that you have, my dear child, and a thankful mother too.

*Lt. G.* Why do you talk of thanks, my honoured parents? It is I who have obligations to you.

*Jer.* No, Charles. I will say it before all the world, you have repaid me much more than I have ever given you. You are all my comfort, and the happiness of my old age. It is you that keep me alive and prolong my days.

*Nan.* We can never make you amends for the happiness that you afford us.

*Lt. G.* And is it not the greatest happiness that I can enjoy myself? It would be none, if your affection did not make you share it with me. Yes, my dear and honoured parents; I have never ceased to think of you in every circumstance of life. When any good fortune has happened to me, I have thought very little of the advantage that fell to myself from it. The greatest pleasure that I felt at such times, was in thinking of the satisfaction that it would occasion to you. But in no part of my life have I enjoyed so great, so sensible a happiness as at this moment when I see both your eyes filled

with tears. (*Taking each of them by the hand, and looking at them by turns.*) O my worthy parents, I can never satisfy myself with seeing you. —But compose yourselves. I cannot stay very long with you now. I shall return shortly, and spend a few days with you. Well, how do you go on? How do you pass your old age? How do you live? Where is my sister that I have not seen since she was in her cradle? Let me see her.

*Jer.* She is a good girl, and gives us vast satisfaction. We are going to marry her, if you approve it. But I'll bring her hither directly. (*going, he returns.*) And yet I am grieved to tell you——.

*Nan.* But for you she might be very unhappy. Our intended son-in-law, my dear child—

*Jer.* Has been trepanned by a serjeant, that luckily is still here. Before he releases him, he expects two guineas; and they have been promised to him, to keep him on the spot, as we were in hopes that you would come in the mean time. How happy it is that you arrived here to-day.

*Lieut. G.* Well, go, father, and bring him hither, without telling him that I am here, or my sister either.

*Jer.* Nay, how shall I refrain? I would much rather cry out to every body that I meet, He is here, he is here. (*Goes out.*)

## SCENE IV.

*Nancy, Lieutenant Goodacre.*

*Lt. G.* (*looking round him.*) How charming is this retreat! Now indeed I know the place of my

birth. Yonder is the cottage that I have so often sighed after. There the great tree, under the shade of which we used to sit with our neighbours on fine summer evenings; and here the hill that I chose for the scene of my sports. O happy years of my childhood! Of every spot that I see around me, there is none, my dear mother, that does not remind me of some mark or other of your affection. But you seem thoughtful?

*Nan.* My joy is so great I can hardly give it vent. If I were alone, I could cry for an hour. Besides too, I think—

*Lt. G.* What, my dear mother?

*Nan.* That you are not our equal now. You are too much above us.

*Lt. G.* I too much above you! O, banish that thought. Are not the ties of nature the most sacred? Am I not convinced that I cannot be nearer to any persons upon earth than to you and my father? And should I not in return feel a more sincere affection to my parents than to any other persons in the universe? Believe me, I shall continue to love and respect you the same as ever.

*Enter Cicely, hastily to her mother, without observing Lieut. Goodacre.*

*Cic.* What is the matter, mother? Why did my father send me here in such a hurry? (*Perceiving Lt. G. she draws back.*) O goodness! an officer!

*Lt. G.* (*aside to Nancy.*) Mother, is that my sister? (*Nancy makes signs to him in the affirmative. He goes to kiss her.*) What a charming countenance!

*Cic.* (*struggling.*) O, fie, sir, be quiet!

*Nan.* What, Cicely, to your brother?

*Lt. G.* How surprised she seems! Yes, Cicely, your brother, and I hope a brother whom you love.

*Cic.* Dear mother! what this fine officer? Is he my brother Charley?

*Lt. G.* (*kissing her.*) What amiable innocence!

*Cic.* (*running to her mother, quite overjoyed.*) O, mother, we have nothing to fear now. Isaac will soon be released.

## SCENE V.

*Jeremy, Nancy, Lt. Goodacre, Boniface, Cicely, Isaac, Serjeant, Country People.*

*Jer.* (*pointing to his son.*) There, Serjeant, there is the gentleman that will pay you the two guineas.

*Serj.* (*surprised.*) How is this? an officer? (*Takes off his hat.*)

*Lt. G.* You say, sir, that you have enlisted this man: where is your beating order?

*Serj.* (*presenting it to him with some confusion.*) Here, Sir.

*Lt. G.* I see the number of your corps. What officer commands your party?

*Serj.* Captain Marshall, Sir.

*Lt. G.* (*having looked over the paper.*) Why this is but a copy. Well, I know your captain, and think I should know you too. Your dealing with this man does not seem to have been fair. I am afraid that you have abused the honourable profes-

sion of a soldier, and looked upon it as allowing you a privilege to extort poor people's money. I shall write to your captain, and meantime shall be answerable for this man's appearance. (*Serjeant goes off.*) Come hither, sister: Is this your intended spouse? He is a clever young fellow. I like Cicely's choice very much.

*Isaac.* You are very good, captain, to approve it, as I am no more than a husbandman.

*Lt. G.* And what was my father? Are not you born of honest parents?

*Nan.* Yes indeed, my dear son, as honest as any in the parish.

*Lt. G.* Well, I shall not be happy unless I am at your wedding. I shall take all the expense of it upon myself.

*Country People.* (*with a murmur of approbation.*) That is very generous indeed.

*Lt. G.* But do I not see Mr. Boniface?

*Bon.* Yes, captain, much at your service.

*Lt. G.* Ah! one of my oldest acquaintances (*shaking hands with him*) I am sorry to have made him angry so often formerly.

*Bon.* That is all past. The present does me much honour. Do you know, captain, that it was I who read all your letters for this good couple? I have spread your reputation through the whole country. Indeed I came in myself for some share of it.

*Lt. G.* Yes, Mr. Boniface, I acknowledge it with pleasure. Your instructions have not been entirely useless to me in my advancement.

*Bon.* (*bows affectedly, and rises with a pedantic toss of the head*) Who would think (*aside*) that old Noll Boniface has flogged a captain!

*Lt. G.* Father, do these good people belong to the village?

*Jer.* Yes, child, they are our neighbours, and have been very kind to us in our old age.

*Lt G.* I am heartily obliged to you, my good friends.

*Country People.* (*approaching familiarly*) How plain he is, and how affable! he does not think himself above us. Kindly welcome home, captain. We have always been glad to hear news from you when you were abroad. (*Lt.G. takes each of them by the hand.*)

*Jer.* Every thing that I see of you, my dear son, pleases me highly, and convinces me, that whatever I heard to your advantage, was true. You certainly have behaved yourself as a worthy soldier.

*Lt.G.* I hope so, father; and I am indebted for it to your good advice, and that of my mother. There is no part of the world, I thank heaven, where my memory is hateful: I flatter myself that, in many parts, it is respected. (*Looking at his watch*) But my time is almost expired. I must leave you, my dear parents.

*Nan.* What, already? so soon?

*Jer.* Stop a little longer. We have scarcely had time to look at you.

*Lt.G.* I must absolutely join our division again. Be assured, that my heart alone would be sufficient to keep me here, if my duty did not call me away.

—But I shall ask you one thing before I leave you.

*Jer. and Nan.* Any thing, child, any thing.

*Lt.G.* Well then, my dear parents, come and live with me. You shall command my pay, such as it is, in the same manner as you ever command my esteem and affection.

*Jer. and Nan.* My dear son——

*Lt.G.* You hesitate? Ah, your consent must be quite voluntary. It would be no happiness to me, if it ceased to be so to you.

*Jer.* Hear me, my dear child. We are old, and cannot live long. Let us die here, where we have spent all our days. Let us die in our cottage; that spot is dear to us, since in it you were born. Only come and make us happy with the sight of you now and then; it is all that we desire.

*Lt.G.* O certainly, certainly, father.

*Nan.* And we, my dear son, will go to see you in return. They will be days of happiness to us when we see you, and we shall never cease to bless heaven for having given us such a son.

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## THE MASONS ON THE LADDER.

As Mr. Dormer was walking one day with little Archibald, his son, in one of the public squares, they stopped before a house that was building, and which was raised as high as the second story. Archibald remarked a number of workmen placed one above another upon the rounds of a ladder,

who were moving their arms up and down successively. This appearance excited his curiosity. Papa, cried he, what game are those men playing? Let us go a little nearer to the foot of the ladder.

They placed themselves in a spot where there was no danger, and observed a man go and take a large stone from a heap, and carry it to another man placed on the first round of a ladder; and he, raising his arms above his head, handed the stone to a third, who was placed above him, who by the same operation, passed it up to a fourth; and thus, from one hand to another, the stone very soon reached the scaffold, where the masons were ready to make use of it.

What do you think of this sight? said Mr. Dormer to his son. Why are so many persons employed in building this house? Would it not be better that one man singly should work at it, and that the rest should go, and each build for himself?

Very true, indeed, papa, answered Archibald; there would then be many more houses than there are.

Do you consider well, said Mr. Dormer, what you now say? Do you know how many arts and trades are concerned in forming such a house as this? One single man, therefore, who would undertake a building, should be master of all these professions; so that he would spend his whole life in acquiring those different sorts of knowledge, before he could begin to build. But supposing

that he could in a short time perfect himself in every thing necessary to be known for that purpose; see him alone, and without any assistance, first digging the earth to lay the foundation; then going to seek stone, hewing it, making morter, plaister and white-wash; in short, preparing every thing necessary to a mason. See him full of ardor, taking his measurements, raising his ladders, erecting his scaffolds: but in what time do you think his house would be raised to the top?

*Arch.* Ah, papa, I am greatly afraid he would never be able to finish it.

*Mr. D.* You are very right, child, and it is the same with all the labors of society. Were a man to withdraw himself totally, and work for himself alone; were he to refuse to borrow the aid of others, fearing to be obliged to lend them his in return, he would exhaust his strength in the undertaking, and see himself quickly under the necessity of abandoning it: whereas, if men lend their assistance mutually, they execute in a short time the most puzzling and laborious works, to perform which, each of them singly, would require the course of a whole life. It is the same also in the pleasures of life: he who would taste them alone, could procure to himself but few enjoyments; but let all unite to contribute to their mutual happiness, and each will find his share in this union.—You are one day to be a member of society, my dear child! Let the example of these workmen be always present to your memory. You see how much they may ease and shorten their labours by

mutually aiding each other. We will pass by here again, some days hence, and we shall find their house finished. Endeavour, therefore, to help others in their undertakings, if you wish that they should, in their turn, exert themselves to labour for you.

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## PHYSIOGNOMY.

Mr. Oakley having one day surprised his daughter Arabella, very busy before her glass, they had the following conversation on the subject.

*Mr. Oakley.* Why, Arabella, you are drest very fine. I suppose it is to receive or to pay visits?

*Arabella.* Yes, papa, I am to spend the evening with the Misses Monkton.

*Mr. O.* I thought you were going to figure in a circle of duchesses. What needs all this dressing, for friends whom you see every day?

*Ara.* Why, papa, you know—when one goes out, they should not be in dishabille as at home.

*Mr. O.* Then you are generally in dishabille at home?

*Ara.* No, papa—but you know there ought to be a difference.

*Mr. O.* I understand. You mean that you should be a little more attentive to your dress. But I thought, as I came in, that you seemed busy in examining your looks, and your figure. Does your glass tell you that your studies have succeeded?

(*Arabella looks down and blushes*) What is your intention?

*Ara.* Papa, one always likes to please, and—we would not appear so as to frighten people.

*Mr. O.* Ha! ha! then it depends on your choice to please people, or to frighten them?

*Ara.* Not entirely. But I meant—as others do when they say one looks like a fright.

*Mr. O.* I should like to know what that means. It may be of use to myself.

*Ara.* Why, for instance; when one is pitted deeply with the small-pox, or has a great long nose and chin, or a wide mouth.

*Mr. O.* Thank heaven, you have none of these; but rather, indeed, a sensible little countenance. What more do you want in order to please universally, and not to be a fright?

*Ara.* I can't tell how it is, but I know some little misses that have very handsome faces, and yet they do not please me; and I know others that are not counted handsome, and yet I like their faces very much.

*Mr. O.* Can you trust me with your thoughts? Tell me those first that are handsome, and yet have not the good luck to please your taste.

*Ara.* That is easily done. In the first place there is Miss Bloomer. She has a clear smooth skin, as white as a lily, with fine blue eyes and rosy lips: But she has an affected loll, which makes her seem lower than she is, and she hangs her head on one shoulder, so that her face looks quite another thing. —Then she drawls out her words slowly, as if she

weighed each syllable, and in speaking she looks at you, expecting you to admire every sentence. In the next place there is the eldest Miss Archly; she passes for a beauty, but her looks are so proud and sneering, we cannot help thinking she despises or ridicules us. As for Miss Drake, she carries herself with so much confidence, and speaks with such an air of command, that a boy would blush—

*Mr. O.* (*softly*) At this rate we shall fall into scandal. I would rather hear you mention those who, without being handsome, have found means to please you.

*Ara.* You know Miss Emily Johnson? she is much marked with the small pox, and even has a pearl on her left eye from it. But yet her countenance is so pleasing, that one may read in it good-nature, mildness, and complaisance. The youngest Miss Archly has a small cast in her eyes, from having had something hung before one eye that was sore for almost a twelvemonth, when she was young. She looks to the right to see what is on her left hand. But it is nothing when you become used to it, and we all love her dearly; she is so lively, and so gay.

*Mr. O.* You see then, outward advantages, such as a fair soft skin, white teeth, a handsome nose, rosy lips, a fine easy shape; in short, all the beauties of face or person, are not sufficient of themselves to make one please; one must have besides a happy countenance, and engaging manners.

*Ara.* Certainly, papa; for otherwise I cannot tell

how some please me who are neither handsome nor disagreeable with all these advantages.

*Mr. O.* But can you tell why the first have something in their countenances more agreeable to us than the regular features of the second?

*Ara.* Because, I should think, we see there some signs of their disposition; and we are apt to think that those who have an appearance of good-nature in the features of the face, must have a good heart.

*Mr. O.* When you were before your glass, you strove, no doubt, to throw a little good nature into your countenance, that people might imagine you to possess it in your disposition also.

*Ara.* O, pray, papa, do not ridicule me.

*Mr. O.* I do not mean it. But you told me just now that you wished to please, and you owned this to be the surest method of doing so.

*Ara.* Yes, certainly.

*Mr. O.* But do you think that such a countenance may not be deceitful, or that one can assume the power of pleasing, and lay it down at pleasure?

*Ara.* Yes, papa, I think so, for I have heard you and others say, a hundred times, "I would never have thought that little girl to have such a deceitful countenance.—That man looked like honesty itself, and yet he has deceived us.—Such a person knows how to compose his face so, that one would believe him to be possest of every virtue."

*Mr. O.* But did we speak, then, of those that we had seen often, or for a long time, or pretty near us?

*Ara.* I do not know that, papa.

*Mr. O.* Or might not this wrong judgment proceed from a want of sagacity? or from not sufficiently remarking whether such persons have always the same countenance, or only take it upon occasion, or in short, whether they speak and act consistently and uniformly?

*Ara.* What is the meaning of that, papa?

*Mr. O.* Whether every thing agrees, their countenance, their eyes, the sound of their voice, all the features of their face; whether any part contradicts, or gives the lie to the other?

*Ara.* O, there are a good many things to mind in that. And yet I should imagine, if I took particular notice of what you have mentioned, I could not mistake.

*Mr. O.* Ah! child, do not be too sure.

*Ara.* However, I think I can see in my little friends what is affected, and what is natural.

*Mr. O.* So then you suppose that you are knowing enough in the art of disguising the thoughts, and that you have judgment and penetration enough to distinguish truth from hypocrisy upon a countenance? Really, I should never have expected so much from so light a little head as yours.

*Ara.* O, I have taken notice in Miss Bloomer, that her prim mouth, her stare, her motions with her head, and that drawling tone of her's are not natural; and that the elder Miss Archly's proud, flouting look, and Miss Drake's free undaunted manner, is not at all affected, because the one is really vain and self-conceited, and the other impudent.

*Mr. G.* Perhaps they are not far enough advanced

in the art of putting on counterfeit looks. However, your opinion is, that our aversions and our likings, our faults and our virtues, are painted on our faces, and that we can read in a person's features, as in a book, what he is in his heart.

*Ara.* Why not? I never saw a passionate person with a mild aspect, nor an envious person with a smiling countenance, nor one who was cruel and unfeeling, with looks of tenderness. Only see our neighhour, Mrs. Grimston, how she eyes people, as if she would eat them up, and with what a grumbling voice she speaks. Every time that Miss Artichoke comes here, when mamma has company, only observe how her eyes go round, to see if any lady present has any thing new or elegant about her dress; and with what looks of jealousy she measures her from head to foot, as if she was hurt at another's happiness.

*Mr. O.* Why indeed, we may pretty safely pronounce that the one is envious, and the other passionate. But may it not sometimes happen that nature will give the same person a happy countenance, and a perverse disposition? or, on the other hand, indifferent features with a noble heart?

*Ara.* I do not know; but I can hardly believe it.

*Mr. O.* Why so?

*Ara.* Because we may see by a person's figure whether he is weak or strong, sickly or in health; and it must be the same with the disposition.

*Mr. O.* Well, now I shall give you two passages from history, that seem to contradict your notion. A certain able physiognomist, called Zopyrus, boast-

ed that from a view of a person's shape and countenance, he could distinguish his manners and ruling passions. After looking at Socrates one day, he judged him to be a man of a bad mind and vicious inclinations; some of which he mentioned. Alcibiades, the friend and scholar of Socrates, who was well acquainted with his master's merit, could not help laughing at the judgment of the physiognomist, and taxing him with gross ignorance. But Socrates confessed that he was really by nature inclined to those vices of which he was accused, and that he preserved himself free from them by the constant exertions of philosophy. Æsop, that slave who was endowed with so much wit, had a person so disagreeable and deformed, that when he stood to be sold, he could prevail on nobody to purchase him, until his witty answers convinced them what he was. Here are two examples that seem to prove the contrary of what you maintain.

*Ara.* Well, that surprises me as to Socrates: I have often heard you talk of him with pleasure. And as to Æsop too, I have read his fables with much pleasure. I should have thought them both the finest looking persons in the world. But that agrees again with what I said, that one may be ordinary and yet have wit, sensibility, or good-nature in the countenance.

*Mr. O.* You are right; sickness or grief may alter the features. But that was not the case with Socrates. He himself owned that he was at first

viciously inclined, and the features of his face strongly confirmed it.

*Ara.* I think his answer explains the difficulty. He was born with a bad disposition, but as he had much good sense at the same time, and saw that passion, pride, and envy, were terrible vices, he struggled with them, and came at length to get the better of them. His heart was purged of his faults, but his countenance kept the marks of them still.

*Mr. O.* You seem to be pretty ready at a reply, and there is some truth, too, in your reasoning. However, I have a question to propose to you. If Miss Archly, that proud little miss, who has a face, you say, expressing disdain and self-conceit, should, from the sensible instruction of her parents, be convinced of her own folly; or if distresses and sickness obliged her to render herself agreeable to others, by being mild, affable and mannerly, so that she should become quite the contrary to what she is at present; and suppose it were the same with your other litle friends, as to the faults that you find in them also; would those marks of pride, affectation or impudence remain still upon their faces? Or when by continual and redoubled efforts they should have changed their vices into the opposite virtues, would the same alteration take place in their countenances?

*Ara.* Yes, certainly, papa.

*Mr. O.* Well, the truth may lie between our different ways of arguing. Socrates, when young, yielded to the folly of his passions; and even re-

tained, for a long time, his choleric temper, since he entreated his friends to admonish him, whenever they saw him ready to give way to it, but in a more advanced age, when he had been instructed in the school of wisdom, he began, undoubtedly, to combat his vices, to reform himself daily, and to rise by degrees to the highest pitch of perfection in every moral virtue. But then it was too late to new-model his features. The muscles and fibres of his face being stiff, the beauty of his mind could make no impression through his countenance. It was like the sun in a cloudy sky. Now, in childhood, when the features are more tender and flexible, the different movements of the soul are in their turns forcibly impressed on them: So that if by a reform, during that period, the virtues take place of the vices in the mind, the outward expression of these virtues on the countenance will also efface that of the vices: For the countenance may be compared to a thin veil. If you throw it over the head of a fair Circassian, and afterwards over that of a negro wench, you will easily see through it the florid bloom of the one, and the sooty blackness of the other. I do not know whether you understand what I mean.

*Ara.* O yes, perfectly, from that comparison; and to show you that I do, I will give you one of my own. I have often with the greatest ease cut the letters of my name, or the date of the year, upon a young tree, but I could not do so upon an old one: the bark would have been too hard and too rugged.

*Mr. O.* Why you surprise me. But even though

your comparison should not be quite exact, it is certainly true, that if we do not take up a habit of virtue until an advanced age, we shall appear the less amiable in the eyes of others; because our features, long accustomed to express our former vicious inclinations, can with difficulty be modelled to represent our present virtuous sentiments: and what are we to conclude from this?

*Ara.* That we should—That we should—

*Mr. O.* Consider well, before you express yourself.

*Ara.* That we should endeavour, while young, to have an amiable countenance.

*Mr. O.* But if we are not in our hearts what our countenance denotes, would not the contrast be remarked? You said just now of Miss Bloomer, that she was not what she wished to be thought. So you see—

*Ara.* Yes, I see that we should strive to be really what we wish to appear. For instance, if we would appear mild, modest, reserved or good-natured, we should struggle with all those inclinations that would hinder us from being so in effect, otherwise our counterfeit looks would soon be discovered. For if one is really mild, modest, reserved, or good-natured the features of his face will show it.

*Mr. O.* Very well, my dear Arabella. And is not that an excellent receipt for obtaining true beauty, and the genuine art of pleasing? How unhappy would those be to whom nature has refused her charms, if they were debarred the hopes of acquiring an amiable and engaging countenance by

goodness of heart, and other qualities both pleasing in the sight of God and man! Therefore, my dear, take my advice; do not seek in your glass for the art of appearing better than you really are. But whenever you find yourself ruffled by any passion, run immediately and consult it. You will see the ugliness of envy, anger or vanity. Then ask yourself, if such a portrait can be agreeable in the eyes of God or man.

*Ara.* Yes, papa; your advice is very good, I will follow it. But I shall reap another advantage from your instructions.

*Mr. O.* What's that?

*Ara.* I will look very attentively at every body that I see in company, and strive to discover by their faces what opinion I should have of them.

*Mr. O.* No, child, take care how you do so. The first would be contrary to good manners and unsuitable to the modesty of your sex; and the second would be very dangerous, considering your candor and inexperience. To discover in the features of any person his disposition or way of thinking, requires long study, repeated observations, and a very penetrating judgment. You would find yourself continually deceived in your likings or dislikes. The knowledge of the world will instruct you by degrees. At present, study only yourself, and use all the strength of your mind to acquire every virtue, in order to become more amiable and more beautiful.

## THE FROWARD GIRL.

For the comfort and encouragement of such of my dear children as have had the misfortune to contract a vicious habit, I tell the following story: in which they will see that amendment is easy, when they form a sincere and courageous resolution.

Rosalind, till her seventh year, was the joy of her parents. At that age, she contracted a fault which cannot be better described than by the example of those snarling curs that growl incessantly, and seem always ready to run at you and bite. If any one chid her, though ever so gently, she would start up, and stamp with her feet, and throw the chairs about the room. Neither her father nor mother, nor any of the family, could bear with her now. It is true she sometimes repented of her faults, nay, often shed tears in private, on seeing herself become every body's aversion. But habit soon got the command of her, and her temper became more unpleasant every day. One evening (it was New-Year's-Eve) she saw her mother go to her room with a small basket under her cloak. Rosalind would have followed her, but Mrs. Faulkner ordered her back to the parlour. Upon this she put on the most sullen face that ever she showed, and clapped the door to so violently, that she made all the windows rattle. Half an hour after, her mother sent for her. What was her surprise on seeing the room splendidly lighted up, and the table covered with the most

elegant toys. She could not utter a word, transported as she was with joy and admiration. Come hither, Rosalind, said her mother, and read on this paper for whom these things are intended. Rosalind went to the table, and saw among the toys, a slip of paper, on which she read the following words written in large letters :—*For an amiable little girl, in return for her good behaviour.*

She looked down and said not a word. Well, Rosalind, said her mother, for whom is this intended ?

Not for me, said Rosalind, with tears in her eyes.

Here is another paper, said Mrs. Faulkner ; see if this concerns you.

Rosalind took it, and read, *For a froward little girl who is sensible of her faults and in beginning a new year will take pains to amend them.* O, that is I, that is I ! said she, throwing herself into her mother's arms, and crying bitterly. Mrs. Faulkner also dropped tears, partly of sorrow for her daughter's faults, and partly of joy for the repentance that she showed. Come, said she after a moment's silence, take what is intended for you, and may God, who has heard your resolution, give you fortitude to execute it.

No, mother, answered Rosalind, the whole belongs to the person in the first paper. Keep it for me, until I am like her : you can tell me when I am so. This answer gave Mrs. Faulkner much pleasure ; she therefore immediately put all the toys into a drawer, and giving the key to Rosalind, said, there,

my dear child, you shall open the drawer when you yourself shall think it the proper time.

Near six weeks passed without the least instance of ill-humour from Rosalind. She threw her arms round her mother's neck, and sobbing, asked, may I open the drawer, mother?—Yes, my dear, you may, answered Mrs. Faulkner, clasping her tenderly in her arms. But pray tell me how you have managed to get the better of your temper so?—I studied it continually, replied Rosalind; it cost me some trouble, but every morning and evening, and a hundred times in the day, I prayed to God to keep up my courage.

Mrs. Faulkner shed the most delicious tears; and Rosalind became mistress of the toys, and soon after, of the affection of all her friends.

Her mother related this happy change in presence of a little miss who had the same fault; and she was so struck with it, that she immediately formed the resolution of imitating Rosalind, in order to become amiable like her. This attempt had the same success: and thus Rosalind was not only more happy herself, but also rendered those happy who chose to profit by her example. What child of spirit would not wish to enjoy the same honour and the same happiness?

# FASHIONABLE EDUCATION.

*Dancing-Master.* As you please, sir. Come then, miss, a minuet.

# FASHIONABLE EDUCATION.

A DRAMA IN ONE ACT.

CHARACTERS.

MRS. COURTLY.
LEONORA, *her Niece.*
HILARY, *her Nephew.*
MR. VINCENT, *a Clergyman, and a particular friend to the Children.*
DANDIPRAT, *a Dancing-Master.*
FANNY, *a Waiting-Maid.*

*The* SCENE *is in the house of Mrs. Courtly.*

## SCENE I.

*Mrs. Courtley and Mr. Vincent.*

*Mrs. C.* No, I cannot forgive you, Mr. Vincent. What! not come and see your beloved friends, nor me, these five years past!

*Mr. V.* Consider, my good lady, the inevitable duties of my parish, the bad state in which my health is, and the fear of accidents upon the road.

*Mrs. C.* What, forty miles! a very long journey, truly!

*Mr. V.* Long to me, who cannot easily change place. My bodily infirmities no longer permit me to be gadding, and especially so far from home.

*Mrs. C.* And pray, to what powerful motive,

Mr. Vincent, do we owe this instance of your resolution?

*Mr. V.* To the great desire that I had of seeing Leonora and her brother, once more, I may say, before I die.

*Mrs. C.* Ah! there is a fine girl! Leonora! One might come to view her from the furthest corner of the world! O, such an understanding and vivacity!

*Mr. V.* Indeed, you make me very anxious, Mrs. Courtly to behold her. Pray, where is she? I long to embrace her.

*Mrs. C.* She has not left her toilet yet.

*Mr. V.* Not at this late hour! And Hilary, why is he not yet come from school? I thought he would have been here long ago, and waiting to receive me.

*Mrs. C.* You remember, it was a little late when your arrival was announced last night. The servants have been very busy all this morning, and my niece's waiting-woman could not leave her.

*Mr. V.* Pray oblige me, by despatching some one instantly for Hilary; and, in the interval, I will go up stairs and see his sister.

*Mrs. C.* No, no, Mr. Vincent; the surprise of seeing you might overcome her spirits: I will prepare her for the interview. (*She goes out.*)

## SCENE II.

*Mr. Vincent, alone.*

As far as I can see into the matter, Mrs. Courtly brings up her niece by the plan that regulated her own education, and permits her to employ a

deal of time in setting off her person to the best advantage, like a doll intended for the window of a toy-shop. Happy, if these trifles have not caused her to neglect the cultivation of her understanding!

*Enter Mrs. Courtly.*

*Mrs. C.* I have sent for Hilary; and Leonora is coming down this instant. She has but one feather more to settle.

*Mr. V.* How! one feather! Can you suppose that I care about a feather more or less? Should not her anxiety to see me be as great as mine is?

*Mrs. C.* Certainly it should, and is; but then her wish to give you pleasure—

*Mr. V.* Possibly it will not be her feathers that will do that; but, if I recollect, you told me that you had sent to fetch your nephew?

*Mrs. C.* (*somewhat piqued*) O, my nephew! You will have time enough for Hilary.

*Mr. V.* You speak as if I was not to expect great things from him.

*Mrs. C.* He is far from being vicious; but he will not attend to my instructions on the subject of good breeding.

*Mr. V.* What, is he unpolished, wild, or rustic?

*Mrs. C.* No, not that. They tell me that his head is well stored with useful knowledge, as they call it; but that *je ne scai quoi*, which well bred people possess, and that *bon ton*—

*Mr. V.* If that be all he wants, he is not a great way from perfection;—but his heart?

*Mrs. C.* I think it neither good nor bad; but Leonora! how accomplished she is! what enchanting manners! As for Hilary, we do not see each other often.

*Mr. V.* And why not?

*Mrs. C.* For fear of taking him from his beloved studies; and because, when he comes here, he pays no heed to what I tell him of the method of living in the fashionable world. Besides, he cannot express himself with any sort of grace. I sometimes carry him into the company of ladies, and he never has a handsome word to say.

*Mr. V.* Because, as I suppose, the conversation turns upon matters to which he is quite a stranger.

*Mrs. C.* But surely a well-bred youth should never be a stranger to such topics as are started in the company of ladies!

*Mr. V.* A respectful silence suits his present age; and it is his business to be silent, and so learn to speak in future, when his turn comes.

*Mrs. C.* And would you make the youth a doll, that is not to have motion till his wheels are on? But you shall hear my Leonora talk: she does it with such ease! such spirit! such vivacity! There is no such thing as following her, when once she sets a going.

*Mr. V.* We shall see which of them will be most entitled to my love. You cannot but remember, how I promised at their father's death, to look upon them as my own. I will perform this sacred duty. As I cannot tell how long I have to live, I am come to see these children, and to know their differ-

ent characters; which I design to study, so that I may regulate accordingly the final disposition of my fortune in their favour.

*Mrs. C.* Such proceeding agrees entirely with every former token of your gratitude and generosity. My brother, even in his grave, feels your beneficence: and how can I express my obligation to you as I ought, for Leonora and her brother?

*Mr. V.* What you call beneficence, dear lady, in me, is no more than duty. Your esteemed and worthy father trusted to my care the education of his son, your brother; and this brother, anxious for his tutor's happiness, presented me the living that I possess; and as I have no children, his belong to me, and have a right even while I am living, and much more after my death, to all the worldly fortune that I possess, and which I study to increase for their advantage, and no other purpose.

*Mrs. C.* I can easily believe you, and in that case, Leonora, as the loveliest—

*Mr. V.* If I make distinctions, it will not be on account of frivolous or outside beauty; but superior virtue, or superior merit in them, will obtain the preference.

*Mrs. C.* Ah! here Leonora comes.

*Enter Leonora, dressed in all the extravagance of fashion.*

*Mr. V.* (*with astonishment*) How! Is this Leonora?

*Mrs. C.* You are surprised, I see, to find her at

first sight so captivating. (*to Leonora*) You have made us wait a little, my sweet girl.

*Leo.* (*making a ceremonious curtsey to Mr. Vincent*) Because the servant could not place my feathers to my liking, notwithstanding she moved them half a dozen times. I sent her off at last, quite out of humour, and did every thing myself.—I hope I see you well, sir.

*Mr. V.* (*going towards her, and affectionately holding out his hand*) And I hope, my dear Leonora—(*Leonora turns away and seems indifferent*) Well!—are you unwilling to consider me as if I were your father?

*Mrs. C.* Yes, my dear; your father and your benefactor. I request (*to Mr. Vincent*) you would excuse her: she has always been brought up in modesty, and I have constantly enjoined her a reserve.

*Mr. V.* She would not surely have violated either, by receiving me as children do a father. I must likewise tenderly reproach her for the circumstance of having staid so long up stairs, while I was all impatience to behold her.

*Leo.* Pardon me, dear sir; I was not fit to come before you with propriety.

*Mr. V.* But surely, a young lady should be always fit to come before a plain man, as I am, with propriety! A modest and decent undress is all that she wants, for such a purpose, when at home.

*Mrs. C.* You are right; but to receive a guest like Mr. Vincent; the respect which she owes you whispered the necessity of putting on—

*Mr. V.* One feather less; and might have whispered the propriety of being eager to come forth and meet a friend who travels forty miles to see her. Yes, I own, my heart would have been infinitely more delighted to behold my children—for the tenderness with which I think of them at all times, and the gratitude which I owe their father, makes them such, and therefore I repeat it—to behold my children run with open arms to meet me!

*Mrs. C.* But the awe that seized her at first sight of you—

*Mr. V.* Let us drop the subject. When you see me next, you will receive me more affectionately. Won't you, Leonora? You are not displeased that I speak thus freely to you? I was used to such language in your childhood: and the five long years that I have passed, without once seeing you, have made no alteration in my heart. I hope, even when you are married, that I shall have permission to continue such a sweet familiarity.

*Leo.* It will be doing me a deal of honour.

*Mr. V.* O, no more of these same ceremonious compliments! Say only that it will give you pleasure. But how much you are altered for the better since I saw you last! An elegant appearance, easy manners, and a carriage—

*Mrs. C.* O, quite charming! quite adorable!

*Mr. V.* And yet all this is nothing, if one wants the grace of modesty, the charm of affability, the sweet expression of goodness upon the countenance, and that perpetual source of pleasure, a well cultivated understanding.

*Mrs. C.* Yes, that sort of cultivation which can only be pursued by intercourse with fashionable people.

*Mr. V.* Fashionable people, madam? And is Leonora to spend her life with such? I have nothing left to wish her, if she has but those endearing qualities that may obtain her honour amongst a well chosen circle of acquaintances, at times indeed abroad, but commonly at home; ensuring her the approbation of her friends, and of her own heart.

*Mrs. C.* Yes, yes; that is always understood. I mean that she should learn what sort of conduct will procure her honour and respect from such as know what life is, as we say. Come, Leonora, let us hear you play some pretty piece on your piano.

*Leo.* No, dear aunt; it might not be acceptable to Mr. Vincent.

*Mr. V.* Not acceptable, my dear child! I am quite delighted when I hear good music; and think no amusement more proper for you.

*Mrs. C.* What more worthy of our admiration, than those charming sciences called drawing, music, dancing, and perhaps too, some few others? Leonora, give us that sweet air of Signor Squalini's composition. (*Leonora goes to her piano with a discontented air, fingers the keys, and begins a sonata*) No, no; you must sing too, Leonora.—She has such a voice, Mr. Vincent!—so sweet!—You will hear it. If you knew how much applause she got for her performance at the concert, you would be perfectly astonished. You must know, however,

she is a little vain; and one must sometimes kneel, or not a note—

*Mr. V.* I hope I shall obtain a note, without proceeding to that ceremony.—Shan't I, Leonora?

*Leo.* Sir, your commands are sufficient at any time.

*Mr. V.* No, my dear; I do not command, I only request.

*Leo.* (*in a whisper to her aunt, while looking for the air*) I am indebted for all this to you!

*Mrs. C.* (*whispering Leonora*) For heaven's sake, Leonora, seem more cheerful; and do every thing that you are asked. Your fortune, very possibly, depends upon it.

*Mr. V.* If your voice, my love, is not so clear as you could wish, no matter: only sing your best, and you are sure to please me.

(*Leonora plays, and sings the following words.*)

Sweetly smelling flower,
Thus waking with the morning hour,
Go to my Laura's breast, and grace
With added fragrance that already fragrant place;
So thou wilt bloom indeed:—
But like a useless weed
If on the stalk here thou remain;
Thy beauty will decay;
Thy fragrance pass away,
And thy bright colours glow in vain.

*Mrs. C.* (*clapping her hands*) Bravo! bravissimo!

*Mr. V.* In truth it is not so much amiss, considering she is but a child. However, I supposed that I

should have heard a song containing something of the principles with which, no doubt, you study to inspire her.

*Mrs. C.* How, dear sir! do not you perceive the moral of it? (*she sings*)

If on the stalk here thou remain,
Thy beauty will decay;
Thy fragrance pass away;
And thy bright colours glow in vain.

Which is as much as to say, our young ladies should come forth and mingle with the world, if they would turn their knowledge to advantage, and not die shut up within their own houses.

*Mr. V.* Trust me, my dear lady, it is much rather there than elsewhere, that worthy husbands will be glad to find them. But what is this? (*casting his eyes upon a drawing*)

*Mrs. C.* That is one of Leonora's doing. Do not you find it charming?

*Mr. V.* It is not bad indeed, if Leonora did it all without the assistance of her master.

*Mrs. C.* Why, to say the truth, sir, he has touched it up a little.

*Mr. V.* My opinion here again is, that Leonora would have shown more judgment in selecting something of a different subject; as for instance, if instead of representing thus a sleeping shepherdess, surprised by a filthy fawn, she had applied her pencil to set forth some virtuous action: *that* would have improved her hand as much, while it improved her heart still more.

*Enter Fanny.*

*Fanny.* Sir, your portmanteau, is arrived.—

Where will you have it put?—In your apartment?

*Mr. V.* Do you mean, my good lady, that I shall have my lodgings with you?

*Mrs. C.* Certainly; and by accepting it, you will do me no less honour than I myself have pleasure in the offer.

*Mr. V.* You oblige me. Therefore, with permission, I will see if every thing is right, and return immediately.

## SCENE III.

*Mrs. Courtly, Leonora.*

*Leo.* He is gone at last, then! is he?

*Mrs. C.* Softly, softly, Leonora! he may chance to hear you.

*Leo.* Let him hear me, if he pleases. I am so vexed, I could destroy my drawings, tear my music book, and dash my instrument to pieces.

*Mrs. C.* Be composed, my dear! you have occasion now for all your moderation.

*Leo.* It is enough, I think, that I showed my moderation in his presence. You yourself both saw and heard him.

*Mrs. C.* People of his age have always many oddities.

*Leo.* Why then expose me to them? You should not have said a word about my singing, aunt. I did not like to sing. This always comes of your desire to show me to the best advantage, as you say; and though you see the mischief, you will repeat it when he comes again.

*Mrs. C.* My dearest Leonora, be persuaded: you

do not know, perhaps, that your fortune in the world depends on Mr. Vincent.

*Leo.* What! my fortune?

*Mrs. C.* Yes, indeed. Must I inform you how much you are indebted to his bounty?

*Leo* O, I know! as far as certain petty presents amount, which he sends me now and then. But surely I could do without his presents!

*Mrs. C.* Ah, my dearest child! without him you would be exceedingly unhappy. What your father left you is a very trifle; and my income no great matter. With the assistance of these means alone, it was not possible that I could have given you such an education as you have.

*Leo.* And is it possible that I am so indebted to him. Does he likewise show himself a friend and benefactor to my brother?

*Mrs. C.* Yes; it is he that pays his board and education.

*Leo.* I was never told of this.

*Mrs. C.* Since you never wanted any thing, what need was there to tell you of it? You observe, by this, of what importance you should think it, to keep watch upon your conduct, and behave to Mr. Vincent with respect. But still, my dear, this is not all; he is come expressly for the purpose of observing you and Hilary, before he makes his will, and gives you his estate accordingly—to each, as he supposes you to deserve it.

*Leo.* O, how sorry I am now that I seemed so vexed and fretted in his presence!

*Mrs. C.* He is certainly a worthy man; but still

was much to blame in hearing with such coldness your sweet voice, and not appearing charmed with your piano. But, however that may be, you must absolutely seek to please him, or your brother will obtain a preference in his will.

*Leo.* Alas! he merits it much more than I do.

*Mrs. C.* More? You have too mean opinion of yourself, my sweetest, if you think so! And besides, if he should really obtain a preference, what would be your destiny? A man can always make his way through life, but what resources can a woman have?

*Leo.* What, indeed! Your argument convinces me that I should have learnt things much more necessary than the use of a piano, dancing, or even drawing.

*Mrs. C.* Why, you simpleton! with such a fortune, as by Mr. Vincent's favour you have reason to hope, what can you desire in preference to the arts of shining in a fashionable circle? Mr. Vincent must be won: and with a little complaisance, if you but show it, you may do whatever you think proper with him.

*Enter Fanny.*

*Fanny.* Mr. Dandiprat, the dancing master, madam.

*Mrs. C.* Well, desire him to walk up. (*Fanny retires*)

*Leo.* No, aunt; let him be sent away to-day, I beg, or I shall again fret Mr. Vincent.

*Mrs. C.* He must absolutely see you dance, you move with so much ease, you will charm him, I am

certain. (*going to the door*) Mr. Dandiprat, come in.

*Enter Dandiprat.*

*Mrs. C.* I appeal to you, sir; does not Leonora dance like an angel?

*Dan.* (*bowing*) Absolutely, madam.

*Mrs. C.* Very likely I shall have a friend come here to see her dance a little. You will oblige me, therefore, if you make her show her skill as much as possible, to please him.

*Dan.* Certainly, madam; and my own skill too, you may depend on it.

*Enter Mr. Vincent.*

*Mrs. C.* Apropos; for here he comes. A chair for Mr. Vincent.—Here,—here, on this couch, my dear sir.—You are come in time for Leonora's dancing lesson; you must see how she performs. You would take her for a zephyr!—Mr. Dandiprat, pray let your pupil dance the new allemand.

*Leo.* I cannot dance it by myself.

*Mrs. C.* Fear nothing! Mr. Dandiprat will dance with you; and I will hum the tune. Come, never fear! I will keep good time.

*Mr. V.* But what hinders us from having a minuet? I like that best, and beg to have it.

*Dan.* I shall not perform it with grace, if I must play as well as dance.

*Mr. V.* It is not your performance that we consider, but your pupil's.

*Dan.* You would judge much better of her merit in a grand chaconne.

*Mr. V.* Chaconne! what is that?

*Dan.* It is the higher style of dancing.

*Mr. V.* But Leonora never means to figure at the Opera-house. I want a minuet.

*Dan.* As you please, sir. Come then, miss; a minuet. (*Leonora dances; Dandiprat moves with her, playing on his kit, interrupting his music now and then with instructions*) Your head a little higher.—Shoulders back.—Let your arms play freely.—Sink.—One, two, three.—Your partner.—Look at me.

*Mr. V.* (*when the minuet is finished*) Come, this is tolerable, Leonora.—Sir, your lesson, if you please, is finished for to-day. (*Dandiprat makes a ceremonious bow to the company, and leaves the room.*)

*Leo.* (*whispering Mrs. Courtly*) Well, aunt, you see what compliments I have had?

*Mrs. C.* And is it possible, my dear good sir, that you are not enchanted, ravished, nay, transported? Surely your attention was diverted; or perhaps you are not recovered yet from the fatigue your journey has occasioned?

*Mr. V.* I beg your pardon, madam. I have already signified to Leonora how I liked her dancing; but you would not surely see me in a transport at her merit in this way? No: I reserve my ecstacy for merit much more proper to excite it.

*Enter Hilary, running into the room to Mr. Vincent, and embracing him with ardor.*

*Hil.* O, my dear, dear Mr. Vincent! my good friend and father! how rejoiced I am to see you!

*Mrs. C.* How the boy rushes in! do you mean to stifle Mr. Vincent?

*Mr. V.* Let him do it, my good madam! for the transports of his joy delight me more than cold and ceremonious salutations. Yes, my dearest Hilary, come here, and let me press you to my heart. What pleasing recollections you awake within me! Yes, these open features are the living image of your dear departed father!

*Mrs. C.* Why not put your best clothes on? Do people see friends in that trim?

*Hil.* But, aunt, it would have cost me half an hour at least to change my dress, and I never should have had the patience to delay so long the pleasure of seeing Mr. Vincent.

*Mr. V.* And I too, my dear boy, was quite impatient, and thought every minute half an hour between the time of my arrival and this moment.

*Mrs. C.* Well, sir; have you nothing to say to me or Leonora? You have not so much as wished us a good morning.

*Hil.* Pardon me, dear aunt! I was so glad, I did not know what I was doing. And do you forgive me too, dear sister, (*holding out his hand,*) if without intention I have displeased you. Have I, Leonora?

*Leo.* (*half offended*) No, sir.

*Mr. V.* Excuse him, madam, upon my account! I should be sorry to be the occasion of reproach to him.

*Mrs. C.* (*aside*) I can hold no longer !—Be so kind, good sir, as to excuse me : I have several orders to give the servants.

*Mr. V.* Do not confine yourself on my account.

*Mrs. C.* (*whispering Leonora*) You will hardly stay and hear their insupportable discourse !——(*aloud*) Come, Leonora. I have something to employ you in.

*Leo.* No, aunt, I will stay with Mr. Vincent, if he will please to let me.

*Mr. V.* Let you, my dear child ! I shall be glad to have you with me. (*Mrs. Courtly goes out with manifest vexation*)

## SCENE IV.

*Mr. Vincent, Leonora, Hilary.*

*Mr. V.* Well, Hilary ; is your master well pleased with your behaviour and improvement ?

*Hil.* He himself, sir, is the proper person to answer that. One thing, however, I can say, that I am pretty well established in his favour.

*Mr. V.* What are you studying at present ?

*Hil.* Latin, Greek, and Geography ; the history of England, and the Mathematics.

*Leo.* (*aside*) Here are many things that I scarcely know by name !

*Mr. V.* And pray tell me, do you like them ?

*Hil.* O, the more I learn, the more I wish to go on learning ; and am not the lowest in my class, either.

*Mr. V.* Then too, your drawing, music, dancing——

*Hil.* Those too I am learning; but apply myself much more, this sultry weather, to the music-master and drawing, as the doctor says I must not exercise myself too violently. In return, when winter comes, I shall apply myself more closely to my dancing, when a deal of jumping will be comfortable.

*Mr. V.* Why your plan, I must acknowledge, seems well laid.

*Hil.* Besides, sir, I shall never give a deal of time to dancing; hardly more than what the doctor lets me have for recreation. The essential thing, he tells me, is to form my heart, and cultivate my understanding, so that I may live with honor in the world, become a useful member of society, and make myself by that means happy.

*Mr. V.* (*embracing him*) You are in the right, dear boy!

*Leo.* (*aside*) If these are so essential, how has my aunt neglected me!

*Hil.* And yet, dear sir, though you embrace and love me so, I am not, perhaps, so good as you imagine.

*Mr. V.* How?

*Hil.* I am very giddy, and I waste my time. I cannot rid myself of several exceptionable habits; and for want of thought, relapse into those very faults for which I have so frequently been sorry.

*Mr. V.* And will you still relapse into them?

*Hil.* Not if I have my thoughts about me; but I find it very difficult to keep in memory, at all times, my good resolutions.

*Mr. V.* I am very glad to find that you can discern these faults yourself. To acknowledge that we do wrong, is something akin to doing well. What think you, Leonora?

*Leo.* I believe I am neither giddy, nor yet wasteful of my time; nor have I any of my brother's faults.

*Mr. V.* Then I suppose you have other faults?

*Leo.* I have never heard my aunt say that I had any.

*Mr. V.* She should know, indeed, and be the first to notice them; but affection too often blinds us, so that we can see no faults in those that we love.—I do not mean to vex you, by saying this, believe me.

*Leo.* (*aside*) What a man! He flatters Hilary, and answers me with nothing but vexatious speeches!

*Mr. V.* Wait here a little. I will go see if my servant has unpacked my trunks. I have something for you, and shall soon be back.

*Hil.* Yes, yes; we will wait here for you. Do not stay long.

## SCENE V.

*Leonora and Hilary.*

*Leo.* I fancy he may keep his presents to himself! They must be charming things indeed that *he* has to give us!

*Hil.* What? Dear sister! does not every thing that you have in your apartment, and even upon

your person, come from our dear benefactor? If he have the veriest trifle in his trunk to give me, I should still be charmed in thinking on his bounty.

*Leo.* Possibly you might; but I am so angry with him, with myself, and with my aunt—that I could find it in my heart to quarrel with all the world.

*Hil.* What, with me too, among the rest?—What ails you, my dear sister? (*taking Leonora by the hand*)

*Leo.* Had you been so mortified!

*Hil.* So mortified! Have you been mortified then, sister? Who has mortified you? Not my aunt, for she will hardly let you breathe for fear of catching cold; and would, I fancy, suffer you to tread upon her, if to touch the ground hurt you.

*Leo.* Yes; but Mr. Vincent! he is so captious!

*Hil.* How you talk! I think him, on the contrary, indulgent and good-natured.

*Leo.* I have done nothing to his liking. When I sung and danced, I could not please him; and my drawing had no better fortune. He despises every thing that I know; and speaks of merit much more calculated to excite his approbation, than skill in dancing.

*Hil.* Between you and me, I think him in the right.

*Leo.* In the right! Then my aunt is in the wrong, according to your notion, is she? What does he mean by merit much more calculated to excite his admiration than a skill in dancing?

*Hil.* I can tell you, and yet not be very learned.

*Leo.* O yes! you indeed! Well then, what is it?

*Hil.* Tell me, Leonora, do you ever read?

*Leo.* Yes, doubtless, when I have time.

*Hil.* And what?

*Leo.* Why, plays, before I go to see them; and a great variety of songs, that I may sing them to my master.

*Hil.* That is fine reading, truly, for one of your age! And do not you think that you might have books much more instructive?

*Leo.* If I might, what time have I to read them? It is full one o'clock before I have breakfasted, and put my morning dress on. Then comes Mr. Quaver, and when he has left me, Mr. Dandiprat. I dine at four, and after that, dress for company, which we receive at home; or else go out a visiting, and then the day is over.

*Hil.* And is every day spent thus?

*Leo.* No doubt.

*Hil.* Well, sister, I can tell you that Doctor Sharp, my master, has three daughters, about your age; but they employ their time in quite another manner.

*Leo.* How?

*Hill.* First, then, at six in summer, and at eight in winter, they are dressed completely for the day.

*Leo.* Then they do not sleep enough, and must be very heavy, long before night comes.

*Hil.* On the contrary, they are brisker far than you, because they go to bed at ten every night.

*Leo.* To bed at ten!

*Hil.* At ten; that they may get up early in the

morning. When you are fast alseep in bed, they have received their lessons in geography and cyphering. When the clock strikes ten, they take their needlework till noon : and then assist their mother in the house.

*Leo.* Does their mother mean to make them house-maids ?

*Hil.* She may hope, by means of such an education, to procure them something better. But, however that may be, should they not be taught to govern servants, regulate a table, and conduct their own house ?

*Leo.* And after dinner are they busy ?

*Hil.* Why not busy ? They have then their piano, or writing ; and at night, assemble round a table, where they read by turns in the Spectator, or Sir Walter Scott's works ; while the two that are not occupied upon their book, employ themselves in mending their own clothes, or in examining the linen of the house, and mending it, if needful.

*Leo.* So then they never take any recreation ?

*Hil.* O, I beg your pardon ! They amuse themselves as if they were three queens ; for all these tasks are intermixed with little sports, and pleasant conversation. They pay visits also, and receive them ; but take care to have their work-bags, and I never saw them idle for a minute.

*Leo.* This is certainly what Mr. Vincent meant. And yet my aunt has often told me that such an education as, according to your account, the Miss Sharps receive, is only fit for tradesmen's children.

*Hil.* But suppose them to be tradesmen's children, would they find this education useless to them? They should certainly know household work, or how will they be able to direct a servant? If they know nothing of it, every one will join to cheat them; and the richer they may be, the greater probability there is, that even the servants whom they employ, will join each other to effect their ruin.

*Leo.* I protest you frighten me! I know nothing of the work about a house! scarcely how to hold a needle! Yet I have just been told that we have nothing in the world, except what Mr. Vincent's bounty gives us.

*Hil.* Ah, dear sister, so much the worse for us! should he leave us, or should we unfortunately lose him—But possibly, my aunt is rich?

*Leo.* O no; she told me to the contrary half an hour ago. She has no more than is sufficient for herself. In case then any accident should happen with respect to Mr. Vincent, what would be our fate?

*Hil.* I should be at first put to difficulties; but my master tells me that I should trust in God, and hope that he never would forsake me. His opinion is, that there are always generous people in the world, whose friendship may be gained by an exertion of one's skill to serve them in the way of some profession, and who frequently create employment for the industrious. Thus then, in the course of some few years, when I am more advanced in learning, I might undertake to teach such children as

know less than I do. I should even improve myself by such an occupation, and with good behaviour on my part, be sure of living with some sort of ease and comfort, and perhaps strike out a way to fortune.

*Leo.* But what benefit could I derive from all my skill in dancing, or in drawing, or in music? I should die perhaps of hunger, notwithstanding all these vain accomplishments.

*Hil.* And therefore Mr. Vincent cannot be well pleased when he discovers that you have been put to nothing but those arts which serve for ornament or pleasure.

*Leo.* And vexation sometimes, Hilary; for when I dance and sing in company, if I am not praised as much as I suppose myself to merit, you cannot think how much I am fretted by the disappointment!—Shall I also tell you that I am often tired of those fine matters, which my aunt says serve us to pass time away with satisfaction.

*Hil.* And how do you entertain yourself?

*Leo.* With the opera, dress, fashions, walks, and scandal; we tell in one house what we have observed in another. But these helps to conversation, and the art of killing time, soon fails us.

*Hil.* I believe so: They are very poor subjects of entertainment, when one thinks of those that may be found in art and nature, which not only occupy our time agreeably, but teach us to reflect upon ourselves.

*Leo.* You have convinced me of it by yourself, who, notwithstanding you are two years younger

than I am, are so much more improved. How many useful things has aunt neglected in my education!

*Enter Mrs. Courtly, having overheard what Leonora said.*

*Mrs. C.* And what useful things have I neglected in your education, Miss Thankless? ..... (*aside*) But all this is owing to Hilary.

*Hil.* Well, good bye, sister, and good bye, dear aunt. I wonder Mr. Vincent stays so long up stairs. I will run and seek him, if you please. (*goes out*)

## SCENE VI.

*Mrs. Courtley and Leonora.*

*Mrs. C.* The good-for-nothing blockhead! Let his friend be once set off, and we shall see if he presumes to come into my presence again. But what has he been saying, that you think your education thus neglected?

*Leo.* Indeed, dear aunt, it is true; for have you let me learn those useful matters which a young person ought to know?

*Mrs. C.* Useful matters, my divine, dear Leonora! Is there any thing wanting in the least to your perfections? Does not every one acknowledge that you are quite accomplished?

*Leo.* Some things I know, it is true; but they are only such as serve to flatter vanity. Those arts that ornament the mind, as Geography, Arithmetic, History—

*Mrs. C.* All downright pedantry! I should be

vexed to death, if I had puzzled your poor brains with such old stuff, that is only fit for such a one as Hilary. Why, Leonora, did you ever hear, where I have carried you, that fashionable ladies mind such nonsense?

*Leo.* No indeed; but still, why not instruct me in those household arts, at least, that a person of my sex should know? Can I even hold a needle?

*Mrs. C.* No; and why? because I never meant you for a mantua-maker.

*Leo.* But suppose Mr. Vincent was to die, and suppose that I was to fall into distress, what are my resources? how should I subsist?

*Mrs. C.* If that be all, I have a single word that will settle every thing, as I can tell you now that you will never want for money, but even swim in plenty. I have teased Mr. Vincent so effectually, that he means to leave you all his fortune. But here he comes himself. I leave you with him, as he means to tell you his intentions. (*she goes out.*)

*Enter Mr. Vincent and Hilary.*

*Hil.* (*running to his sister with a watch*) Look, look, sister!

*Leo.* How! what is this? a watch?

*Hil.* Yes, sister! and a gold one! O my dear, dear, Mr. Vincent! how rejoiced I am! Pray let me go and show it to the doctor. I will be there and back again immediately.

*Mr. V.* With all my heart. Inform him, that it was not my design to please your vanity by such a present, but that you might know the different hours

allotted to your different studies, and be always ready for your masters.

*Hil.* O, I shall always be ready for them now, that is certain.

*Mr. V.* Beg him likewise to allow you the remainder of the day from school; and tell him that I mean to call upon him in the afternoon.

*Hil.* Yes, yes, I will. (*he goes out*)

## SCENE VII.

*Mr. Vincent, and Leonora, who appears pensive.*

*Mr. V.* Well, Leonora, why so gloomy? What is the matter?

*Leo.* Nothing, sir.

*Mr. V.* You are not vexed that I have made your brother such a present?

*Leo.* Doubtless he will be very careful of it, and knows how to handle it!

*Mr. V.* I have shown him how, and there is no difficulty in the matter. You are sensible that he wanted one?

*Leo.* Quite so: and I, for my part, could not find use for such a bauble.

*Mr. V.* I was thinking so: you have a clock upon the staircase.

*Leo.* True; and yet there is hardly a young lady that I know, but has a watch.

*Mr. V.* That is lucky; you may ask them the hour then at any time.

*Leo.* I may: and when they ask the same of me, make answer that I cannot tell them.

*Mr. V.* Leonora, Leonora, you are an envious litttle puss, I see! but here is to prove that you have not been forgotten. (*giving her a case*)

*Leo.* (*blushing*) O, my dear good Mr. Vincent.

*Mr. V.* Well, I see you do not know how to open it. (*he opens it himself, and shows a pair of diamond ear-rings*) Are you content with these?

*Leo.* O yes, if you are but content with me!

*Mr. V.* To say the truth, my dear, I am not quite so; we are now alone, and I must use a little freedom in conversing with you. Your dear aunt has spared no cost to let you have agreeable accomplishments; and your appearance is a proof of her affection and good taste. I could only have wished that she had bestowed a useful education on you.

*Leo.* Hilary has been talking on this subject, and has convinced me that I want every thing which would be useful to me at a future time of life; but how may I acquire a knowledge of these useful matters?

*Mr. V.* I am acquainted with a worthy gentlewoman, who instructs young ladies in such knowledge as is suited to their sex.

*Leo.* My aunt however mentioned that you would put me into such a state as would not need this knowledge.

*Mr. V.* I understand you; and to show my real disposition, leave you quite at liberty to choose that way of life in which she meant to see you figure, since it suits your inclination. Yes, my dearest child, rely on my affection. After my decease I will give you every shilling that I possess.

*Leo.* What, all your fortune?

*Mr. V.* Yes, Leonora, all; but not without a fear that it will be still too little to prevent your being really unhappy.

*Leo.* Is it possible?

*Mr. V.* Are you qualified to do yourself the slightest service? or make up, upon occasion, I do not say a costly garment, but the plainest dress that you ever wore?

*Leo.* Alas, sir, I was never taught.

*Mr. V.* It is clear, then, you must always have a crowd about you to make up those articles which you have no hands to make yourself. You know, I suppose, how much fashionable women have occasion to lay out, that they may keep up their title with those who are as gay and foolish as themselves! Now tell me, are you to suppose that my property, when you are mistress of it, will suffice for this?

*Leo.* I hope, sir, it will be enough, with the economy that I shall observe, to render me as happy as you may wish me to be.

*Mr. V.* Trust me, notwithstanding your economy, if you continue ignorant, it will not. And besides, when you come of age, what prudent man will take a woman who possesses no one talent conducive to his happiness? It is plain then, nothing but the fortune you possess will render you an eligible wife; and this circumstance shows still stronger the necessity of securing a fortune to you after my death.

*Leo.* O, sir! but then my brother—

*Mr. V.* He must be content with what I do in his behalf while living, and the proofs of your affection when I am dead. I mean to have him taught whatever may be useful to him in the line of life he shall choose; as in that situation, with industry, it is not improbable that he may make a fortune. I myself am an example of this probability: he need but do as I have done. I leave you to reflect on my intentions, and shall communicate them to him as soon as he returns. (*he retires*)

*Leo.* (*alone*) O, what a pleasure! heiress to all his fortune! This is what my aunt desired so earnestly. I should be glad to know what Hilary will say when Mr. Vincent tells him his intentions. He must be very jealous of me. However, I shall not forget him. No, indeed; if I have any thing to spare. I must and will have something for him.—But I hear Mr. Vincent coming back with Hilary.—A lucky thought! I will steal into this closet, and listen to their conversation. (*she goes in, and shuts the door, unnoticed*)

## SCENE VIII.

*Mr. Vincent, Hilary.*

*Mr. V.* So, Hilary, your master is pleased that I have made you such a present?

*Hil.* Yes, enchanted; but for my part, upon second thoughts, I am sorry for it.

*Mr. V.* Sorry, Hilary, and why?

*Hil.* Poor Leonora! she must doubtless be quite vexed at having nothing, when I am master of a watch. I would not seem indifferent to your fa-

vours; notwithstanding, if I durst, I would desire you——

*Mr. V.* Generous little fellow: do not be uneasy; Leonora has received a pair of diamond ear-rings, worth ten watches such as yours.

*Hil.* O my dear Mr. Vincent, how I thank you!

*Mr. V.* And I shall not confine my friendship and affection to the gift of such a trifle.

*Hil.* O my generous friend and father!

*Mr. V.* I observe, with grief, that her education cannot but be the cause of sorrow to her hereafter.

*Hil.* So I likewise fear, sir; my dear aunt imagines that a little drawing, dancing, singing, and the like, are all that she wants, to be happy in the world.

*Mr. V.* To these frivolous embellishments she sacrifices the much more important cultivation of her understanding; and forbears inspiring her with those good qualities which alone have a claim on human approbation. As your sister's mind has been so neglected, she is pleased with those applauses that are offered on the altar of her vanity. But when, in some few years, she sees how many useful matters of instruction, and how much inestimable time she has forever lost, she will inevitably blush at her own conduct, and even execrate her flatterers; who, on their side, will repay her hatred with ridicule and scorn.

*Hil.* O sir, you make me tremble for my poor dear sister!

*Mr. V.* And besides, what reasonable man will

accept a wife, whose want of knowledge is so glaring; who, instead of being able to establish order and economy within a house, must dissipate the greatest fortune, by her love of luxury; and whose incapacity will render her no less unworthy the esteem of him that is to be her husband, than of the veneration of his children? She must of necessity be as a stranger in the world, to every one about her. What would such a woman do without my friendship?

*Hil.* O dear sir, let me beseech you not to remove your favour from her.

*Mr. V.* No; on the contrary, I am now upon the point of doing something for her.

*Hil.* Yes, dear sir; procure her a more useful education. Leonora does not want for understanding, or good principles.

*Mr. V.* I would with all my heart; but at her age, can any one expect that she will submit to any rigid treatment, after the indulgence that she has received at home? No, no; I see it will be better to determine upon something for her benefit, which shall take place when I am in my grave.

*Hil.* For heaven's sake, sir, do not speak so, I beseech you. No: I trust you are to live much longer for our common good; and Providence will not so soon deprive us of our second father.

*Mr. V.* I am sensible of your affection; but the fear of death will not delay the fatal moment of its coming. Leonora's future lot gives me pain whenever I reflect on what it may be; and in short, I am resolved to give her my whole fortune, that at

least she may have wherewithal to keep herself from want.

*Hil.* (*taking Mr. Vincent's hand*) O, thank you ten times over! How rejoiced I am, sir! Shall I leave you for a moment, and go tell her this good news? But—no; it will be better to conceal it from her, at least, till she has been induced to get some useful knowledge, from a notion that she must live, in future, by her industry. She will, by that means, know much better how to manage what you give her. O my dearest Leonora! after all, then, I may hope to see you happy.

*Mr. V.* Worthy little fellow! I am no less delighted with your generosity, than understanding. Come to my arms, my dear child! Could I wish to give your sister every thing, and leave you nothing? That were to the last degree unjust: and therefore I revoke my first intention. It is you that *should* be my sole heir, and with propriety I ought to make my will accordingly.

*Hil.* No, no, dear sir, preserve your first intention, and give Leonora all your fortune. I shall be much more diligent in my improvement, and anxious to acquire useful knowledge, which, I doubt not, with God's blessing, will suffice for my advancement.

*Mr. V.* Do not be uneasy with regard to Leonora. When I said that you should be my sole heir, it was not my idea that Leonora should be left without a trifling legacy, sufficient to obtain her necessary things.

*Hil.* Well then, let us exchange; the trifling leg-

acy for me, by way of token from you, and the rest for Leonora.

## SCENE THE LAST.

*Leonora comes out of the closet, and runs to embrace her brother.*

*Leo.* O my dearest brother! have I merited so much affection from you?

*Hil.* Yes, dear sister, if you will but do as I could wish, and be what our dear benefactor so much longs to see you.

*Leo.* If! Should it be a question? I *will* be so; I discern how much the difference of our education has exalted your ideas above mine, though I am so much older.—My good friend and father, let my future fortune be whatever you think proper; I can never be unhappy, if I leave you to determine for me. I desire instruction, and will take my brother for a model.

*Mr. V.* You will unavoidably be happy, if you keep this prudent resolution. But pray tell me, whence proceeds this change in your ideas?

*Leo.* I have just heard my brother's wishes for me; his disinterestedness and generous sacrifice. I have heard too how *you* love me. I will reverence you for the future, and give up the little jealousies that I entertained against my brother. He shall be my guide and friend.

*Hil.* I will endeavour to be such, dear sister: it will be my boast and pleasure, if I prosper.

*Mr. V.* With what pleasing sentiments, dear children, do you inspire me! I am no longer sorry that

Providence has left me childless. I consider you not less affectionately than I should do, had I given you life; and think that I see your father, who looks down from heaven, well pleased in having left me such dear pledges of his love. (*Leonora and her brother take him by the hand, and bathe it with their tears*)

*Leo.* Let us not lose a moment, sir. Where does that worthy gentlewoman live, whom you mentioned to me, as a person that would teach me useful things?

*Mr. V.* I will introduce you to her shortly. I shall stay here some few days, and will endeavour to bring over your aunt, if I can, not all at once, but by degrees, to second my designs. You must be careful not to anger or displease her. She deserves your gratitude. She has but erred respecting what was likely to insure your happiness; her wish was not the less to make you happy.

*Leo.* I believe so, but I renounce from henceforth all the nonsense which I have been studying. No more dancing, no more drawing, no more music, for the future.

*Mr. V.* No, dear Leonora, that would be wrong again. On the contrary, you ought to cultivate them! for, in truth, they are desirable accomplishments. Only remember that they do not constitute all the merit that is required in a woman. They may render her more welcome in good company; be a relaxation to her after the cares attendant on a house and family, and make her still more fond of living in retirement; add another tie to the at-

tachment of her husband ; guide her in the choice of masters for her children, and enable her to further their improvement. They are only prejudicial when they feed her vanity, and lead her into a fatal dissipation, or contempt of those duties which God's providence has called her to perform. They are flowers, in short, that may possess some portion of one's garden, if the remainder be set apart for fruits and vegetables.

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## GOD SEES YOU, IF MEN DO NOT.

Mr. Ferguson was walking in the country one fine warm day in harvest time, with his youngest son Frank. Father (said Frank, looking wistfully toward a garden by the side of which they were walking) I am very thirsty. And I too, my dear, answered Mr. Ferguson ; but we must have patience until we go home.

*Frank.* There is a tree loaded with very fine pears: Ah! with what pleasure I could eat one.

*Mr. F.* I do not doubt it ; but that tree is in a private garden.

*Frank.* The hedge is not very thick, and here is a hole where I can easily get through.

*Mr. F.* And what would the owner of the garden say, if he should be there ?

*Frank.* He is not there, I dare say and nobody can see us.

*Mr. F.* You mistake, child! There is one who sees us, and would punish us, and justly too, because it would be wicked to do what you propose.

*Frank.* Who is that, papa?

*Mr. F.* He who is every where present, who never loses sight of us a moment, and who sees to the very bottom of our thoughts; that is, God.

*Frank.* Ah! it is very true. I shall not think of it any more.

Just then a man stood up behind the hedge, whom they could not see before, because he had been sitting down on a grassy slope. It was an old man, the owner of the garden, who spoke thus to Frank: 'Return thanks to God, my child, that your father hindered you from stealing into my garden, and taking what does not belong to you. Know, that at the foot of each tree there is a trap laid to catch thieves, where you would certainly have been caught, and perhaps have lamed yourself for ever. But since, at the first word of the prudent lesson given you by your father, you have showed a fear of God, and did no longer insist on the theft you intended, I will with pleasure give you some of the fruit you wished to taste.' At these words he went up to the finest pear-tree, shook it, and brought back his hat full of pears to Frank.

Mr. Ferguson would have taken money from his purse to pay this civil man, but could not prevail on him to accept any. 'I have had a satisfaction, sir, in obliging your son, which I should lose,

were I to be paid for it. God alone repays such actions.'

Mr. Ferguson shook hands with him over the hedge, and Frank thanked him too in a very manly manner; but he showed a still more lively gratitude in the hearty appetite that he appeared to have for the pears, which indeed quite run over with juice. That is a very good man, said Frank to his papa, after he had finished the pears, and they were at a good distance from the man.

*Mr. F.* Yes, my dear, and no doubt he is so, because his heart is convinced of this great truth, that God never fails to reward good actions, and chastise evil ones.

*Frank.* Would God have punished me, then, if I had taken the pears?

*Mr. F.* The good man told you what would have happened to you. God, my dear child, orders every thing that passes upon earth, and directs events so as to reward good people for their virtuous actions, and to punish the wicked for their crimes. I will tell you an adventure that relates to this subject, which made so strong an impression on me when a child, that I shall never forget it as long as I live.

*Frank.* Ah, papa, how happy I am to-day; a pleasant walk, fine pears, and a story besides!

*Mr. F.* When I was as little as you, and lived at my father's, we had two neighbours, the one on the right, the other on the left hand of our house: their names were Dobson and Vicars. Mr. Dobson had a son called Simon, and Mr. Vicars one also

of the name of Gamaliel. Behind our house and those of our neighbours were small gardens, separated at that time only by quickset hedges. Simon, when alone in his father's garden, amused himself with throwing stones into all the gardens round about, never once thinking that he might hurt somebody. Mr. Dobson had observed this, and reprimanded him severely for it, threatening to chastise him if ever he did so again. But unhappily this child knew not, or else did not believe that one should never do amiss, even when alone, since God is always near us, and sees whatever we do.

One day, when his father was gone out, thinking that nobody could see him, and therefore that he should not be punished, he filled his pockets with stones, and began pelting them all round him. Just at the same time Mr. Vicars was in his garden with his son Gamaliel. This boy had the misfortune to think, as well as Simon, that it was enough not to do amiss before others, but that when alone, we might do what we pleased. His father had a gun charged, to shoot the sparrows that came picking his cherries; and he was sitting in a summer-house to watch them. At this moment a servant came to tell him that a strange gentleman wanted him in the parlour: he therefore left the gun in the summer-house, and expressly forbid Gamaliel to touch it. But Gamaliel, when alone, thought to himself, 'I don't see what harm there would be in playing with this gun a little;

thinking thus, he took it up, and began to exercise with it like a soldier. He handled arms and rested arms, and had a mind to try if he could make ready and present. The muzzle of his gun happened to be pointed towards Mr. Dobson's garden, and just as he was going to shut the left eye, in order to take aim, a pebble-stone, thrown by Simon, struck him in that very eye. The fright, and the pain together, made Gamaliel drop the gun, which went off; and, oh! what cries and shrieks were immediately heard in both gardens! Gamaliel had received a blow of a stone in the eye, and Simon received the whole charge of the gun in his leg. Thus one lost his eye, and the other remained a cripple the rest of his life.

*Frank.* Ah poor Simon! poor Gamaliel! how I pity them!

*Mr. F* They were, it is true, very much to be pitied; but their parents still more so, for having children so disobedient and vicious. After all, it was a real happiness for these two bad boys to have met with this accident.

*Frank.* How so, papa?

*Mr. F.* I will tell you. If God had not early punished these children, they would always have continued in mischief, whenever they found themselves alone; whereas they experienced by this warning, that whatever bad actions men do not see, God sees and punishes. This was therefore a lesson to them to amend themselves, and they became thenceforth prudent and sedate, and shunned doing mischief when alone, as much as if all

the world saw them. And this indeed was the design of Providence in thus punishing them; for our merciful Creator never chastises us but to make us become better.

*Frank.* Well, that eye and leg will make me take care, I will shun what is wrong, and do what is right, even though I see nobody near me.

As he finished these words, they arrived at their own house door.

# THE MOUNTAIN LUTE.

The neighbours went away, and none were left, except an ancient man upon a seat beside the door; the musician, with the woman sitting by him; Didier, the young boy; and myself.

# THE MOUNTAIN LUTE.

From the highest summit of those hills that overlook the the vale of Lucca on the Savoy, I was contemplating the extended landscape round about me: I was quite alone, having left my faithful servant in a neighbouring city, with orders not to expect me till the end of three days; which interval I meant to spend rambling over this romantic country. More than half way down the hill, I saw a hamlet, that assured me of a lodging for the night. Thus free from all inquietude, and swallowed up in thought, I allowed my mind to roam at large in contemplation, and my eye to wander from one object to another of the spacious view. But soon the sylvan choristers' last song admonished me to think of seeking shelter for the night. The sun, already sunk behind the opposite mountain, coloured with his gold and purple rays the clouds that floated, as it were, just above the trees that cover its summit. I descended slowly, mortified to see the spacious horizon, whose limits I could hardly trace, contract itself as I proceeded. The twilight now began to veil it with a shade, which by degrees grew browner, till the empress of night dispelled this gloomy darkness with her silver beams. I sat down for a moment, to enjoy the picture. Nothing intercepted my view throughout the vast expanse, and I contemplated the infinite extent at leisure. From

the trembling moon, and stars that twinkled while I gazed upon them, my eye passed over the calm and spotless azure of the firmament. The air was fresh, nor did the slightest breeze disturb it. Nature was absorbed in universal silence, save the low murmur of a stream meandering through the country at a distance. Stretched upon the grass, I might perhaps have contemplated till the rising of the sun next morning: but the music of a lute, made more harmonious by a voice, soon after struck upon my ear. I thought at first my ravished senses were deluded by the power of imagination, and I experienced the delight of fancying myself suddenly transported in a dream to what are called the regions of enchantment. In the midst of this illusion, while the music still continued, I arose on my feet. A lute upon the mountain! said I, and turned round to that side whence the melody proceeded, and discovered thro' the darksome verdure of the trees, at no great distance, the white walls and garden paling of a cottage. I approached it with a beating heart; but what was my surprise, when I beheld a youthful peasant with a lute, on which he was playing with exquisite address. A woman, seated on his right, kept looking on him with infinite affection. At their feet, on the turf, were many children, boys and girls, and old people, all in attitudes of pleasure and attention.

When I first made my appearance, several of the children came to meet me, looked at each other, and said among themselves, What gentleman is this? The young musician turned his head, but did not

leave off playing. I could not possibly withstand the first emotions of my heart. I held out my hand; he gave me his, which I seized with a sort of transport. Every one now rose up and made a circle round us. I informed them, as concisely as I could, of my business in that quarter of the country, and at such a time of night. We have not an inn for many miles about, remarked the youthful peasant; we live far from any road; but if you are content to put up with a cottage and poor people, we will do our best to entertain you.

If I at first was astonished with his execution on the lute, and taste in singing, I was still much more surprised at the politeness of his manners, the precision of his language, and the ease with which he spoke.—You were not born, I told him, in a cottage. —Pardon me, replied he, with a smile; I *was*, and even in this. But you are fatigued, I fancy. Didier, bring a chair. Excuse me, sir; I owe my neighbours the nocturnal entertainment I am now giving them.

I would not take the chair, but laid myself upon the grass, as the rest did. Every one had now resumed his former posture; and the silence I had interrupted by appearing as I did among them, took place again.

The young man immediately began to play upon his mountain lute; and to sing a favourite ballad, which he did with so much sweetness, that I could see tears stand trembling in the eye of every listener by the time he had repeated the first couplet. I could not refrain from

envying the rustic bard, whoever he might be, that could so powerfully impress an unlettered, and almost uncivilized society of people. I was charmed in seeing how surprisingly those beauties, that are drawn from nature, please the souls of all men. Of the poet's touches, none were lost; and at the last, which was the most affecting, I heard round about me, nothing but half sighs, and stifled sobs.

After some few minutes' silence, the whole company rose up, wiping tears from their eyes. They wished each other a good night with perfect cordiality. The neighbours with their children went away, and none were left, except an ancient man upon a seat beside the door, whom till now I had not noticed; the musician, with the woman sitting by him; Didier, the young boy whose name I recollected; and myself.

It was painful to give up the charming state in which I was then plunged. I still continued sitting, but rose at last, and drawing near the young musician, put my arms out, as it were by instinct to embrace him. Sweet it is, said I, to meet with people who surprise us at first glance, and finish by attracting our esteem, before a quarter of an hour is passed. He answered me in no other way than by an ardent grasp of the hand.—Dear sir, said the old man, you are content, I fancy, with your evening's entertainment? I am glad you have conceived so suddenly a friendship for my dear Auvergne, for which you shall repose in my bed.—No, father, interrupted Didier, who came running from the barn, I have been spreading me some straw; and

it is my bed the gentleman shall lie in, if he pleases. I was forced to promise I would yield to this last offer. Didier, upon this, held out his hand; the old man rested on his shoulder and went in, when he had wished me a good night: and now I found myself alone with Auvergne, and the young woman, who, he told me, was his wife. I asked them, if, for my sake, they would not pass fifteen minutes more in conversation with me, as it was moonlight, where we then were? Willingly, said Genevieve, who was not a little vain of the attention I had paid her husband. Yes, quite willingly, replied Auvergne, who saw how much his wife desired it.

I sat down between them, with a linden tree behind me, through whose foliage the moon darted all her brightness.

My dear friends, said I, pray let me know how long you have enjoyed your present happiness? These six months, answered she; and now it is upwards of a twelvemonth that Auvergne is happily returned from his travels.—You have travelled then? said I, with some surprise, excited by this intimation. —Yes, sir, answered Auvergne: I have visited a part of Europe.—Every thing I see about you, interrupted I, and every thing I hear you say, excites my wonder! If you have no secret motive in concealing the transactions of your life, do not refuse me, I beseech you, when I beg to know them. Certainly you will not, answered Genevieve with that simplicity which, conscious of no evil meaning, never hunts for phrases or set forms of speech. This gentleman appears so worthy of the favour he has

asked you! and besides, you know, I always hear the story with so much pleasure.

He consented with a smile to our request; and it is *his* words I am going to set down, as far as my remembrance has preserved the narrative.

As I have mentioned, I was born, sir, in this cottage, being now three-and-twenty years of age. I had the grief to lose my mother, when an infant hardly weaned. My father was in easy, though not affluent circumstances, but a lawsuit he was forced into, by one who is not now, but was then a wealthy farmer, ruined him entirely; and he died of grief, when he was torn from his paternal cottage, and beheld it sold for the advantage of the lawyers. The old man you saw just now, who is become my father, bought and came to settle in it. He was struck with pity on beholding me an orphan at that early time of life, and, though so little, told me I should be his shepherd. I was treated very kindly by him; and his children looked upon me as their brother. Notwithstanding which, the loss of my poor father, the unkindness of my other kindred who forsook me, with a thought of being nothing but a stranger in the cottage where I first had my existence, and the lonely life I led upon the mountain, whither I was sent to watch my father's cattle, all afflicted me, and my accustomed gaiety was changed to melancholy. I consumed whole days in weeping while my flocks were grazing round me on the plain.

One evening I was sitting on the summit of the mountain, and amusing my afflicted thoughts by singing to myself the very ballad you have just now

heard. Towards the conclusion, I observed a man among the trees. I noticed he was dressed in brown: his countenance was very pale; he seemed melancholy; and he waited till my song was finished. Thereupon he came close to me, and inquired how far he might be from the public road? O, very far, dear sir, said I; above five miles. Can you conduct me thither?—I would do so gladly, could I quit my flock.—It is possible your parents may accommodate me with a lodging for the night?—Ah, sir, my parents are a great way off.—Where can that be?—They lived like honest people upon earth, and they are happy now in heaven.

The tone of my voice, as he informed me afterwards, affected this good man, and my reply, he said, could not but interest him. He put several questions to me, and my answers pleased him. Night by this time being come, I brought him to our cottage; and my master hospitably entertained him. On the morrow, they had some discourse together with regard to me, and when I was prepared to re-assume my daily charge, they told me Didier would in future take it, as the stranger meant to have me with him. It would be useless for me to tell you my affliction at the thought of quitting this dear cottage, though no longer mine, and parting from my Genevieve, whom even then I loved, though she was quite a child. My situation was not any way a happy one; and yet I could not possibly foresee that my future destination was to be decided by the present moment. Yes, to thee, beneficent protector of my youth, am I indebted for my present

happiness? thou knowest, generous man, how ardently I prayed to God for thy prosperity while thou wert living, and with what exhaustless gratitude I still bless thy ashes! He was called *La Rue*, and had the place of organist in a small parish. You would judge imperfectly of his abilities, if you adverted to the nature and obscurity of his employment. Many travellers turned out of their road to hear his music: but their praises only made him the more modest. I much doubt if in the course of your acquaintance, you have ever met with such a genius. He received from thea ffection of his father, who when living was a very celebrated physician, such an education as would certainly have made *him* eminent in the same profession: but he rather chose to yield himself entirely to the ardent passion he had long before conceived for music. He had married the daughter of the organist whom he succeeded, but was childless. His dear wife, whom he had lost for several years, still lived within his heart. Her image, and his books, were now his sole society in that deep melancholy which had seized upon his mind: but still, while he avoided men, he did not hate them. On the other hand he did much good in secret. He was forty years of age when I first came to him. He instructed me at first to read and write, and afterwards took pleasure in the cultivation of my voice, and teaching me to play the lute, which was his favourite instrument. He did not stop at musical instruction, he provided me selections from the works of the great poets. He at once formed

my heart, my understanding, and my taste. It was thus for five years he acted the part of an assiduous master, without any expectation of reward for all his pains and labour, but from Him, who best knows how to recompense the services we do our fellow-creatures.

In the midst of all these occupations, I never banished from my mind the recollection of my cottage, or the countenance of Genevieve, the partner of my childish pastimes. I was often speaking of them to my patron, and accordingly one day, I never shall forget it, it was the first of June, four years ago—he rose early, and going as his custom was to take a morning's airing, bade me follow him. We talked of many matters while we went along, as chance presented subjects for conversation; till at last he brought me to the very mountain where I at first saw him.—Dear Auvergne, said he, I have fulfilled the duty I thought Providence imposed upon me, the first time I saw you. I am sensible how much you sigh, when you reflect upon the habitation whence I took you; and have had no other view in undertaking to protect and educate you, than at last to put you in a way of getting possession of it once again. I now show it you; look at it: but take notice, I forbid, on pain of my displeasure, your returning thither till such time as you have wherewithal to purchase it. I give you my own lute. I have instructed you to play upon it. Travel. You are not without a charming voice. Wherever people

hear it, you will be the first of artists in your way, and need not be averse to assume the life of an itinerant musician. Such a novelty will never fail to procure you auditors and money; only be discreet and frugal; and when rich enough, return into your own country, and buy your father's cottage.

My heart beat high at this discourse, and grew enlarged with hope and joy. He held me to his bosom, shedding tears. They were the first I ever yet had seen fall from him, and they made a singular impression on me. After this, we thought of returning back, and he conducted me in silence to his house.

On the morrow, at break of day, I was to leave my benefactor: he bestowed, at parting, the instruction he imagined I most needed, with two louis-d'ors. In four years time I footed it through Italy, all France, and Germany, equipped like what I was, a peasant of the mountains, with my hair as you see it at present, floating in large curls upon my shoulders. I took notice that the singularity of such a dress increased the effect proceeding from my music; and particularly in the capitals of every country I passed through. Few noblemen, I fancy, ever travelled more delightfully than I did. Every where I found a good reception, and not only from the middling sort of people but the most polite. The rich in cities made up concerts for no other purpose than to hear me; and in villages, I verily believe folks married for the mirth of dancing to the music of my instrument. In many places I had advantageous offers to take up my residence among

them. They seduced me sometimes, I acknowledge, for an instant; but as soon as I again reflected on my cottage, every thought of fortune vanished, nor of all these projects left one trace remaining. I remember still what sweet sensations seized me, while travelling, every time I went over a mountain, or even came in sight of one. In imagination I sought this hamlet on its brow, and thought for a moment I saw my cottage home. With my mind filled with such images, I endeavoured to express my ideas, and these couplets were my composition.

Sweet little cottage of my sire,
Where when a child I play'd!
In foreign realms, my whole desire
Pants to enjoy thy shade.

Each object lives within my mind,
That there the eye run o'er;
The hamlet, and the hill behind,
The linden tree before.

Astonished at men's pomp and pride,
Vast mansions oft I see;
But only can be satisfied,
Sweet rural cot! with thee.

Whence else would spring that bless'd content,
In name alone e'en sweet,
I should enjoy, had heaven but meant
To keep me that lov'd seat?

I should indeed live happy there,
Nor through the world thus roam;
And Genevieve the bliss would share
Of my paternal home.

Sweet breathe my lute, then, since the strain
Pleas'd daily I renew;
For if my double wish I gain,
To music's pow'r 'tis due.

Auvergene went through these couplets with such sweetness and expression, that the fabulous story of Apollo wakened in me; and methought I heard that exiled deity on earth, and in the vales of Thessaly, complaining he had lost Olympus. I desired to speak: but found my tongue without motion. Auvergne conceived the meaning of my silence, and went on as follows:

I am now about to tell you by what means I came again in possession of this precious cottage.

Towards December last, when I had taken up my dwelling for a season at Turin, and had been twice from one extremity of Italy, in which Turin is situated, to the other, I examined to what my fortune amounted, and conceived myself rich enough to pay a visit to my native mountain. I immediately sat out, and after several forced journies, in ten days time came as far as the city where my benefactor had resided. With what anxious expectation did I that moment enter it! and as I went along, ask every one I met, what tidings he could give me of him? But alas! I was not to enjoy the pleasure of expressing what I owed to him; or behold him, happy in the consequences of his friendship to me. He had died two months before; I went to weep on his tomb, and made a vow to call my first child by his name, if I should ever be so happy as to prove a father. On the evening of that day, I gained this hamlet. Every one, I found, spoke favourably of me, without at first knowing who I was. My lute, and the remembrance of our friendship, soon obtained me Genevieve's affection. I

received her from her father; and bought back, with his consent, the cottage, and the field belonging to it, for two hundred crowns, with which money his eldest son procured a farm in the village below us, and has now been some time settled in it. As to our father, he wished to pass the remnant of his days with Didier in our cottage. It is from him I learn the art of husbandry; for now that I am once more in possession of my little patrimony, the sum of my ambition is to be, as was my father, a good husband, a kind parent, and a virtuous farmer. I have not, as you may see, forgotten my lute, the precious instrument that made my fortune; but still keep it at my side, and often take it in hand for my own recreation, or to please my family and neighbours.

Here he stopped short; but still I thought I heard him speaking. My attention, captivated by his narrative, was turned insensibly upon his person, after he had finished. His ingenuous, animated countenance, the contrast of his dress and conversation, his attachment to a rustic habitation, and the gratitude with which he cherished the remembrance of his benefactor; his uncommon fortune, travels, and profession; every thing, I thought, exhibited the youth, in some sort, as a being of enchantment, and superior to the ordinary race of men. It was Genevieve first rouzed me from my contemplation, by her motion in leaning forward to embrace him: we rose up and went into the cottage, where, to my astonishment, I saw an air of order and propri-

ety about me. After having made a plentiful, but light repast, upon such fruits as I was told the mountain yielded, Didier led me to a niche in one of the apartments: it was rather narrow, but the bed that filled it was both clean and wholesome. This bed, the little fellow told me, he released with pleasure in my favour. It was not long before I fell into a downy slumber, and my sleeping thoughts were occupied upon the charming objects I had recently witnessed. I did not, all the following day, quit this happy family, whether they were unemployed or occupied.

Auvergne related to me many entertaining matters that occurred to him in travelling, and explained how he acquired that ease of manners and politeness of expression that at first had charmed me, and which afterwards, as I discovered, notwithstanding his great youth, conciliated the respect and love of every aged individual through the hamlet.

The acuteness of his understanding, the unstudied openness of Genevieve, the old man's blunt good sense, the restless curiosity of Didier, made their conversation interesting, and diffused an undescribable variety that charmed me, and connected them much closer to each other. I was sure I could have passed my life away quite happy with them.

But why, said I to myself, why brood on such a a contemplation? That very night I was to leave them. I confess I felt a pang of sadness in reflecting upon our separation, and imagined, by their oloks, it would occasion them some sorrow likewise

If my fortune should in future permit me, with more liberty, to dispose of the remainder of my life, I intend to make a yearly visit to this mountain, for the purpose of revisiting my friends, and filling my heart with those sensations of content and peace which their society and habitation cannot but inspire.

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## ROBIN; OR, THE SPOILT CHILD.

Robin was about six years of age. He was not wicked, but his mother let him always have his way; and then his father was afraid he might cry his eyes out, if he wanted anything, and should not have it. Thus indulged, his whims grew more frequent every day, and they could not always be complied with; for his parents were extremely poor, and lived, as the saying is, from hand to mouth. He grew at last quite obstinate and quarrelsome, insisted upon having every thing he saw, and when he could not get it, would grow sulky, tear his clothes to show his spite, do nothing he was bid, and often do the reverse.

His parents were quite grieved to see him thus, and thought his heart was bad. Alas! said his mother, I once hoped our little Robin would in time console us in our sorrow, be the joy of our old age, and work for our support, when we were past our strength, reflecting we had done so much

to feed and bring him up; but, on the contrary, he is the greatest grief we have. His principles are quite corrupt, said his father; every one will hate him utterly, and not a soul assist him in his need. He will commit some wicked action, and be punished for it by his country. He will live in shame and misery. God grant, I may be dead before this comes to pass.

These mortifying thoughts were constantly uppermost in their minds. They were no longer cheerful at their daily toil, and had no appetite at their meals. Their sorrow had a visible effect upon their health; their strength soon failed them; and one morning, being more depressed than usual, they had not sufficient spirits to rise from their beds.

Not so, little Robin; he was up as usual, and required his breakfast. Robin, said his mother, I am very ill, and cannot rise to get it for you. On which he looked sulky, she wept, and his father sighed. The little urchin waited for some time; but seeing neither of them stir, resolved on what he would do. He went to a neighbour's house that he might get a light, as he designed to make a fire. A little girl came to let him in; and seeing Robin, asked him what he wanted, with a tone of voice that seemed to say he was not welcome; for she did not like him.—I want to light my candle, answered Robin.—Well, do so, returned the little girl, as I have let you in: but don't come here again.—Of this way of talking Robin did not much approve. He was very easily offended;

so he went away and did not even light his candle.

After this he visited another neighbour; who seeing Robin through the casement, would not even ask him what he wanted, but retired. Refused admittance every where, he then came home, put down the candle, and thought of going to a good old woman's, who used formerly to treat him with sweet things. He went and asked her for some breakfast. Breakfast! answered Frances: why, has not your mother let you have some? She is a-bed, said Robin. Well, your father then? He likewise is a-bed. They say they're ill.—And would you leave them then, and come to me for victuals? Get you gone! I've nothing for you. Had I more than I want myself, I'd give it to poor children, who are fonder of parents than you are, and make them happy, while you every day torment them.

Robin came away in tears, and walked home very slowly. On the way he recollected that he himself had frequently feigned illness; and supposed it possible his parents were at present feigning illness too. But he got upon a little chair, held back the curtain, and saw how pale they were. He saw they had been crying; and the sight affected him. He closed the curtains again, sat down beside the bed, and held his hands to his face. Unhappy as I am! said he, suppose my parents were to die, what would become of me? I am refused admittance every where, and can't obtain a bit of bread. I must then have been

very wicked! my poor mother! how have you at all times loved me! and how much have I grieved you! And my father, my dear father——Who can tell, but they will die?

He sat thinking a little longer; and then returning to the house that had at first refused him entrance, begged they would let him have a little bread and milk, to make a breakfast for his parents. His affliction, and the humble tone of voice with which he now addressed them, easily procured him a hearing. Look, said the good man of the cottage, since you ask me thus, I'll not refuse you. Take half of this brown loaf, with some of this milk, and warm it for your parents. It is but just you should prepare their breakfast, while they have worked so hard for you. He durst not mention they were ill, because he feared the same reproaches which Frances had bestowed upon him, though he less merited them now: on which account, his charitable benefactor did not himself go to see them; which he would have done, had he known their situation, for he loved them greatly.

In the meantime Robin brought away the bread and milk, came home, made up a fire, and putting on a pipkin, boiled the milk. It was no sooner ready, than he drew a little table toward the bed. His mother heard him move about the chamber. What can Robin be about? said his mother.—Nothing good, I fear, said Hutchinson. Wishing to know, she endeavoured to sit up in bed; and looking through the curtains, which were very flimsy, saw the little table with two porringers, and

Robin cutting bread into them. Upon this, she jogged her husband. See, said she, I verily believe he's doing this for us; else why two porringers upon the table?—Would he were! said Hutchinson; I am not hungry, but should like to be convinced he is better than we have thought him.

Robin came at last, with the pipkin; and filling both the porringers, drew back the curtains. Come, said he, dear father! come, dear mother! Here's some breakfast for you both.—And did you prepare it? said the father. Who could give you all this bread and milk?—It was neighbour Brown, said he. His father and mother bade him put down both the porringers again. Their eyes grew bright with joy.—Dear child! come hither, they cried out. You are not what we thought you; you bring both of us to life again. So saying, they held out their arms: he bent to their embrace; he wept, as they did; he desired forgiveness for the grief he had occasioned them; and promised they should henceforth be rejoiced by his behaviour.

He was still in their arms, when Frances entered with her breakfast in her hand; and which she brought, to share with her sick neighbours. She was moved at such a piteous sight, shed tears of joy, and blessed little Robin; who on his side, asked her forgiveness. They all breakfasted together, and never in their lives before enjoyed so sweet a meal.

The happiness of such a day soon re-established this good father and mother in their former state of health. The little boy became very happy. He

acquired the love of every one who knew him, was justly caressed by his parents and the charitable Frances, who rejoiced to do them all the good she could.

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## NARCISSUS AND HIPPOLYTUS.

Narcissus and Hippolytus were nearly of the same age, and loved each other from their earliest childhood. As their parents were close neighbours, they had opportunities of being together every day. Mr. Chambers, the father of Narcissus, had a place under government, the profits of which were immense; but the father of Hippolytus, Mr. Marvin, possessed a moderate fortune, on which however he lived content, and all his views aimed at making his son happy by the advantages of a well-directed education, since he had it not in his power to leave him great riches. To obtain this end, he made choice of means the most worthy of his prudence. Hippolytus, at nine years of age, was formed to all the exercises of the body, and his understanding enriched with many useful acquirements. Constantly in exercise and motion, he was healthy and robust. Always contented, and happy in the affection of his parents, he enjoyed a mild cheerfulness, that communicated its influence to those who had the happiness of being in his company. His little neighbour Narcissus was one who felt this happiness;

for the moment that Hippolytus left him, he would be quite at a loss for amusement. That his time might not hang wearisome, he was continually eating, without being hungry, drinking without being dry, and dozing without being sleepy. So that scarce a day passed, but he was troubled with qualms of the stomach, or violent head-aches.

Mr. Chambers, as well as Mr. Marvin, tenderly wished for his son's happiness; but to procure it, he had unfortunately taken the means that were quite opposite to this end. Narcissus, from the cradle, had been bred with the utmost delicacy. He had always a servant behind him to hand a chair, whenever he had a mind to change his seat. He was drest and undrest as if he had not the use of his hands. It seemed as if all those who were about him, only breathed for him, and that he could not help himself even to exist.

While Hippolytus, in a thin linen jacket, helped his father to cultivate a little garden for his amusement, Narcissus, in a fine scarlet coat, was lolling in a chariot, paying morning visits with his mother. If ever he went to take the country air, and alighted from the carriage but for a moment, particular care was taken to put on his great coat for fear he should catch cold. Accustomed as he was to be humored in his slightest fancies, he wished for every thing that he saw; but this wish lasted only for a moment; and the more troublesome it was to procure him what he wished, the sooner he was tired of it. To spare him the smallest subject of ill-humor, his

mother had ordered all the servants to respect even his follies. This ill-juged indulgence made him so whimsical and imperious, that every one in the house hated and despised him. Besides his parents, Hippolytus was the only person that loved him and could patiently put up with his humors. He knew how to manage his temper, and could even make him good humored like himself.

How do you contrive to be always so merry? said Mr. Chambers to him one day. I do not well know, sir, answered he. It comes of itself. But my papa tells me, that one is never perfectly happy, except he mix a little work with his play. And I have observed it too, whenever any strangers come to our house, and we quit our work to entertain them, I never find time hang heavy except on such days. It is this mixture of exercise and amusement that keeps me always in good health. I fear neither the winds nor the rain; neither the heat of day, nor the cold of evening; and I have dug up a whole plat in my garden, before Narcissus quits his bed of a morning. Mr. Chambers heaved a sigh; and that very day he went to consult Mr. Marvin how he should act, in order to make his son as healthy and as cheerful as Hippolytus.

Mr. Marvin took pleasure in answering his questions, and laid before him the plan that he had followed. The powers of the body, as of the mind, said he, should be equally kept in exercise, unless they are meant to be as unserviceable, as money buried in the ground would be even to its owner.

Nothing can be imagined more prejudicial to the health and happiness of children, than to give them a pusillanimous turn by using them to excessive delicacy; and from a pernicious complaisance, to give way to their whimsical and obstinate humors. To what vexatious disappointments will not a man be exposed, who has been accustomed from his childhood to see even his follies flattered! since of all the warmest wishes of his heart, he may happen to see scarcely one accomplished; and thus be led basely to murmur against his destiny, when he should for the most part thank heaven for rejecting his infatuated wishes! He added, with tokens of heart-felt satisfaction, that Hippolytus would certainly never be that unhappy person.

Mr. Chambers was struck with this discourse and resolved to conduct his son to happiness by the same way. Alas! it was too late. Narcissus was now fourteen years old, and his mind, so long enervated, could not bear exertion, though ever so little fatiguing. His mother, as weak as himself, entreated her husband not to teaze their darling. Mr. Chambers, wearied out with these entreaties, relinquished the sensible design he had formed; and the darling sunk more and more into habits of pernicious effeminacy. Thus the strength of his body declined, in proportion as his mind was degraded by ignorance.

At length, when he had attained the age of seventeen, his parents sent him to the university, intending him afterwards for the study of the law. Hippolytus, being destined for the same profession,

accompanied his young friend. I had forgotten to mention that Hippolytus, in his different studies and acquirements, had never had any other instructor than his father. Narcissus had as many masters as there are different accomplishments to acquire; and he remembered a few of the terms used by each of them tolerably well. This was all the fruit of his studies. The understanding of Hippolytus, on the contrary, was like a garden, whose airy situation every where admits the rays of the sun, and in which every seed, by judicious cultivation, comes rapidly to its growth. Already well instructed, he earnestly desired fresh knowledge. His diligence and good behaviour afforded a pattern for imitation to his companions. His mild temper, his lively apprehension and joyous humor made his company strongly attractive. Every body loved him, and every body wished to be his friend.

Narcissus at first was happy to be in the same lodgings with him. But very soon his pride, mortified by the esteem that Hippolytus had acquired, would not suffer him to be longer a witness to it. He therefore separated from him upon a frivolous pretence. Being now left to himself, and his own vitiated taste, he sighed for pleasure, and thoughtlessly snatched at whatever seemed to offer its deceitful image to his view. I shall not attempt to describe how often he blushed for himself, and how from one imprudence to another, he fell at last into the grossest irregularities. It will suffice to say, that he returned to his father's house with the seeds of a mortal distemper in his bosom; that he languished

six months on a bed of pain, and expired in the severest agonies.

Hippolytus came home to his parents, regretted by his companions, and enriched with a treasure of learning and prudence. With what transports of joy was he received by his family! O children, how sweet a thing it is to make ourselves beloved by all who know us, and at the same time to feel ourselves worthy of this universal affection! His mother thought herself the happiest of women; and joy filled his father's bosom whenever he beheld him. A considerable employment in his profession was conferred on him, with the unanimous approbation of all who knew his character, which enabled him to gratify his ardent desire of promoting the happiness of his friends. And he enjoyed their happiness as much as they did themselves. His parents, too, shared the same generous sentiments, and lived in affluence to a good old age. He took pleasure in repaying them with interest the attentions which they had showed for him. A wife, endowed with beauty and virtue, and children resembling himself, made his happiness complete. Whenever, therefore, any man was mentioned as being both happy and worthy to be so, the name of Hippolytus always occurred first to the thoughts of those who knew him.

## CHARLOTTE, THE KIND GIRL.

Before the house in which Charlotte's parents lived, there was a little opening, ornamented with a grass plat, and quite overshadowed with a noble tree, from whence the eye could plainly see whatever passed along the public road. Miss Charlotte frequently would come beneath this shade with her little chair, and the stocking in her hand that she was making for her dear mamma, who had instructed her to knit. One day, as she was sitting there, she saw a poor old man on the road, advancing very slowly toward her: his hair was of a silver white, his back was bent with age, he rested on a stick, and seemed to walk in pain. Poor man! said Charlotte, looking at him, he seems to be very much in pain, and perhaps is poor besides. If so, then he is doubly miserable.

Further on, she saw a company of boys together, who came after the old man. They very quickly reached him. They pointed at his thread-bare coat, which was exceedingly long skirted, and had sleeves a deal too short. His hat, quite rusty, did not escape their notice, as the flaps hung down upon his shoulders; and he had hollow cheeks; and seeing him they all burst out a laughing. As it chanced, there lay a stone upon the ground before him, which he stumbled over, and was almost thrown: this set them once again a laughing, while the poor old man, for his part, sighed.

I once was young as you are, said he to the boys, but did not laugh at the infirmities of such as I am now. You will in time be old yourselves; and every day you are approaching toward my time of life. You will then be sensible of the injustice of your ridicule. So saying, he went on again, but made a second stumble, and in struggling to preserve himself from falling, dropped his stick. At this, the boys renewed their laugh a third time, crying, let us see now how he will lift it up again.

Miss Charlotte, who had heard the old man speak, and was touched with pity for him, saw his situation, put her stocking down upon the chair, ran towards him, took up his stick, put it back into his hand, and taking hold of his other arm, as if she had been very strong, exhorted him to lean upon her, and not notice any thing that the boys might say. The poor old man looked at her. "Lovely child," said he, "how good you are! I am at once consoled for all the ridicule with which they treat me. May you be forever happy!" and so saying, they walked on together; but the boys no longer followed him as they had done before; perhaps they were ashamed of their proceeding.

Some few minutes after, one of them fell down himself, and all the rest burst out a laughing, as they had done before; for his part, he was very angry, and when up again, ran after his companions, pelting them with stones. He was convinced then how unjust it is to laugh at any one's distress: he formed a resolution never, for the time to come, to laugh at any old man's pain, and followed at a

distance him whom he had before made the object of laughter, hoping to have an opportunity of making some atonement for his fault.

In the mean time the old man, assisted by the friendly aid of Charlotte, went on with slow, but sure steps. She offered him the opportunity of stopping to rest himself a little. Do you see our house, said she? Pray, stay and sit a little under that large tree: my parents are neither of them at home; you will, on that account, not be so well entertained; yet still, you will enjoy a little rest. The poor man accepted Charlotte's offer. Charlotte brought him out a chair; and then, to raise up his spirits, let him have some good small beer and bread and cheese. The child had nothing else to give.

Her guest could not refrain from thanking her continually. "Your parents are still alive?" said he. "They love you; you love them? They cannot therefore but be very happy: may they always be so!"—"And you, good old man," said Charlotte, "have you no children?"—"I had once a son," said he, "who was settled in London: he loved me affectionately, and often came to see me; but alas! he is now dead, and I am left without the least degree of consolation. Indeed, his widow is rich: she takes upon her to be a lady, and imagines it not worth her while to know if I am dead or living, as she wishes to forget that her husband's father is a peasant. I do not even know her children, which in truth are mine."—He was so much

affected while he spoke these words, that tears rolled down his withered cheeks.

The gentle Charlotte likewise was affected, and cried out, Can any one be so cruel! Ah, my mother, my dear mother, would not act so wickedly! On this, she spoke of other matters, that she might not grieve him; when he arose, and thanked Charlotte with a blessing: but she would not leave him so; she meant to go a little way farther with him.

On the road, they saw the little boy who had been following them; for he had run a great way on before, and was now sitting on the grass. He cast his eyes down when they looked upon him; rose up after they had passed, and followed them again. The little girl observed him, but would not speak of him. She asked the old man, if he lived alone. "No, little lady, answered he, I have a cottage: see, there it is, beside yon tree across the meadow. You observe, it is no great distance off: it is in the middle of a little garden. I have an orchard, and a field likewise; and I told a poor old neighbour, who some years since lost his cottage, which fell down through age, that if he would come and live with me, he should in future cultivate my ground. I told him, that I would live with him, that he should enjoy whatever I might have, and I would only ask him to provide me necessaries. He agreed. He never had a child: he is extremely good and honest; and, for my part, I am quite at ease in his society. And yet, in spite of all his diligence, at times I think myself desert-

ed. I no longer see my son, and I was constantly accustomed to receive from him the tenderest tokens of affection. In the very place where I have seen him run to meet me, I am now assisted only by the hand of strangers. I no longer see his children, who have utterly forgot me : I shall live far distant from them : I shall die, and very likely never see them more.—Alas ! if their poor father were but still living !"—He could utter no more.

The gentle Charlotte, touched with these complaints, said to him, I will come and see you with my mother : we will frequently be with you. But her kindness only served to aggravate his grief. The sensibility and kindness of the little girl made him recollect of how much consolation he was utterly deprived ; and in returning her his thanks, the tears, which he could not help shedding, hindered him from seeing where he walked.

He took his handkerchief to wipe his eyes, and, troubled by sad thoughts, instead of putting it again into his pocket, let it drop upon the ground, without perceiving what he did ; nor did his young companion notice it. The boy, however, who was following them, observed the whole transaction, picked it up, and ran to give it him. "Here, sir, sir," said he "you dropped your handkerchief : it was on the ground."

"Thank you, thank you heartily, my little friend, (answered the old man.) God's providence be praised for all things ! Here is an honest little gentleman, who does not ridicule old age, and laugh at the afflictions that attend it. O no, no,

you do not look with scorn upon a poor old man. I see it in your eyes. You are not of the number of those wicked little fellows whom you must certainly have passed, although you were not with them." Charlotte recollected having seen the little boy among them, and remarked his laughing just as they did, but she would not say a word about it; for though she did not approve the boy's behaviour, yet her good nature would not suffer her to give him pain, by telling what she knew.

The little culprit, in the mean time, held down his head, and thought of lying more than once; but he had not been used to such a crime. His heart besides was not so wicked that he needed to conceal the truth, lest people should despise him. "Pardon me," said he; "I was among them, and insulted you as they did; but am now very sorry for it. I have found out, long since, that when I mix with children of about my own age, I am more mischievous than when alone. Had I been by myself, I should never have laughed at your stumbling: but, on the contrary, my first desire would certainly have been to help you. I should be very happy to assist you now, if I could, in order to make amends for my offence."

"You have already done so, my good little friend," said he. "You have a deal of candour and good-nature, and will certainly become an honest man. I dare believe as much. Come, therefore, both of you to my abode. It is just before us; only a few steps more, and we shall be there. I will let you have some milk, and we will

drink together."—At this invitation of the good old man, our little boy was very happy. Charlotte would have wished to decline it, but did not, from a fear of grieving him.

They reached the habitation: he brought out two porringers of milk, and a loaf of bread, a little coarse it must be owned; but very good. They all sat down upon the grass, and made a comfortable meal. "What pleasure you both give me!" said the old man. "Yes, truly, I am very much delighted upon this occasion. I have found out two good little friends, who neither scorn the poor man, nor the infirm. My sleep at night will be the sweeter for it."

Both the boy and girl, as they sat beside him, testified their joy and gratitude; but yet their looks were more expressive than their words. However, they began to think of returning. Charlotte feared lest her parents might come home, and be uneasy at her absence; and the little boy expressed how he was grieved so soon to quit him: but his mother, he feared, would scold him, should he think of staying longer.

"She must then be very cross, this mother that you dread so much," said the poor old man.—"Not always," said the little boy: "However, she is sometimes so; and though she loves me, yet I fear her greatly."—"And your father?"—"O, I scarce knew him: he has been dead these four years."—"Dead these four years!" interrupted the old man, and fixed his eyes upon the child. "Should it be he?—I have some recollection of his

features!—Should it be little Francis?"—"Yes, Francis is my name."

The old man stood for some few moments motionless, and with an altered voice, his eye brimfull of tears, and with extended arms, cried out to Francis, "My dear child! you do not recollect your grandfather?—Embrace me!—You have the very features of my son. My dearest child, you no longer thought of me."—Francis tenderly caressed him, but endeavoured in vain to speak. Little Charlotte too shed tears of joy, to see the old man comforted.

"You see him," said the good man, "you see him! He is in reality the living picture of his father. Yes, he is my son!—My son affectionately loved me, and his son will love me too. I shall not be so wretched as I feared in my old age; nor will the evening of my life be passed without some joy. I shall depart in peace. But I forgot that by detaining you, I may subject you to your mother's anger: I was so much pleased, that I forgot that circumstance. Depart then, my dear boy! I do not wish that my joy should cost you tears. Depart, and love your mother; be obedient to her, even though you should not come and see me. It will be very hard, however, should you quit me now for ever. Come and see me, if you can, provided you do not disobey, or tell a story, to obtain permission."

Turning then to Charlotte: "And for you, dear little maid," said he, "I am convinced you ought

to leave me, as your parents would be certainly uneasy, should you stay too long. I owe you all my joy, and shall forever bless you. Come at times, and see me. Do not, I beseech you, my dear children, utterly forget me! May you both be happy!"

At these words the children went away, affectionately holding one another by the hand. They did not speak, but every now and then they looked behind them; while the old man, on his side, continued looking fervently at them, and did not turn to go into his cottage, until they were out of sight. Little Charlotte got home safe. Her parents were not yet returned; however, they came home soon after. She told them where she had been, and what she had done. It was the subject of their evening's conversation.

On the morrow they all went to see the good old man; and in the sequel, frequently repeated their kind visit. Francis likewise came to see his grandfather, who was rejoiced to see him, to hear him speak, and to receive the most affectionate caresses from him, while, for his part, Francis was as much rejoiced, excepting when he did not see Charlotte: he was then quite sorrowful, and went home sad. The more he grew towards manhood, still the more he loved her; and accordingly, when he was old enough to take a wife he would marry no other woman. The old man lived to see them married, blessed them, and soon after died in peace.

# THE SLOVEN.

Eudocius passed, and very justly, for an admirable boy. He was extremely gentle, always ready to oblige his little friends, and never displeased his parents or instructors.

He had one great fault, however: he would lose his books, with other matters, and pay no attention to his clothes, which were, in common, very dirty. In one word, he was a sloven.

He had often been admonished of, and punished for his negligence. Punishment and admonition grieved him; and as he knew his friends were sorry to proceed thus harshly with him, he had many times resolved upon amendment; but the habit was so strong, that notwithstanding every resolution, he had always the same slovenly appearance.

His papa some time previous had promised him, and his three brothers, on the first fine day, to take them out upon the water. Such a day as he could wish, now came: there was hardly a capful of wind, and he remarked the water very smooth. He therefore called the children, told them his design; and as he lived quite close to the river, went into the garden, and procured the neatest boat then plying.

How rejoiced the children appeared! and how alert to make preparation for a day of pleasure they had been long expecting!

They were all ready to set out when Mr. Weston came to take them. They jumped round about him in a transport of joy; and Mr. Weston was very happy to remark their joy; but what was his wonder, when he saw Eudocius, and the unseemliness of his apparel.

Of his stockings, one was about his heel; the other, negligently gartered, if at all, in some sort made his leg look like a twisted column. Two holes were in the knees of his pantaloons; his vest was stained with grease or ink from top to bottom; and there was wanting half a collar to his jacket.

His father saw with sorrow that it was impossible to take him in so slovenly a state; as every one they met would think that the father of so slovenly a child must be negligent himself, to suffer such a fault. And Mr. Weston being a man of merit, and esteemed by those who knew him, was far from wishing such an addition to his character.

Eudocius had another jacket; but that unhappily was at the tailor's, to be repaired, as it had been much torn. The scur er was to have it afterwards, and work a day at least, in getting out the dirt and spots.

What was then coming, my dear little friends? There's none of you but may easily guess.

His brothers, who had proper clothes to dress in, and whose general appearance did their father credit, got into the boat. The body of it was painted blue, as were the oars. The gunwale, and the edges of the oars, were of a deep vermillion. In

the boat was a linen awning, that is roof, supported at the corners, to preserve the company beneath from the sun: the watermen had white linen shirts on; three musicians had their stations in the stern, who were provided with a hautboy, flute and clarionet, and began to play in concert with the watermen when they first dipped their oars into the water, on which the crowd which was assembled at the stairs, replied with joyous shoutings.

Poor Eudocius, who had pleased himself a long time with the thoughts of such an airing, was obliged to stay at home. It is true, he had the pleasure of observing from the window his father and brothers go into the boat, and of following it as far upon the river as his eye would reach, while a gentle breeze swelled out the sails, and made the boat skim along upon the surface of the water: and it is true, his brothers, after their return, related all the pleasures they had tasted in their day's excursion; and of which the recollection made them still jump for joy.

Another day, as he was playing in the meadow with a little friend, he chanced to lose his silver shoe-clasp: but instead of seeking diligently for it, he begged his comrade to lend him his for a little while; because, in walking about, the straps, which he trod on, had more than once been like to trip him up.

His little friend consented; and Eudocius, quite intent on something, and extremely anxious to renew

his play, fastened it so negligently, that in less than twenty minutes, he lost that also.

They were both much embarrassed when the time came for returning home. Night overtook them, and the grass was so high, that a lamb might easily hide in it. How then could they find, at dusk, a thing so little? They both came home, clumpetty clump, clump, leaning on each other, and quite sad: particularly Eudocius, who, possessing real sensibility, was grieved in having thus exposed his bosom friend and playmate to the anger of his parents.

On the morrow he appeared before the family, when they were assembled, with a single clasp for two shoes: sad sight for Mr. Weston! who perceived how much his exhortations were still thrown away.

Every Monday, Mr. Weston was accustomed to supply Eudocius and his brothers with a small allowance, that they might not be without the means of satisfying the little wants of children, but particularly any impulse to be generous which they might feel. Eudocius' brothers had constantly the pleasure of receiving this allowance; while he, poor fellow, hardly ever got it, on account of stoppages for buttons, handkerchiefs, and other things he lost, which Mr. Weston conceived as the only likely way to make him more attentive to little matters.

A silver clasp is of some value; but this was not the whole. He had lost his companion's, and was obliged to pay for that likewise. How was he to do it? His allowance would not enable him to clear this debt, in three months.

His father had taught him, even in his infancy, to use a pen; and, to use the common phrase, he already wrote an exceedingly fine hand.

This therefore was the only occupation by which he could earn a little money; and, to his praise I must acknowledge, he consented willingly to an arrangement made on this occasion.

His companion's father was an eminent attorney, and employed above a dozen clerks to copy papers for him. Mr. Weston therefore offered him Eudocius's services in this way, until such time as he had earned enough to pay for the clasp; and requested that the attorney would consent to this a way of settling matters, as it was very probable Eudocius might be greatly benefited by it.

The attorney freely acquiesced, and down Eudocius sat to copying law proceedings, which at best is very tedious, and in general scrawled over so that he could hardly read them, whilst his brothers walked in the fields, or entertained themselves by playing in the garden.

O, how many sighs did his inattention cost him! But he had time for making many salutary comments on his conduct; and resolving, for the future, upon a change. In short, he kept his resolution; so that were I now to point him out, dear little friends, to any of you—when you noticed the cleanliness of his person, and the neatness of his general appearance, you would find it difficult to think he could be the same little boy whose history I have just written for your instruction.

## THE SEPARATION.

*A Father and his Son-in-law entering at opposite doors.*

*Son-in-law.* HAVE you considered my proposals?

*Father.* No; for there is nothing to consider. When a couple who have sworn everlasting love to each other at the altar, and whom a child, the fruit of their reciprocal affection, would compel, as one might think, to the observance of their vows, proceed so far as to a separation, what is then left for consideration? What is one to do?

*Son-in-law.* However, I am so determined in my resolution, that it rests on some few formalities, and nothing more, to be complete.

*Father.* (*ringing.*) Well, be it so. (*A servant enters.*) Tell Sophia she is wanted. (*As the servant is withdrawing, the Father says something in his ear.*)

*Son-in-law.* Do you approve of the allowance I design to make her?

*Father.* That is as you think fit. I take my daughter home and hope she'll never want.

*Son-in-law.* It is notwithstanding proper we should come to some agreement.

*Father.* Very well; adjust that matter as you please.

*Son-in-law.* (*taking up a pen*) It can be done almost as soon as said. (*He sits down to write.*)

*The Daughter enters.*

*Father.* You guess, no doubt, why you are sent for?

*Daughter.* Yes; and things between us having proceeded thus far, I have expected the arrival of this moment with much pleasure.

*Father.* You resolve then to occasion me this grief.

*Daughter.* I cannot possibly consent to live any longer with him.

*Son-in-law.* (*rising and putting a paper into his father's hand.*) This is the agreement I propose.

*Father.* By this then you renounce each other mutually, upon condition of two hundred pounds a year. Is this agreed on both sides?

*Daughter.* Upon mine it is.

*Son-in-law.* No doubt.

*Father.* It is useless for me to remonstrate any longer.

*Daughter.* I must say it is.

*Son-in-law.* I must say so likewise.

*Father.* Then, whatever I might wish, I am necessitated to consent. Go, sign this paper. (*They sign*) so—all is settled. There is notwithstanding one great difficulty yet. With which is the child to remain?

*Daughter.* I am his mother.

*Son-in-law.* (*speaking at the same moment.*) I, his father.

*Father.* True, your rights are equal; therefore——

*Daughter.* I will lose my life, rather than my child.

*Son-in-law.* The child is mine, and I will never give it up.

*Father.* Consider this, dear children: for this circumstance should teach, nay, force you to relinquish your cruel purpose. Hearts that are engrossed by one and the same child as yours are, cannot surely be enemies to each other: and it is only a misunderstanding that subsists between you.—(*He takes the paper.*) Shall I tear it?

*Son-in-law.* If you do——

*Daughter.* By no means, father.

*Father.* It is however necessary you should come to some resolution on this head. Do you consent that Charles shall choose which of you he will stay with?

*Daughter.* Yes, with all my heart.

*Son-in-law.* And mine too. (*The father goes out.*)

*Son-in-law.* For my part, it will give me pleasure to hear that you are happy; as I separate without the least resentment in my heart.

*Daughter.* And I too wish that you may be as happy in future as you have been hitherto, though I am sure you will not. (*The father returns with the child: the mother clasps him in her arms, and says,*) won't you stay with me, my dear?

*Child.* O, yes, mamma.

*Son-in-law.* (*embracing him*) You wish to leave me then, my precious little fellow?

*Child.* No, no, papa, I'll stay with you too.

*Father.* But, my dear, your father and mother intend to separate forever; and you must absolutely tell them which you wish to live with.

*Daughter.* You will live with me, my sweetest, won't you? Speak!

*Son-in-law.* With me, my child?

*Child.* With both of you. (*They turn away: the father has his eyes fixed on them for a short pause.*) But why do you both turn away? Why look so melancholy? You used to be merry in each other's company? (*He pulls them towards each other.*) You shall not go! I'll live with you both at once. (*The son-in-law and mother both stooping to embrace their child, encounter each other, and embrace.*)

*Father.* I thank thee, Nature! Thou hast not forsaken me.

*Son-in-law.* Will you forget the past?

*Daughter.* Yes, every thing.

*Father.* (*holding out the child that they may both caress him.*) Are you determined now to part?

*Daughter.* No, father; never.

*Son-in-law.* This tender tie shall reunite us forever. I will love you better for the time to come, and we will both be happy.

*Father.* I weep, but it is for joy at such a reconciliation.

## CAROLINE.

Mrs. P——, a young married lady, was one day reproving Pamela, her eldest daughter, for a slight fault very pardonable at her age. Pamela, touched with the tender manner in which her mother delivered the reproof, shed tears of sorrow and affection. Caroline, who was then but three years old, seeing her sister weep, climbed up the steps of her chair, in order to reach her; with one hand she took her handkerchief and wiped her sister's eyes, and with the other slipped into her mouth a piece of sweetmeat.

This same little Caroline was one day playing beside her mother, who was then busy in writing letters. The hair-cutter being come, Mrs. P—— told him to step into an adjoining room with Caroline, and to take off a little of her hair. Instead of a little, the hair-dresser took off so much that the little girl's head was entirely naked. Her mother entered just as this unlucky operation was finished. "Ah, my poor Caroline, exclaimed she, you have lost all your fine hair!"—"Do not be uneasy, mama," answered Caroline with the greatest simplicity; "it is not lost, it is put up in that drawer."

Last summer vacation, while she was in the country, a chicken was served up at dinner, and Mrs. P——, who had no company but her children, having helped her eldest daughter to some, offered a piece to Caroline.

No, mamma, answered she with a sigh; I shall not eat any of it.—

And why, my dear?—

Because, mamma, that chicken and I saw one another every day, and we lived very friendly together.—

But your sister eats of it.—

O! my sister may eat of it, to be sure; she was not so well acquainted with it as I was.

# THE CHRISTMAS BOX.

Edward, Archibald, and Charles. P. 153

# THE CHRISTMAS BOX.

A DRAMA, IN TWO ACTS.

CHARACTERS.

MR. DAMER.
EDWARD, . . . . . *his Son.*
VERONICA, . . . . . *his Daughter.*
CHARLES, . . . . . *Edward's Friend.*
ARCHIBALD, . . . . *an Orphan.*
CLEMENT, . . . . . *a Servant.*

SCENE, *an apartment in Mr. Damer's house.*

## ACT I. SCENE I.

*Charles, Archibald.*

*Archibald.* So early with us, master Charles?

*Charles.* Yes, Archibald; and what is more I want to speak with you.

*Archibald.* With me, sir? What can occasion me the honour of your visit?

*Charles.* What except the pleasure, Archibald, of seeing you? The truth however is, that I am come to know what Christmas-boxes you have had.

*Archibald.* What Christmas-boxes, do you ask me? If my mother, sister and myself, have but the necessary things of life, we are content.

*Charles.* But Mr. Damer surely, lets you want nothing.

*Archibald.* It is true, indeed, we are his debtors for whatever we possess, and he continues to us the respect, as I may call it, that he had for my poor father; and his son, too, has a friendship for us. Do you see this new suit of clothes upon me? it is

Edward's present. It was bought for him, but his father permitted him to give it me by way of Christmas-box. He has prevailed on Miss Veronica to present my sister with a few of her cast clothes; and we were last night very happy in receiving them.

*Charles.* I suppose so; but if you talk of Christmas-boxes, he has received some fine ones, no doubt.

*Archibald.* Certainly, his father is so rich! and yet, I doubt if his pleasure was as great as ours. Fine things are no novelty to him. And even what we receive, never gives us so much joy as what those persons feel whose benefactors unexpectedly make them presents.

*Charles.* I agree with you in this: but cannot you tell me what Edward has received? no doubt he has shown you all his presents.

*Archibald.* Yes, yes, that he has indeed: but how shall I remember the whole catalogue? Let me reflect a little. In the first place, he has had some books, a case of mathematical instruments, a microscope, a pair of silk stockings, and a set of silver buttons for a suit of clothes.

*Charles.* But those are not the things that I mean. What I want to know about, friend Archibald, are the sweetmeats and nice things, that generally are presented, at this season of the year, to children of our age.

*Archibald.* O, his father has given him no such things: he says, that sweetmeats do but spoil the teeth; and as for playthings, certainly Edward is

too big for such matters. It is only from his aunt that he has received trifles of this sort. She, indeed, has given him some of what you mention.

*Charles.* Ay, ay! and what, for instance?

*Archibald.* How can I remember them? There is, in the first place, a great cake; a quantity of candied orange-peel; some capillaire; some sweetmeats; half-a-dozen companies of French and English soldiers, cast in lead, all in uniform; a draft-board; fish and counters; and about a dozen china figures, made in Derbyshire. Why not go and speak to him yourself? He will show you every thing that he has received. Why put these several questions to me?

*Charles.* O, I know what I am doing. I had my reasons for interrogating you, before I went up stairs into Edward's room.

*Archibald.* And what, pray, are those reasons? May I know?

*Charles.* I had determined never to reveal them: but provided you will but be secret—

*Archibald.* I am no prater.

*Charles.* Then give me your promise.

*Archibald.* There is my hand.

*Charles.* Well then, I will tell you, as a secret that I would have you keep, Edward is finely taken in!

*Archibald.* Edward finely taken in! my friend? I cannot endure such language.

*Charles.* Then I will tell you nothing. I am still master of my secret; you know that.

*Archibald.* How, Charles! And can you wrong my dear friend Edward at this rate?

*Charles.* O, be assured, I shall not wrong him personally: but I speak of an affair in which we both have come to an agreement.

*Archibald.* But, if taken in, he is deceived.

*Charles.* No, no: he has deceived himself entirely.

*Archibald.* I do not understand a word of this enigma.

*Charles.* I will explain the matter to you. We had previously agreed to go equal shares in our Christmas-boxes, whatever they might be, that is, in every thing that could be divided.

*Archibald.* Well, and can he lose by such a bargain? His father is not so rich as yours. Your Christmas-boxes therefore must, at least in point of value, equal his, and very probably exceed them.

*Charles.* It is true, indeed, I have received a very handsome Christmas-box. This watch, for instance; but a watch, you know, cannot be divided.

*Archibald.* On your honour, have you had no other present?

*Charles.* Nothing, I assure you, but a cake and two small boxes of preserves. My father says, as Mr. Damer does, that sweetmeats hurt one. While my mother was living, it was quite another thing, for then I had such delicacies in abundance; and Edward knows as much, who saw my last year's Christmas-boxes. It was this that induced him to

make such a bargain with me; and last week we confirmed it on our word. You see, then—

*Archib.* Yes, I see too clearly, that Edward is to be your dupe. He will have only half a cake and some preserves for what he is to give up to you. True enough, his aunt has sent him more than he can eat. But is it true, Master Charles, that you had nothing else? I must confess, I find it very difficult to credit your assertion.

*Charles.* Difficult to credit my assertion! Shall I swear, then, to the truth of what I say?

*Archibald.* Swear! Fie! should a little gentleman, as you are, think of swearing in this matter? It is entirely your affair; and if you are deceiving my good friend Edward, you will lose much more than he, Charles.

*Charles.* But, Archibald, do you know that I do not approve of such remonstrances? It is Edward's business to reflect on the affair. Suppose Edward had received no Christmas-box?

*Archibald.* There was no fear of that. His friends are generous, and Edward's conduct pleases them. Your Christmas-box is such a trifle! It would be quite unhandsome in you, to expect that Edward should have all the disadvantage on his side; and therefore we must go and tell him.

*Charles.* O, that is done already. Late last night I sent him half the cake that I received, and part of my preserves. I have likewise written him a letter on the subject.

*Archibald.* Then, you will persist in your demands upon him?

*Charles.* And pray what would you do, in my situation? You that talk so much?

*Archibald.* I would have nothing from him, having nothing to bestow; and therefore quit him of his promise.

*Charles.* O, your humble servant! Keep your counsel to yourself. Our bargain is a wager; and when people think of laying wagers, it is that they may win. Next year it shall be as he pleases; but at present, if he does not give me half of every thing that he has received, his cake, his orange-peel, his sweetmeats, soldiers, fish and counters, china-ware, and anything else that you may have forgot to mention, I will follow him through all the streets, courts, lanes, and every thoroughfare in London, and proclaim him for a cheat. Yes, tell him that from me, friend Archibald; and, that such as we should keep our promise, after we have sworn to one another.

*Archibald.* After you have sworn! Fie, fie upon your oaths! I am very poor; and yet, if you would give me all the Christmas-boxes that ever you received, not excepting even your fine watch, I would not swear in such a trifling matter. It must be a very solemn business that would make me take an oath.

*Charles.* Why, Archibald, you are a downright simpleton. Without this swearing, how would any one be bound to keep his promise?

*Archibald.* Do you ask that seriously? His very promise should compel him to observe it, and the word of honest people be as sacred as an oath.

If you judge otherwise, I do not know what I am to think of you.

*Charles.* It is your idea, then, that Edward will be faithful to his promise?

*Archibald.* My idea? Should he break it, insignificant as I must own myself, I would never look upon him as long as I have breath. But I am sure he will not break it; and, to keep his word will have no occasion for an oath.

*Charles.* That we shall see. However, tell him everything that I have said, that he may act accordingly.

*Archibald.* I need tell him nothing. He wants no monitor to tell him his duty.

*Charles.* And pray add, I wish him joy that he is so finely taken in.

*Archibald.* What: you would insult, then, as well as—

*Charles.* No: but I divert myself at his expense, as he would do at mine. Let him alone! Another time, if he thinks proper he may be revenged.

*Archibald.* No, no; this is the only business of the kind that ever he will transact with you.

*Charles.* As he pleases. I have enough by this day's lucky business, to console myself. (*He goes out.*)

## SCENE II.

*Archibald.* (*alone*) I could not have imagined Charles so mercenary. If, in truth, he has no more than what he tells me from his father, why did he break off the bargain, when he found it likely not

to press so hard upon his friend ? what avarice ! and what meanness likewise ! It is Edward's fault, however, and will hardly ruin him. But here he comes.

*Enter Edward.*

*Edward* (*with a paper.*) Ah, dear Archibald, I deserve, and richly, to be hooted for my folly !— Read this letter.

*Archibald.* I have learned what it contains. But pray how came you to make such a bargain ? Certainly you should have first asked leave of your father and aunt, because what your parents and relations give you should not be disposed of without their consent.

*Edward.* That is true ; but it is done.

*Archibald.* And you must keep your word. But wherefore did you give it ?

*Ed.* Because last year and the preceding, Charles had better Christmas boxes than I ; and I supposed—

*Archib.* Ah, ah ! I understand the matter. You designed to dupe him then ; therefore you are with justice punished.

*Edward.* Would I had been contented with my own !

*Archibald.* Well, no complaints, Edward. Is not your half sufficient for you ?

*Edward.* So you fancy——

*Archibald.* Do not go on. Edward means to ask me if he ought to keep his word.

*Edward.* But are you certain that every thing was fair and open on the part of Charles ?

*Archibald.* I think him honest, since he told me so himself; and it is my practice to think well of every one till he has deceived me.

*Edward.* But how happens it that his father should have been so sparing towards him? Every former Christmas he has had a store of presents.

*Archibald.* They were his mother's; and now she is dead, his father thinks as yours does, and instead of childish toys, has bought him a fine watch.

*Edward.* Yes, yes; I know it. He will conceal such of his presents as ought to be divided, and yet I must give up half mine.

*Archibald.* Should he behave so, he would be a knave.

*Edward.* And should I, in that case, be bound to keep my promise with him?

*Archibald.* What is this question, my good friend Edward? Just as if you were to ask me, whether, if he prove a cheat, you might not be so likewise.

*Edward.* But unless I tell him, he will never know what I have had.

*Archibald.* And can you hide this knowledge from yourself?

*Edward.* But I have scarcely had, from my father, more things that can be shared, than he. The rest were from my aunt, you know.

*Archibald.* Did you except in your bargain what any one but your father would give you?

*Edward.* O, no, no!

a moment upon this occasion. I would give you every thing in my possession to make you amends.

*Edward.* (*embracing him.*) O, how much, my dearest Archibald, is your behaviour to be praised! while I must hate myself for mine. Yes, I confess it, I was mercenary and unjust, but will be so no longer. I will look with scorn upon the baubles that had charms enough, as I imagined, to corrupt me: so let Charles directly have his share, and you shall halve them; give him what you please. I only desire that you will not scorn me for indulging such mean thoughts: I will henceforth be worthy of your esteem and friendship.

*Archibald.* And you are so. You were never worthier of it than at present. I was well acquainted with your heart, and knew what measures you would take. This conquest of yourself will cause you much more satisfaction than the trifles that you give up: when some few days are passed, they will have lost their charms, and you would certainly have given the whole away at once, to any child that should have wanted them.

*Edward.* Yes, yes: you know me very well. What therefore can I do, to show you my regard and gratitude for having saved my honour?

*Archibald,* (*embracing him.*) Still love me, Edward.

*Edward.* Always, always: but it is proper that I should now go fetch my presents, and make haste to share them. I am quite uneasy till they are gone, and fear I shall repent of what I am about to do, if I do not soon despatch it.

*Archibald.* You would soon repent of that repentance, should it happen: I am certain of it.

(*Edward goes out.*)

## SCENE III.

*Archibald,* (*alone.*) No; were all his presents mine, I should not be so pleased as I am now, in thus saving Edward's reputation. And, in fact, how happy must he be himself, in having kept his word at the expence of what he thought so precious! Doubtless this sacrifice cost him dear: well then, it will be on that account more glorious. I was certain of his principles. He needed nothing but a little explanation of the matter, to behave with honour.

*Archibald and Edward.*

*Edward,* (*bringing in a large two-handled basket*) Come and help me, Archibald, that I may not let the basket fall; for every thing within it I look upon as sacred. I have left the cake in the closet, for fear of breaking it: but when it is wanted, I will fetch it. Here is the candied orange-peel, however: (*he opens the parcel and gives it to Archibald.*) This, I take it, is about the middle. Take this side for Charles, and let me have the other in the box.

*Archibald.* No, no; it will be better far to halve it in his presence; he may otherwise imagine that you have eaten some of it. Let us see the rest of the confectionery.—First, four bags of sweetmeats. Two for each.—Two bottles of capillaire. One Charles's, and the other yours.—How many fish and counters are there here?

*Edward.* Two hundred fish, and twenty counters.

*Archibald,* (*after having counted out half of each.*) These are his—the bag cannot be divided. You must therefore take it with the other fish and counters,

*Edward.* And these soldiers. How delighted we should both have been, in ranging them against each other, when the winter evenings come on.

*Archibald.* We should, indeed; but I am more delighted as it is. The English soldiers shall be yours. Their uniform is red and therefore much more lively than the white.—A draft-board, and a microscope.

*Edward.* Ah! luckily they cannot be divided!

*Archibald.* In reality they cannot; but together they make two lots, and each of you take one: for Charles, when he appears, may fall to quibbling with us; and I recommend you to keep clear no less of his suspicions, than his open accusations. Give him the draft-board, and keep the microscope. You may employ it, to obtain the knowledge of a thousand beauteous objects, that escape our eye-sight.

*Edward.* Ah, here comes what I shall be the most grieved to give!—These sweet china figures.

*Archibald.* You could not put all of them on your chimney-piece. Can you inform me what they represent?

*Edward.* The Muses and the Seasons.

*Archibald.* Then give him the Seasons. You may justly take the best in your division, and the

Muses cannot, with propriety, be parted. But Edward, not to settle things by halves, let me advise you to throw in the other fish and counters with the bag. His *Seasons*, will be taken as valuable as your *Muses*. (*He puts all the fish and counters into Charles's heap.*) There they are.

*Edward.* You make me do whatever you think fit.

*Archibald.* What I would do myself, if I were in your place. But what comes here?—Ha! ha! a set of copperplates!—I did not mention these to Charles,

*Edward*, (*overjoyed.*) You don't say so!

*Archibald.* But what of that? It is just the same as if he knew it. Let me count the number: one, two, three; (*he counts two dozen, reading over their inscriptions, and dividing them accordingly.*) These, (*taking up one parcel,*) it seems, are the reigning kings of Europe; and these other, (*counting,*) one, two, three, four, five, six, seven,—great men, that flourished once in England.

*Edward.* Well, which parcel shall we choose?

*Archibald*, (*showing him two plates selected from the second parcel.*) Here; here is our choice: this portrait is that Howard of whom you have heard your father so often speak with rapture: and here is Gay, whose Fables always give you so much pleasure. Keep, by all means, such a good companion. (*He puts the kings into Charles's lot, and Howard, with the other six, into Edward's*) That is the whole.

*Edward*, (*with a sigh.*) Yes, yes.

*Archibald.* But why that sigh?

*Edward.* Because you make me give up so many charming things.

*Archibald.* Not I, my dear Edward; *you* make yourself do this. It was your resolution; and is so still, is it not?

*Edward.* Yes, yes. I have nothing else to beg, dear Archibald, but that Charles may have his share immediately. The sight of so much that I must give away grieves me.

*Archibald.* Think no more about it. You have done your duty. I will go speak to Charles, and bring him hither. If, as you imagine, he has cheated you, I wish—I cannot well tell you, how much harm I wish him. (*He goes out.*)

## SCENE IV. *Edward alone.*

Yes, yes, much harm you wish him! In addition to my loss of all these charming things, the harm to me is, that he will laugh at my simplicity in making such a bargain. When he sent me, last night, my miserable portion of his presents, doubtless he began at that moment to enjoy his triumph. (*He approaches the table, and surveys the things upon it with a look of sorrow.*) I must part then with so much! and part with it to one that meant to trick me! I cannot help preferring, now, whatever is not in my share. These bags of sweetmeats seem much bigger than my two. That draft-board likewise, that I thought to play on, when my friends should come and see me, seems much prettier now than

before. And those soldiers! they would have made me an army. All this, but just now, was mine, and I must give it up for nothing too!—for nothing! (*He reflects within himself a little.*) Is my word then nothing? and my honour, is that nothing? If—— but don't I hear a step? Yes, yes, it is Charles—or, now I look again, not he, but Veronica.

*Enter Veronica.*

*Veronica*, (*looking eagerly at every thing upon the table.*) What are you about, Edward? What is the meaning of all this? Do you intend one of these two shares for me? I can hardly think so; yet I should look upon it as quite loving in you——

*Edward.* Ah, my dearest sister, I would give you half my Christmas-box with pleasure; but it is not in my power; as half of what you see, is no longer mine to dispose of.

*Veronica.* Is yours no longer?—Why so, Edward?—But O, now I understand you! This is some new trick of Archibald's. He is always wheedling you for something, which he tells you others want, and what he can pinch out of you this way, he is sure to keep himself.

*Edward.* Do not speak, dear sister, in this manner of that worthy boy. I would give every thing in my possession to have his principles.

*Veronica.* Well then, why are you no longer master of your own?

*Edward.* You will say, I am justly punished for my avarice; for I must yield to Charles one part of the presents made me by my aunt and my father.

*Veronica.* Instead of giving me that half! and why?

*Edward.* Because we bargained to divide our Christmas-boxes. I have had a deal this year, and he unfortunately nothing.

*Veronica.* Then I would give him nothing: that is but just.

*Edward.* But we have pledged our honour to each other. He has kept his word, and I must keep mine also, or be looked on as a thief.

*Veronica.* Ay, ay, you have got this notion from your Archibald. I am mad to think that you let yourself be governed by a chit who lives by our assistance.

*Edward.* But pray, sister, though the notion should be Archibald's, is it not a just one?

*Veronica.* Is it not a just one? No. I would lay a wager that he has now agreed with Charles to share whatever he can persuade you to give up.

*Edward.* Do you seriously think so? No, no; you do him wrong: he is too generous to do that.

*Veronica.* It is you, Edward, that are too weak! or you might think that he would much more naturally take your part than another's, if he were not interested.

*Edward.* I profess myself his friend, and he is interested that I should not be a cheat.

*Veronica.* Good!—Ha! ha! ha! And so then, that you may not be a cheat, you will willingly be cheated by another?

*Edward.* Better than cheat him myself.

*Veronica.* And in a manner so ridiculous!—Ha! ha! How finely they are laughing at you!

*Edward.* What, is Archibald laughing at me?

*Veronica.* If he helps to cheat you.

*Edward.* But I have pledged my word. The shares are made as you see, and Charles is coming.

*Veronica.* Well; and let him go away. I shall be glad to see you catch them, when they think you caught.

*Edward.* You would have me then disgrace myself, that I may save these baubles?

*Veronica.* But suppose you could save them with honour?

*Edward.* Ay, pray how?

*Veronica.* Why, father or rather aunt, for she may be more easy of persuasion, must be told the whole affair, and they will forbid you parting with their presents.—I myself will take the business on me.

*Edward.* No, no, sister; if you love me—

*Veronica.* You are determined to be pillaged. Be it so then. I have no objection in the least, since I shall not be the loser by it: on the other hand, I shall enjoy the opportunity of laughing at your cost. And yet on second thoughts, I will run and tell papa, if it be only to obtain you a good scolding, since you will not follow my advice.

*Edward.* But, sister—hear me!—Pray come back a little!—What! you won't?—You cannot imagine how much you will displease me! (*He follows and endeavours to bring her back, but she refuses.*)

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*Edward* (*returning after a few minutes absence.*) I could not possibly prevail upon her to come back; but she would go and tell father—In fact, she is in the right—If my father and aunt forbid me, I keep everything, and do not break my word. I wonder that this idea did not sooner strike me. It is indeed unjust in some degree; and there is a voice within me that condemns it. I should not have entered into this agreement, without thinking of each separate circumstance, and guarding properly against them. I wish Archibald were here, to fix me one way or other. I am at a loss for his counsel. When he comes, I hope it will be alone. Ah! here he is; and as I wished to have it, no one with him.

*Enter Archibald.*

*Archibald.* Charles will very soon be here. He is gone to ask his father's leave to come. Be of courage, dear Edward; nor let Charles suspect that these play-things are of any value to you. I begin to think he does not deal with you upon the square in this transaction. I spoke to him rather seriously; and by his answers, he appeared embarrassed.

*Edward.* O, I am sure he means to trick me; notwithstanding which, I must be satisfied.

*Archibald.* And have you not great cause for satisfaction? You have done your duty.

*Edward.* Well, I will try to conquer my reluctance in this point, and put on a good face before him; but could any one conceive what Veronica told me not ten minutes since? That I should beg

father or aunt to lay their orders on me, forbidding me to give any thing away; and thus I should preserve my Christmas-box and reputation?

*Archibald.* And your peace of mind;—would you preserve that likewise?

*Edward.* No, indeed. I even thought, while she was speaking, how disgraceful such an application would be to me.

*Archibald.* Why then hesitate a moment longer? O my dear Edward! let us never stifle those first whisperings of integrity and generosity that may be heard within us. You will soon experience how much inward satisfaction flows from listening to them. Have we any real need of these poor gimcracks here to make us happy? O, when you have parted with them, I will be more industrious to procure you other sources of amusement. If my friendship is of any value to you, be assured I shall esteem you ten times more, if you consult your honour in this matter.

*Edward.* Yes. I will do so, dear Archibald, and be proud of yielding to your counsel, as in every other matter, so in this. I will follow it, however Veronica may persuade me to do otherwise. These *gimcracks*—as you call them. Out upon such childishness! and to prove how truly I despise them, look, I will add my two remaining sweetmeat bags to Charles's.—There—they shall be mine no longer.

*Archibald.* Bravely done, Edward! You are like a general who returns in triumph, after having won a battle.

*Edward.* Always have an eye upon me; and if you observe——

*Archibald.* I know what you would say; but softly, here comes Charles.

## SCENE II.

*Edward, Archibald, Charles.*

*Charles,* (*somewhat embarrassed.*) Good morrow, dear Edward, I am told you want to speak with me.—It grieves me, notwithstanding—

*Edward.* What grieves you, pray?

*Charles.* That my Christmas-box has been so trifling; and—

*Edward.* O, never mind it, if that be all.

*Archibald.* Edward is but so much the more pleased, that he can compensate for what you want; and I could wish that you knew with how much pleasure he fulfils his promise now; but he can tell you what he thinks on this occasion.

*Edw.* Yes. What I now do, I do with all my heart. (*He takes Charles by the hand, and brings him to the table.*) So look; here is all my presents: we first halved them pretty nearly; after which I added something to your share, that you might have no reason to complain.

*Archibald.* Two articles, the microscope and draft-board could not be divided. By the terms of your agreement, therefore, your friend might have kept them both; but he has honourably chosen to give up the draft-board; and accordingly I put it to your share.

*Edward.* I am sorry, Charles, that these china

figures could not be divided equally. I have kept the *Muses:* but because the *Seasons* were less valuable, I have added to them all the fish and counters in this bag, which were my own. You may still, however, make choice of which lot you please.

*Charles.* No, no, my friend. I am quite content already.

*Edward.* But not I. There is beside all this, a cake below, of which the half is mine. I make a present to you of the whole, and run to fetch it.

*Charles* (*calling him back.*) No, not now, Edward.

*Archibald* (*stopping Charles.*) Let him, let him, Charles.—(*To Edward.*) Yes, go, my friend. (*Edward goes out.*) Well, I am sure you will own, Edward thinks quite nobly, since you see his promise is so sacred to him. Any other in his situation might have been afflicted at the disadvantage of the bargain made between you: but Edward goes beyond the agreement, and is happy in thus exceeding your expectations.

*Charles,* (*confused.*) True: you make me blush, dear Archibald. And I cannot tell how it is—

*Archibald.* You have no need to blush, as if it were a fault in you, that you received no greater presents from your father.

*Charles,* (*turning away.*) Poor Edward!

*Archibald.* Should you pity him, he would have reason to complain: whereas at present he has none.

It would have been the shame of tricking you, and nothing else, that must have rendered him unhappy. Look at what you have, and be rejoiced, as he is.

*Edward* (*coming in with the cake.*) Hold; here is what I give you: half, as I have already said, is over and above the bargain.

*Charles* (*putting back the cake with one hand, and with the other concealing his face.*) No, Edward; it is too much.

*Edward.* Take it, take it, Charles: but do not imagine that I am doing thus, through shame for having wished to keep back any of my presents from you. Archibald, I am sure, will witness for me as to that.

*Archibald,* (*looking steadfastly at Charles.*) That I will; and in the face of the whole world. (*Charles wipes his eyes.*)

*Edward.* But surely you are crying, Charles? What ails you?

*Charles.* Nothing, nothing—Only that you see me here, a pitiful, mean, sorry fellow, and that I have cheated you.

*Edward.* You cheated me? that cannot be! have we not been acquainted from our infancy? And are we not both children of good friends and neighbours?

*Charles.* Yes; and that very circumstance, Edward, aggravates my guilt. I do not deserve that you should think so generously of me. (*He takes Edward by the hand.*) It is however in my power to prove that I am not totally unworthy of your friendship. In reality, this Christmas I have

received no playthings, or the like, from my father, but—(*feeling his pockets*) here are three new guineas that I requested him to give me in their stead. You see then I was a deceiver, while you acted with such generosity: but I repent, and give up the half. In fact it is your own, and if you have any pity in you, pardon me my knavery and be still my friend.

*Edward* (*embracing him.*) Yes, always while I live.—How you rejoice me! Not however with your money, as I shall not take it.

*Enter Veronica.*

*Veronica.* Archibald must come immediately to my father.

*Charles.* O my dear young lady, cannot he stay a little? I shall lose the pleasure—

*Veronica.* Yes, of squeezing something from my brother! but you have heard the message; so come with me. What! you would have papa wait for you! (*She takes his hand, and pulls him along.*)

*Edward.* Sister! sister! only a few minutes.

*Veronica,* (*mocking him.*) Brother! brother! No; I will have him with me. (*She goes out with Archibald.*)

## SCENE IV.

*Edward and Charles.*

*Edward,* (*taking Charles's hand.*) O, my dear friend Charles, how I rejoice while I am speaking! I could have no right to hope for such sincerity of conduct from you.

*Charles.* How! When you bestow upon me half your things, without expecting any in return from me.

*Edward.* No; no: you must not thus applaud my generosity. You cannot imagine how reluctantly at first I parted with this half; and had it not been for the exhortation that Archibald gave me to so good a work, I should not have kept my word after all.

*Charles.* And to him am I indebted likewise for the satisfaction of not having quite completed my unworthy tricking scheme. He set the baseness of it in so full a light before me! And when afterward I entered here, and found with how much generosity you had proceeded in your distribution—

*Edward.* In my distribution! It is Archibald that has all the merit of it. I cannot tell what happy art he has; but to deprive myself of what I had beforehand so much cherished, was a plesure to me. Yes, there is something in your share that I added of myself.

*Charles.* But you shall keep the whole: for I will have nothing of it, and am happy to get rid of such a burthen. I should never have presumed to look you in the face. I could not think how much one suffers by becoming dishonest.

*Edward.* And how was I tormented also? But at present I experience how much pleasure flows from generosity. All this is due to Archibald. So necessitous, and yet so upright! Surely he could not claim a recompense for telling you my Christmas boxes?

*Charles.* He, my dear Edward! What can cause you such a thought?

*Edward.* My sister, in her jealousy, would fain had me think so.

*Charles.* O, if you had heard how handsomely he spoke about you, and espoused your interests in our conversation! I had need of all my art and cunning to get from him what you had received. And therefore, henceforth he shall have what he has merited so well, my friendship: and I will give him the remaining half of my three guineas.

*Edward.* No, no, Charles; leave me to recompense him as I well know how: and keep your money, with the half that is yours, of my Christmas-boxes.

*Charles.* What? I keep it? Never. Look you; rather let us give him every thing that we should have shared between us. We have well deserved to lose, and he to win.

*Edward.* Yes, with all my heart. And do you know what you must do? We have it in our power to please him very much. I will order all these things upon the table to be carried to his mother; so that he may see them there, the first time he goes home.

*Charles.* Good! good! provided by the bye, he does not return too soon and interrupt us.

*Edward.* I will go for the servant. In the mean time pack them up as quick as you can in the basket. I shall be back again immediately. (*He goes out.*)

*Charles* (*alone, filling the basket.*) O, the good,

*Clement*, (*preventing him.*) Softly, softly. It is a secret.

*Archibald.* How! a secret?

*Clement.* You will know what it is when you get home.

*Archibald*, (*keeping him from going out.*) No: I will know this moment! Is it possible that I can have guessed! and would my dear friends then affront me so?

*Edward.* Affront you? It is a poor acknowledgement with which we pay those services that you have so lately done us. *He offers him the basket.*) Yes, dear Archibald, all these things are yours.

*Charles*, (*presenting him the money likewise, which the servant has returned him.*) And this gold also. (*Archibald puts his hand aside. Charles throws the money, thus refused, into the basket, which Edward still offers to Archibald.*)

*Archibald.* What are you about? no, never, never.

*Edward.* I *will* have it so.

*Charles.* And I entreat it as a favour of you. Be my friend, as you have shown yourself Edward's.

*Clement.* If *I* durst but add my prayer to that of these two gentlemen! You will occasion them more pain than they deserve to suffer, by refusing their request. I wish I had it in my power to offer you my present, as they have. It would indeed be little, but come wholly from my heart; for all the family, and every one that knows us, loves you.

*Archibald.* O my dearest Edward! my kind Charles! (*he embraces them,*) and you, my good

Clement! you draw tears of joy and admiration from me; but your generous bosoms carry you too far. I have not merited what you are doing for me, and shall therefore never take it.

*Edward.* You would wish to mortify me then? And cruelly refuse my friendship.

## SCENE THE LAST.

*Archibald, Charles, Edward, Clement, Mr. Damer.*

*Mr. Damer,* (*having entered unnoticed, some time before, stood still to witness the conversation; but advancing now, as if he had heard nothing.*) Well; shall I always find you sparring thus at one another?

*Edward.* O papa, let your authority determine our dispute; for Archibald treats us very harshly. He has made me faithful to my promise—

*Charles.* He has brought me to preserve my honour.

*Edward.* And now scorns us when we would be grateful.

*Archibald* (*throwing himself into Mr. Damer's arms.*) O, my worthy patron! and my second father! save me, save me from their generosity. I was so happy just this moment, as to vindicate my conduct from the accusation thrown upon it, and shall I now belie it? No: I should, in that case, justly be suspected of a mercenary disposition. Let them not corrupt me, I beseech you.

*Mr. Damer.* How you charm me, my dear

children. No, good Archibald, these their presents, are a very nothing when compared with so much delicacy and disinterestedness. I will put an end to such an honourable contest. (*To Charles and Edward.*) Keep each your own. I will take it on me to e vince your gratitude.

*Edward.* O, papa! of how much pleasure you deprive me!

*Charles.* And how you punish me; as, very likely, my behaviour merits: but you are witness, on the other hand, to my repentance. Condescend then to prevail on Archibald——

*Archibald,* (*to Mr. Damer.*) No; for heaven's sake, sir, do not listen to him.

*Mr. Damer.* I *do* listen to him; and *will* have you be compliant upon this occasion. It would look too much like pride, should you refuse him: and besides, it would be cruel to deprive him of the pleasure arising from a generous action. Take this money then, and send it to your mother, who first taught you such a noble way of thinking.

*Archibald.* You compel me to accept it, sir, and therefore I obey. O, how rejoiced she will be to have it; but at least, sir, let Edward keep his presents.

*Mr. Damer.* Well then, let him; but to share them with his friend. I will buy the whole again with these three guineas.

*Archibald.* Ah my kind, good benefactor! put some limits to your generosity. I do not know well what I am doing. So much beyond all measure is my joy. My poor dear mother! it is a long while

now since she has been so rich as I shall make her!—O, my good, good friends! (*He embraces Charles, and afterwards Edward, without power of speaking.*)

*Mr. Damer.* Edward, I owe you likewise a reward, for complying with Archibald's noble counsels.

*Edward.* How can you reward me so much to my satisfaction, papa, as by what you have so lately done for him?

*Mr. Damer.* That is a mere nothing. Hitherto he has been only the companion of your pleasures, but shall henceforth be the partner of your studies: I will make no difference between you in respect to education.

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## THE ALPS.

The sun was rising in the heavens. The dew drops that are seen on every leaf so early in the morning, glistened with the colours of the rainbow; and the shadows of the trees were shortening on the ground, when Damon, holding his son Corydon by the hand, came out, and sat down on his garden terrace, to enjoy the freshness of the morning.

Dear father, said Corydon, pray wake me always at this hour; for I am charmed with such a scene as I now see all round me! How delightful the prospect! but perhaps it would be more so, were it not confined by yonder mountains that lift their

snowy tops so high, that one would think they propt the clouds above them.

I do not think as you do, said the father. Those mountains leave us space enough, and *that* made up of fields and meadows, to contemplate ; and by thus confining, as you call it, the prospect, help to vary it; and more particularly so at evening, when the sun still tips them with a thousand streaks of gold, even after the whole level plain is dark.

When we have once visited those mountains, and considered their inhabitants, you will be pleased with contemplating on them, I am certain, since they cannot but suggest agreeable sensations.

How can men, said Corydon, be fond of living on such mountains, covered as they are with snow?

It is not there they live, said Damon ; you will seek in vain to find inhabitants upon the heights ; it is at the bottom of the mountains they are situated. There are charming vallies stretched among them ; but before the traveller can reach them, he discerns no prospect, except that of barren rocks. This prospect passed, he comes to wide-extended carpets of the greenest sod ; he breathes an air embalmed on all sides by ten thousand odoriferous flowers, and his ear is pleased by the murmurs of as many streams, descending from the summit of the hills. The sun shining on them with his noon-day radiance, gives them the appearance of the brightest silver. Whilst some, precipitated from rock to rock, re-echo from the bottom, and *there* rising in clouds of foam and spray, forever yield a trembling light. Their passage is marked by a multitude of

charming flowers, that blossom on their margins; and the flowers, whose stalks wave to and fro, obedient to the breeze that agitates them, and the waters that flow among them, heighten the delightful prospect.

Spring is very late and the harvest very early in this region; whence it happens that the ground brings forth no other sort of grain than what is sowed some little while before the summer, and grows ripe early in autumn: hence too comes it, that the fields are shaded by no other trees than those producing cherries, plums, and other early fruit. Here and there the traveller meets with hamlets; and the houses being made of wood, are so much blackened by the sun, as to afford a very striking contrast with the smiling verdure of the little orchards that surround them.

In those hamlets live many innocent and happy families, which, for the space of five or six months, are almost buried under snow. As long as that sad season lasts, they take the greatest care imaginable of their little flocks; at times they visit one another, spin the flax they have beforehand gathered, and make different articles of furniture in wood, which they either use themselves, or are sure to sell for money to their neighbours.

Towards summer, as soon as the sun has melted that vast heap of snow that covers all their fields and habitations, and the river that flows through their vallies has completely carried off the water with which their lands are overflowed, all the men begin to cultivate the fields or meadows, and the women

labour in the gardens. During summer, the industrious father of his family travels to other districts with the produce of his labour, and brings back, in barter for them those conveniences of life that are not to be had even for money in his hamlet.

Many travel upon mules, and cross the craggy hills along such paths as have been cut through rocks, over frightful precipices. They transport to very distant parts the honey they have stored in autumn, which is universally acknowledged excellent. They likewise traffic in skins of goats which they entrap while climbing up the rocks, or find dead among them. Another article of merchandize, for which they are distinguished, is the dormouse, who, benumbed by excessive cold, is found in holes and hollows, which she digs for habitation, and in which she lies rolled up like a ball, on a bed of hay, retaining that heat and life, which returning spring developes. A fourth great object of their commerce is the crystal, which they contrive to quarry in the gaps or chasms of their highest rocks. And many, on the other hand, are guides to foreigners who have the curiosity to travel over, and inspect their frozen mountains.

I myself have been on the mountains, like many others, guided by one of those good men.—I call them good, in opposition to the multitudes who live in towns and civilized society. But yet these have lost a great deal of their natural simplicity by frequent converse with such foreigners as have employed them for guides. I admired the people, and their way of living; therefore, having satisfied my

curiosity upon the mountains, I determined to remain among them some days, that I might gain a better knowledge of their manners.

I must let you know the conversation I heard pass between the wife and child of *my* conductor while I lived among them. I was sitting on the grass, beneath a pine-tree: Julian, my conductor, had that day set out before dawn, to guide two English gentlemen, who came on the preceding evening to inspect the mountains. It was still broad day-light, but the sun was rapidly descending towards the west. The mother ascended a rising ground; the son came after her. They fixed their eyes upon the icy masses that advanced their craggy cliffs on the other side of the valley, and the mother began as follows:

*Mother.* I am looking to no purpose. I discover nothing. I do not see him yet.

*Son.* Let us go to yonder rock before us, shaded by those trees, and we shall see much better. There we shall be able to discern more plainly all that quarter of the mountain where, I suppose, father must be.

*Mother.* Well, we are now got to it; but I can distinguish nothing more than from the spot we have left. It is all lost labour; he does not appear. And yet the sun is nearly setting, and the day will soon close in.

*Son* O, mother, we yet have two full hours of day-light.

*Mother.* And perhaps he may be four or five leagues distant. Who can tell exactly where he is?

I wish he would give over wandering thus among the mountains. Never does he set out on his journies, but I tremble, lest he should not return alive: or else come back with broken limbs by falling through the ice, or scaling the rocks.

*Son.* I need not tell you, he has promised he will drive this trade no longer, when the profits he has made shall be enough to buy the little field between our cottage and the *Arva*—we shall then live comfortably with our flock, our honey, fruits, and field of barley.

*Mother.* Ah, dear son, I should much rather wish to live in less abundance, so that I might only have more peace of mind. The happy days we are to enjoy when he has got this field, will have been bought too dearly, at the price of that distress and trouble these his journies cost. But, do not I see him?—No, not yet. If he should be obliged to stay all night upon the ice!—If it—but you have, I see, that spy-glass a traveller lately left behind him in our hut, and which brings objects fifty furlongs off, as near as if they were but ten. Look, if there is nothing to be seen. You know the use of it extremely well; but I, not at all.

*Son.* I'll rest the end of it on this old trunk of a tree. I think I see—yes, mother—something, and it moves.—'Tis he, I verily believe!—Yes, yes, 'tis he indeed!—He's walking on the broken flakes of ice that lie near the big rock, and which, last month you know, were separated from it.

*Mother.* Let me have the glass. Quick! quick! perhaps, too, I may see him. I must shut one

eye, you say ?—I have ;—but I distinguish nothing. Every thing is black—Stay, stay. O, now I see the rock !—and likewise men ! and Julian is among them ! but I've lost them now : they're out of sight : I can't recover them again. Hold the glass ; I shall perhaps discern them with my naked eye. Yes, yes, I see them. They are coming on, and in the middle of the valley. Julian, comes first.

*Son.* They stop : father sticks his pole into the ice before him, and prepares to take a spring. There, there ! he's up and down again. No doubt but there was one of those large gaps before him in the ice, of which he has so often told us : What causes them ?

*Mother.* I don't exactly know ; but have heard that when the ice below is melted, *that* above it, having no support, gives way, and opens with a noise that you may hear a great way off. You have observed the great round table in our curate's kitchen ? Well, the leg that supported it in the middle was much higher than the others, and one day the sides had many heavy things laid on them. Unexpectedly, it split exactly in the middle, and the crack grew wider, till the sides could rest upon the shorter legs. In the same way now I suppose these gaps are occasioned. But look again, and see what they are doing. They seem standing still. The gap surely does not prevent them from advancing ?

*Son.* I can see their countenances very plainly. They seem asking one another what they ought to

do. Now my father takes a second spring; and now he's safely over one more gap.

*Mother.* Yes, yes; I see him too. What rashness! He might slip either in springing, or when over; or he might not possibly spring far enough, and drop into the gap. He takes not a single step but he knows, as well as I do, it makes my heart sink. He should think that it is not impossible but I may see him; he should argue within himself, and say, my wife *does* see me, and my danger frightens her.

*Son.* He is very far, perhaps, from guessing what we are now about.

*Mother.* He knows that while he is absent on this dangerous business, I send forth my eyes to seek him. Would to heaven I could but shut them.

*Son.* Yes, let us do so, mother. Let us put our hands before them, and not look again till he has cleared the valley, and is safe.

*Mother.* I cannot, I would rather tremble for his safety, than lose sight of him for a moment: But where is he? I can see him no longer.

*Son.* Nor I either—They have disappeared. Ah, mother!

*Mother.* My poor child! embrace me; we are now left to ourselves, and I have nothing in the world to comfort me, but you. Yes, they have disappeared indeed; and in a moment too! I did but turn away my eyes to fix them upon you, and in that instant they are vanished! An abyss perhaps has opened beneath them as they were going on: perhaps they

may be tossing in it, not yet dead, but making unavailing efforts to get out, and calling for assistance with a voice that no one, unhappily, is nigh enough to hear. I'll hasten to the spot: come, follow me, my child; my knees tremble and will hardly bear my body up; but I shall soon find strength sufficient to go forward. Come; butstay a little.—Do not you, dear child, see something there in motion? there, just where I point to; at the bottom of yon rock?

*Son.* Yes, yes, I think I do.—It is one of them.—It is one of them indeed; and now I can discern the other. I can see his hat; but still I look in vain to find out my poor father.

*Mother.* He will come, and I dare hope to see him very soon. The gentlemen must first have got out of the frozen valley, and they hide him from us. Doubtless it will not be long before we see him. Look again, my child.

*Son.* I can see only the two gentlemen; my father is not with them.

*Mother.* And do the gentlemen seem waiting for him? Are their faces turned towards the place they came from?

*Son.* No; they walk straight forward.

*Mother.* So much the better. If your father were not following, or could not follow them, they would hardly do so: they would try to assist him in his danger.

*Son.* Yes, yes; we should do so; but they, on the other hand, seem rich; and I have often heard that such folks despise the poor.

*Mother.* Not at all! and then too they are men,

and must be sensible of people's misery. Would not you stretch forth a hand to help your little dog, were he in danger? Would you leave him unassisted?

*Son.* No, indeed:—but why?—because I love him, and do rich men love the poor? Ah, I think I see my father now; yes, there he is! yes, yes, indeed; and, as you said, behind the gentlemen.

*Mother.* Yes, yes; I see him too. Thank God! But still my heart beats grievously. I am in a tremble: So let us both sit down; we will have our eyes fixed on them till they are safe on this side of the valley; and by that time, as I hope, my agitation will be calmed. Methinks they come on very quick. No doubt they wish to end their journey before day shut in. Look, son: I fancy they are drawing near a precipice before them; and my fears again come on.

*Son.* It is a mass of ice that forms a hollow beneath. It looks as if it were suspended in the air, and they do not seem to know their danger; for they stop.

*Mother.* They stop! and may, without expecting it, be swallowed up, or buried in the ruins, should the ice fall down! It will fall down and I shall see—O, heavens! fly for your life, my Julian! My dear Julian, fly! see what a mass of ice may overwhelm you! Fly!—My voice, alas! at such a distance, is not heard. My cries are useless. I am distracted.

*Son.* Mother, I can see no longer through the spy-glass, because I weep; and yet I cannot take

away my eyes. But now I see again. Yes, there they are, and they have cleared the precipice. Quite cleared it. They are out of danger now: I see them: they turn back to view the rock they have perhaps passed under, without knowing at the time what peril they were in. They lift up their arms; they are talking to each other: they are looking at some object that seems to astonish them.

*Mother.* They are out of danger; that's enough for me. I see them: they have nothing now but level ground remaining. Kiss me, my dear child; and let us both pass on to meet your father. But at no time in my life shall I forget what I have felt this afternoon. Let us make all the haste we can, and beg he would no more venture into danger. In that case, we shall have the little field somewhat later; or it may be, not at all; and it is no matter. We have lived till now without it; our enjoyments are not, on that account, the less; we have, in short, been happy; and what more can we desire? I shall never for the future see him go to those frozen regions, without fearing every danger I am now apprized of, and a hundred others I shall fancy. Perhaps, he may be safely seated at his ease beneath a tree; but I shall think I behold him struggling in a gap, and striving to get out. Whatever money he receives from those he guides, if he loves us, he should think he gains at a price too dear.

The mother and the son now went forward, and I followed them till they gained the valley. They pressed on to meet a husband and a father; and at

last, when they observed him draw near with the Englishmen, they were too affected to speak to him. They sat down together, let him pass, and followed slowly after. It was not till they reached their cottage, that the wife and son run to Julian, and both together sunk into his arms. The son related every thing they had seen and feared. The mother did not speak at firrt; but when she saw her husband touched by the affectionate behaviour of his son, she again embraced him, and shed tears. He promised he would never more distress her by returning to the ice, but tarry at home and cultivate his field in peace.

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## CAROLINE.

Caroline, of whom we have spoken in a former volume, went out to Hampstead for a few weeks with her mamma. She had taken some new shoes for wear during her stay there; but by running about in the garden, which was the usual scene of her play, they were all very soon out at the toes. Her mamma bought her a pair for the present in the village, and having occasion for some herself, sent orders to her shoe-maker in town to have him make her a few pair, and bring them up to Hampstead himself. The man came in a few days, and when Caroline's mother had tried hers, she sent for the little girl to have her measure taken; but she was not to be found. The servants went to seek for her in the garden, the pleasure-ground, and all the rooms in the house, but no Caroline could be found. The

shoe-maker, after waiting some time, went away; and he had not been gone many minutes, before all of a sudden Miss Caroline made her appearance.

Where have you been,my dear? said her mother. Behind the curtain, mamma, in your bed-chamber, answered she.

But why did you hide yourself child? Because the shoe-maker was here.

Well, are you frightened at the sight of your shoe-maker? No, mamma, but he would have seen, by my shoes, that they were not of his making. All that I could say would have been of no service. He would have thought that I had taken away my custom from him. Poor Mr. Vamp, how grieved he would have been!

# THE GREYHOUND AND THE RING.

*Serina.* Ah, Diana! my dear Diana.

# THE GREYHOUND AND THE RING.

A DRAMA, IN TWO ACTS.

CHARACTERS.

| | |
|---|---|
| Mr. Calvert. | |
| Serina, . . . . . | *his Daughter.* |
| Eustace, . . . . . | *his Son.* |
| Lionel, Rufus, . . . . . | *Eustace's Friends.* |

Scene, *An apartment in Mr. Calvert's house.*

## ACT I. SCENE I.

*Serina, alone.*

Ah! my poor little Diana! I shall never be able to sit at work without you. It was here, on this little cushion, that you lay down beside me, while I was at my needle. How joyful and pleased were we both when you awoke! You would run shaking your tail, under the sofa and under the chairs and tables, and then jump from one to the other. How happy did you appear when I took you in my lap! How you would lick my hands and face, and play with me! O, how sorry I shall be if I never see you again! I should never have lost you myself; but that careless Eustace—

*Enter Eustace.*

*Eustace,* (*overhearing these last words.*) I see, my name is called in question.

*Serina.* Ay, whose else should it be? If you had not been so positive in taking her out with you yesterday, she would not have been lost.

*Eustace.* That is true, and I am as sorry for it as you are: but what can I do now?

*Serina.* Did I not beg of you to leave her at home? but you could not go a step without her at your heels.

*Eustace.* I own it. I was so pleased when she was along with me, to see her walk sometimes before me, and sometimes behind me. Then she would run from me as if I was pursuing her, and come back again at full speed, and jump up about me so playfully.

*Serina.* You should have taken better care of her.

*Eustace.* Yes, I should so. But as she used to go away from me, and come back of herself without any occasion for my calling her, I thought——

*Serina.* You thought?—you never have the least mistrust of any thing; and by that means poor Diana was lost.

*Eustace.* I promise you, sister, the next time—

*Serina.* Yes, another time when we have nothing to lose. I could not sleep a quarter of an hour together all last night. I thought I heard her whining to me at a distance, and that I ran to the place whence her cries seemed to come. Then I awoke and found myself alone. Poor thing! I dare say she is as dull too, for her part.

*Eustace.* Dear sister, it makes me doubly unhappy to see you grieve so. I would give all I am worth in the world to have her again.

*Serina.* Now you make me grieve still more. Why, don't you at least know where you missed her? You might inquire among the neighbours thereabouts.

*Eustace.* I am positive she followed us into this street, and almost as far as our own house too. But as she runs into every court smelling about, somebody must have shut their door upon her, and kept her in.

*Serina.* Yes, I dare say it was so; otherwise she would have come back to her lodging. She knows the way to it well enough.

*Eustace.* Lionel was with me, and declared to me that he saw her the moment before we missed her. And it was his fault; for he was playing such comical tricks as we walked along, that I forgot Diana just then.

*Serina.* Well, he should have helped you to look for her.

*Eustace.* So he did all yesterday evening, and to-day again very early. We went into all the streets and lanes round about, and searched every court and market near us. We inquired, in short, among all our acquaintances, but could hear nothing of her. Indeed, sister, I am ashamed to look you in the face. I know you must be angry with me.

*Serina,* (*taking him by the hand.*) No, I am not angry now. You did not mean to disoblige me; and besides, you are so sorry yourself! But who is this that is coming up satirs? Go and see.

*Enter Lionel.*

*Lionel, (opening the door.)* It is I, it is I, Eustace. Good morning to you, miss Serina.

*Serina.* Good morning, master Lionel.

*Lionel.* I have got a scent of Diana, and I hope pretty soon—

*Serina.* What? to find her again?

*Lionel.* I'll tell you. You know that old woman that lives at the corner of the street, and sells cakes and garden stuff?

*Serina.* What? has she my little dog?

*Lionel.* No, no: she is a very honest woman and a friend of mine. You know, Eustace, that Diana wanted t'other day, to scrape acquaintance with her, standing up with her paws upon the counter, and smelling at the biscuits.

*Eustace.* O yes! But her fond tricks would not do there, for the old woman gave her a great stroke on her nose with her glove.

*Serina.* O, that is nothing. Well, master Lionel?

*Lionel.* Well, just now I went to her shop to buy some cakes, and was telling her of our loss. What, says she, that little cur dog?——

*Selina.* Cur dog, master Lionel? Don't call my pretty little Diana so. I would rather not hear you talk of her at all.

*Lionel.* Nay, I only tell you her own words. That little cur dog, says she, that belongs to that pretty young gentleman, your acquaintance? Yes, said I, the same. Well, you know another little master that lives here below, at the large house

with the balcony? It was he that coaxed her away.

*Eustace.* How? could she mean Rufus?

*Lionel.* Don't you remember that he was at the old woman's shop yesterday as we passed, and pretended not to see us, for fear of being obliged to offer us some of his walnuts?

*Eustace.* That is very true. I recollect it now.

*Lionel.* Well, when we had passed her house a little way, he called Diana as she was following us and offered her a bit of cake; and while the poor thing was busy feasting herself, he snatched her up in his arms and carried her home. The good woman told me the whole trick.

*Serina.* An ill-natured creature! well, we know where she is, however. Brother, you had better go to him without delay.

*Lionel.* I am greatly afraid that he would not find her there. Rufus has taken her only to sell her, as he does his books, and whatever else he can purloin at his father's. He is capable of anything. Why, we were playing at marbles t'other day, and he cheated.

*Eustace.* Ay? is that his way? I'll run to him this moment.

*Lionel.* You will not find him at home. I have just been there, and he was out.

*Serina.* Perhaps he bid them say he was not at home.

*Lionel.* No; I went up to his room, and I told the maid that I wanted him to come and play at

marbles, and that I would wait for him at your house.

*Serina.* He will never have the face to show himself here, if he has really taken Diana.

*Lionel.* O, you do not know his assurance. He would come here on purpose, that you might not suspect him; but I'll convict him before you.

*Serina.* We must go cunningly to work, and question him slily, to make him discover the secret.

*Lionel.* I'll tell you. All the cunning required is to tell him at the first word that he is a rogue and a thief.

*Eustace.* No, no, my dear Lionel, that would only bring on a quarrel, and my papa would not have any here. Mild words will touch him better than reproaches or violence.

*Serina.* Perhaps too he does not know that the little greyhound is ours.

*Lionel.* Not know! does not he see her along with your brother every day? he has played with her a hundred times, and stole her yesterday to sell her. That is just his character.

*Eustace.* Hist! here he comes.

*Enter Rufus.*

*Rufus.* They told me at home, Lionel, that you wanted me to play at marbles. Come, I am ready. Ah, Eustace, how do you do? Your humble servant, miss Serina.

*Serina.* You are going to your diversion, master Rufus. Nothing gives you uneasiness; but we are all in trouble here.

*Rufus.* What is the matter ?

*Serina.* We have lost our pretty little greyhound.

*Rufus.* Dear ! that is a pity ! she was a pretty little creature, indeed. Her body so handsome ; a grey with black spots here and there, and her breast and forefeet and tail all white. She is worth two guineas if she is worth a farthing.

*Serina.* You know her so well ! could not you help us to find her again ?

*Rufus.* Do you take me for a dog-keeper ? or am I obliged to look after yours ?

*Eustace.* My sister did not mean to affront you, Rufus.

*Serina.* O, dear ! no. It was only a civil question. As you live in our neighbourhood, and she was lost not far off, I thought that you might have been able to give some account of her.

*Lionel.* Certainly, you could not apply to a better person.

*Rufus.* What do you mean by that, master Lionel ?

*Lionel.* That is best known to yourself ; though I am perfectly acquainted too, with the whole affair.

*Rufus.* If it were not out of respect to miss Serina——

*Lionel.* You should yourself thank her, that I do not chastise you for your impudence.

*Eustace, (taking Lionel aside.)* Softly, my dear Lionel, or we shall lose the greyhound.

*Serina.* If, as you say, you have some regard for

me, master Rufus, be so good as to hear me attentively, and answer me, yes or no.

*Lionel.* And without shuffling.

*Serina.* Have not you our greyhound? or don't you know where she is?

*Rufus, (confused.)* I? I your greyhound?

*Lionel.* Do you stammer at the question? you have her. And I know the whole story too. You took her treacherously, coaxing her with a bit of cake.

*Rufus.* Who told you so?

*Lionel.* One that saw you do it.

*Serina.* I ask it as a favour of you, master Rufus, to tell me, is this true or false?

*Rufus.* And suppose I did give your dog a bit of cake, or that I took her up a moment to play with her, is that a reason that I should have her, or know what has become of her?

*Serina.* We do not say it is. We only ask you if you know where she is just now.

*Eustace.* Or if you did not keep her at your house last night out of a frolic, to frighten us a little, and afterwards to give us the pleasure of a surprise?

*Rufus.* What, do you take our house for a dog-kennel?

*Lionel.* He must have a vast deal of assurance!

*Rufus.* I have nothing to say to *you*. You may be counsellor for greyhounds as long as you will, I won't be examined by you.

*Lionel.* Because I have confounded you.

*Serina.* Softly, master Lionel, you must be mistaken. I cannot suspect master Rufus of so much meanness as to keep our dog if he had found it.

*Eustace.* If he had lost anything, and I could give him an account of it, I would do it with pleasure. So he need not be angry at our questions.

*Rufus.* I am very angry at them, and I will make a complaint of it to your father.

*Lionel.* You had better go to the cake-woman's house; I will go with you.

*Rufus.* It is very pretty of you, to believe such a prating gossip before me.

*Lionel.* Such gossips, however, have eyes and ears, and, as far as honesty is concerned, I should trust them sooner than you.

*Ruf.* I will not put up with this affront, and you shall pay for it. *(He goes out.)*

## SCENE II.

*Serina, Eustace, Lionel.*

*Lionel.* What an impudent liar! I would lay my life that he has the dog. Did not you see how he was confounded when I told him flatly that he had her?

*Serina.* I cannot believe it yet, and indeed it would be quite too scandalous.

*Lionel.* You cannot believe it, miss, because your own heart is so good; for my part I can believe anything of him.

*Serina.* I must own, however, that it was very rude in him not to answer our questions civilly.

*Lionel.* If you had not been here, miss, I would have tweaked him by the ears a little.

*Eustace.* Pho, Lionel, he is taller than you by a head.

*Lionel.* If he were twice as tall, I'll wager he is a coward. Did not you observe that he grew more impudent as we were more civil? and the harder I pushed him, the quieter he became. But I'll go and follow him and take Diana from him, wherever he has put her.

*Serina.* Your pains will be to no purpose, master Lionel. Once more I cannot believe it. He lives too near us, to expect to hide such a theft from us.

*Eustace.* I hope he may not go and kill her, for fear of being found out in a lie.

*Lionel.* No, my friend, he won't kill her. He keeps her for sale.

*Serina.* O heavens! what an opinion you have of him!

*Lionel.* It is such as he deserves, and I'll go and convince you of it. [*Exit.*

## SCENE III.

*Serina and Eustace.*

*Eustace.* Lionel is too hot. He makes a terrible quarrel out of the smallest difference. If they must wrangle, I am at least glad that it is not here.

*Serina.* For then, papa would give us a fine lesson. Lionel, I believe, is willing to serve us; but I am sorry that he seems to seek his own revenge more than our advantage.

*Eustace.* He desires no better than to be in every quarrel, and he has done us more harm than good. If Rufus really stole Diana, he would return her to me sooner for good words than for threats. But here comes papa.

*Enter Mr. Calvert.*

*Mr. Calvert.* What have you done to Rufus? He came to me in my room, and seemed quite ruffled. He complains of you very much, but particularly of Lionel, and says you accuse him of stealing Diana. Is she lost?

*Eustace.* O yes, papa. I did not like to tell you, because I hoped every moment to find her again. She went astray from me yesterday evening.

*Serina.* Ah, you cannot imagine how sorry I am for her. I cried the best part of last night, when I awoke and missed her from my side.

*Mr. Calvert.* Luckily, it is but a dog. Losses of much more consequence happen every day in the world, and we should early accustom ourselves to bear with them. But why did not you take care of her? (*To Eustace.*)

*Eustace.* You are very right, papa. It was my fault. I should have left her at home, or else not have lost sight of her, when I took her in charge. And I am sorry for it, especially on account of my sister, because Diana was hers more than mine.

*Serina.* I cannot be angry with my brother for it. I have sometimes vexed him without intention and he has excused me.

*Mr. Calvert.* Kiss me, my dear child; I love to hear you bear misfortune with courage; but I

am still better pleased to see you, in the midst of your grief, not the least provoked against him that occasioned it.

*Serina.* My poor brother is sufficiently punished for his negligence, for he was as fond of Diana as I. She was all his amusement; and he grieves, besides, that he was the occasion of my uneasiness.

*Mr. Calvert.* Always preserve these sentiments, my dear children, toward each other, and indeed toward all your fellow creatures, for they are of the same family. I know many persons who, for such a trifle, would have turned away an honest servant.

*Serina.* O, heaven forbid! Prefer a dog to a servant? A creature without reason to a person of our own kind?

*Mr. Calvert.* Why do not all men make that difference as well as you, my dear child? We should not then know those who would rather see a poor child suffer hunger or thirst than a favourite dog; who shed tears at the indisposition of a spaniel, and look without pity on an unhappy orphan abandoned by all the world.

*Serina.* O papa! is it possible?

*Mr. Calvert.* In return for the sentiment which draws that generous sigh from your breast, I promise you, my dear, a greyhound as handsome as the one you have lost, if you are not lucky enough to find her again.

*Serina.* No, papa, I thank you. I have suffered too much from the loss of Diana. If she does not

come back, I will never have another. I will not run the risk of grieving so again.

*Mr. Calvert.* You carry things too far, my dear Serina. In that case we must resign all the most agreeable pleasures of life. We should be afraid to love a friend, because death or absence might one day separate us from him. If you compare the pleasure, which Diana's playful fondness has afforded you ever since she was born, to the short uneasiness that her loss occasions to you now, you will find that the first greatly exceeds the second. Nothing is more natural than to be fond of a pretty little creature, like Diana; and indeed, it would be a mark of ingratitude in you—

*Serina.* Yes, if I did not think of her now, because she is not here to play about me.

*Mr. Cal.* What comforts me a little in this respect is, that from this loss you will be better enabled perhaps to bear a greater. Every thing that we possess upon earth may slip from our hands with the same readiness, and it is wise to accustom ourselves early to the most severe losses. But, with regard to our first subject of conversation; you have treated Rufus ill, it seems.

*Serina.* Not we, papa; we spoke to him very mildly. It was Lionel that touched him a little closely.

*Mr. Calvert.* And what did he say in answer?

*Eustace.* He defended himself but lamely. Indeed he was quite out of countenance at the first question.

*Serina.* But now I will ask you, papa, do you think that he could have the assurance to deny it, if he had really taken my greyhound?

*Mr. Calvert.* I can say nothing as to that; but, I should think, his confusion could not come from a very clear conscience. However, that we may have nothing with which to reproach ourselves concerning Diana, we must advertise her to-morrow in the public papers.

*Eustace.* But, papa, if she is really in his power, that trouble will be useless.

*Mr. Calvert.* No, it cannot be useless. A dog requires to be fed, and is not so small or so quiet as to be hid from every body's eyes. There may happen to be some person in his house honest enough to give us information of it. I will not apply to his father; I know his rude manners too well. Besides, he is offended with me for forbidding you too close an intimacy with his son. We must wait to see what our advertisement will produce.

*Serina.* I should have some hopes from it, if I were able to promise a large reward to whoever would bring me back the dog.

*Mr. Calvert.* I shall take care of that. Come, Eustace, to my closet; we will put down her description, and you shall take it to the printing-office.

*Serina.* O, what joy it would be for the poor little creature, and me, to see each other once more!

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*Eustace and Serina.*

*Eustace,* (*running into the room overjoyed.*) Sister! sister!

*Serina.* What is the matter? You seem to be in high spirits. Is Diana found?

*Eustace.* Diana? O, something much better. See, (*showing a ring in a small case*) look at what I have found not a yard from our door.

*Serina.* O, the charming ring! But the stone that should be in the middle, where is that?

*Eustace.* I suppose it had fallen out. See here it is in a paper. Look at this diamond in the light. See how it sparkles! My papa's brilliant is not so large.

*Serina.* I pity him very much that has lost it.

*Eustace.* It is worse than to lose a greyhound.

*Serina.* O, I don't know that. My little Diana was so pretty, and so fond of us. And then we had her when a puppy. O, when I think how happy we were to see her learn new tricks as she grew bigger, and to amuse ourselves with her play, the finest ring that ever I could put on my finger would not make me half so happy.

*Eustace.* But with this ring you might buy a hundred greyhounds like her.

*Serina.* It should not buy mine, for all that. The person that lost the ring has others, perhaps, and I had only my poor Diana. I am worse off than he is.

*Eustace.* It must belong to a rich man. Poor people have not such toys as this.

*Serina.* Yet it was some unfortunate servant that lost it, in taking it to the jeweller—or if it was the jeweller himself; the diamond being loose would make one suspect so; what a misfortune it would be for the poor people!

*Eustace.* You are right. Well, now I am quite out of humour with my prize. We must ask papa's advice about it. This is lucky! Here he comes.

*Enter Mr. Calvert.*

*Mr. Calvert.* Well, will the advertisement for your greyhound be in to-morrow's paper?

*Eustace.* Papa, I have not been to the office yet. Here is what kept me. A ring that I have found. (*Gives him the case.*)

*Mr. Calvert.* A very fine diamond, indeed.

*Eustace.* Is it not? This is enough to put a little dog out of one's head for a moment or two.

*Mr. Calvert.* Yes, if it were your own. Do you intend to keep it?

*Eustace.* Why, if nobody makes inquiry about it.

*Mr. Calvert.* Did any one see you take it up?

*Eustace.* No, papa.

*Serina.* For my part, I should never rest until I knew who owned it.

*Eustace.* Let the owner show himself, and certainly the ring shall not stay long in my hands. No, that would be as bad as if I had stolen it. We must give every one his own.

*Mr. Calvert.* You will not be, perhaps, so well pleased then?

*Eus.* Why not, papa? I own, I did not think of any thing at first but my good luck in finding such a jewel. I looked upon it as already my own property: but my sister has given me an idea of the trouble that he must feel who lost it. I should be much happier in putting an end to his uneasiness, than in keeping this ring, which would make me blush every time I looked at it.

*Serina.* There is so much pleasure in comforting those who are troubled. For that reason, I cannot imagine that Rufus or any other could be so ill-natured as to keep my Diana, if he knew how sorry I am for her.

*Mr. Calvert.* My dear children, how I rejoice in being your father! Let such generous sentiments continue to spring up and gain strength in your hearts. They will be the foundation of your own happiness and that of your fellow-creatures.

*Serina.* You set us the example, papa. How should we have other sentiments?

*Eustace.* O, I will go and show my prize to every body; and we can advertise both together in the papers, that we have lost a greyhound and found a ring.

*Mr. Calvert.* Not so fast, my dear; there are precautions to be taken. There might be some people who would claim the ring, without being the owners.

*Serina.* O, I should be as cunning as they. I would ask them first how it was made, and I would not give it to any but him that told me very particularly.

*Mr. Calvert.* That way is not the surest, neither. A person may have seen it upon the owner's finger and come here before him to demand it.

*Serina.* Ah, papa, I see you know better how to manage than we do.

*Mr. Calvert.* The loser will think it worth while to make every inquiry after so valuable an article. So we must wait.

*Eust.* But if they should not think of doing so?

*Serina.* We thought of doing so for Diana; certainly others will for a diamond.

*Mr. Calvert.* Meanwhile I shall take care of it; and do you be cautious not to speak of it to any body. [*Exit.*

## SCENE II.

*Eustace and Serina.*

*Eustace.* It is very stupid, for all that, not to be allowed to talk, when one has anything so agreeable to tell. I should be so happy to show every body my ring!

*Serina.* And why, since you neither can, nor would keep it? There is no great merit in finding anything valuable in the street.

*Eustace.* That is true; but what I tell you is very true too.

*Serina.* People say of the ladies, that they cannot keep a secret. Let us see which of us two will be most discreet.

*Eustace.* For fear my secret should want to escape, I will think of nothing but Diana; and now I'll go to the printing office with the advertisement.

*Serina.* Go, brother; do not lose a moment. But what does Lionel want with us?

*Enter Lionel.*

*Lionel,* (*to Eustace who is going out.*) Where are you going, Eustace?

*Eustace.* I have something particular to do.

*Lionel.* O, before you go, you must listen to a story that I have to tell you. It will make you laugh, I'll warrant. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

*Eustace.* I have not time for laughing now.

*Lionel.* You will laugh in spite of yourself. Only listen. We have got full satisfaction.

*Eustace.* Full satisfaction! Of whom?

*Lionel.* Of Rufus. He has lost his father's ring. Ha, ha, ha, ha! (*Eustace and Serina look at each other with surprise.*)

*Serina.* His father's ring?

*Lionel.* It is true. He had it given to him this morning to take to the jeweller's, to have the middle diamond set in again, that had fallen out. (*Eustace jogs Serina; she makes a sign to him to be silent.*) He had it when he came here; but as he went away, quite flustered with anger, the case of the ring must have dropped out of his pocket as he whisked along.

*Serina.* And have you seen him since he lost it? How does he look?

*Lionel.* Frightened out of his wits.

*Serina.* Does his father know it?

*Lionel.* There he has drawn himself into a fresh difficulty, by telling a great fib. When his father asked him if he had given the ring to the jeweller,

he answered, with the greatest assurance, that he had.

*Serina.* Unhappy creature!

*Lionel.* Why do you pity him?

*Eustace.* Indeed he is to be pitied.

*Lionel.* He? I wish you had seen what game I made of him.

*Serina.* What did you find so comical in all that?

*Lionel.* How! don't you take the jest? To see him running from shop to shop, inquiring about his ring, and plucking every one by the skirt that passed. I stuck close to him, to enjoy his distress, and at last he came up to me: "Have you not found it? Have you heard nothing of it?" What is it to me? said I. Am I your ring keeper?—"If you knew what it was worth!" So much the better for him that has found it. "And then my father, what will he say?" Why, he'll talk to you with a good stick.

*Ser.* Fie, master Lionel, that was very cruel of you.

*Lionel.* He had not more feeling for you.

*Eustace.* Should we be ill-natured then, even towards those that are so themselves?

*Lionel.* O, revenge is sweet, and I never have any compassion for them that offend me. If I had the good luck to find his ring, he should not have it very soon.

*Serina.* Would you keep it?

*Lionel.* O, no. I would give it to him after his father had threshed him well.

*Eustace.* I should never have thought you so ill-natured, Lionel.

*Serina.* And I cannot believe it, though I hear it from his own mouth; you were so much concerned about my poor greyhound. It seems, it was not in earnest.

*Lionel.* It was from the bottom of my heart. I love those dearly that I do love; but when I hate any one, I———

*Enter Rufus.*

*Lionel.* Heh! there he comes. (*Points at him with his finger.*) Ha, ha, ha, ha!

*Rufus.* O, pray now forgive me. I have been very bad, to be sure, but I have been full as unfortunate. I am punished now, and well punished too, for——

*Lionel.* Have you stuck up hand-bills concerning your ring?

*Rufus.* I dare not appear before my father, and I don't know where to hide myself.

*Lionel.* I would lay a wager that the ring is hanging at Diana's tail. We shall find them both together.

*Rufus.* I have deserved your jeers; but, for pity's sake——

*Eustace.* Make yourself easy, Rufus; your ring is here.

*Rufus* (*astonished.*) What, have you it? You my ring?

*Lionel* (*aside to Serina.*) He is making game of him: that is right.

*Rufus.* But is it really so? O, on my knees I'll—— But stay—you shall first hear how wicked I have been. [*Exit.*

## SCENE III.

*Serina, Eustace, Lionel.*

*Serina.* What is the meaning of that? He is gone off.

*Eustace.* I am afraid the boy has lost his wits.

*Lionel.* Your joke for all that may cost you dear. If he goes and brings his father to demand the ring?

*Eust.* Do you think then that I wish to keep it?

*Lionel.* Why, have you actually the ring?

*Eustace.* Certainly I have it, otherwise I should not have said so. I picked it up close by our door.

*Lionel.* Indeed you are too good. He does not deserve to be so happy. You should have left him a little longer in pain, at least.

*Serina.* How, Lionel? Does not my brother's example move you? Do you know that you lose ground now very much, in his friendship and mine?

*Enter Mr. Calvert.*

*Mr. Calvert.* What is the matter with Rufus? I saw him from my window, come in here all in tears.

*Serina.* The poor boy was half dead.

*Eustace.* It was he who lost the ring that I found. It belongs to his father.

*Mr. Calvert.* Have you convinced him of the meanness of his behaviour towards us?

*Lionel.* Dear sir, no. Diana has not been so much as mentioned.

*Mr. Calvert.* At least I would have insisted upon

his returning her. He should not hear of his ring without that.

*Eustace.* Ah, papa, my heart would not let me be so harsh. I saw Rufus so afflicted.

*Serina.* Though I love Diana very well, I could not possibly think of her just then, nor of anything but the grief of that unfortunate boy.

*Mr. Calvert.* You have both acted generously, and you are my dear children, my best friends, all my joy and all my pride. None but base souls would insult the enemy that is fallen. But where is Rufus? Why did not he ask for the ring as he went away?

*Eustace.* He was so transported with joy, that he did not know what he was doing.

*Serina.* He ran towards the door, and went out as if he was crazy.

*Eustace.* O, papa, did you but know how overjoyed I am to see you approve my behaviour, and my sister's!

*Mr. Calvert.* Could you believe me insensible to a generous action?

*Eustace.* Because you had forbidden me—

*Mr. Calvert.* I forbad you to speak unguardedly about the ring, but I did not tell you to keep it, when the owner should appear.

*Enter Rufus, having the greyhound under his arm.*

*Serina, (with an exclamation of joy.)* Diana! my dear Diana! (*She runs to her, takes her up in her arms, and caresses her.*)

*Rufus.* You see how much I was to blame, and

how little I deserved your generosity. Can you pardon me this fraud, and my unworthy behaviour? (*Perceiving Mr. Calvert.*) Ah, Sir, how bad I must appear in your eyes!

*Mr. Calvert.* A person is no longer so, when he acknowledges his fault, and endeavours, as you do, to repair it. Here is your father's ring.

*Rufus.* I am ashamed to have offended such excellent children. What difference between them and me! how wicked I am, and how generous are they!

*Serina.* It is only a little prank of yours, master Rufus, and you would not have let the day pass without returning Diana to me.

*Rufus.* You think too well of me. I had hid her up in the garret, and———

*Mr. Calvert.* We don't wish to know any more. It is sufficient that you are sorry for what you have done. You now yourself see that bad actions make God and man our enemies, and are always discovered sooner or later. I will take the liberty of proposing to you as a model, the behaviour of my children. How should I thank heaven for sending me such a gift. You see, Rufus, the noblest and most certain revenge is that of doing kindness, and that nothing is more worthy a great spirit, than to repay ill-nature with good offices.

*Rufus.* Ah, I feel it with the most lively sorrow. (*To E. and S.*) Will you ever forgive me?

*Eustace.* (*taking his hand*) Yes, from this moment, and sincerely.

*Serina.* I have my Diana once more, and all is forgotten.

*Rufus* (*to L.*) We should be unworthy of this pattern, if we did not follow it.

*Lionel.* I am as much ashamed as you, and this lesson shall not be lost on me.

*Rufus.* I have just confessed all to my father. In proportion as he was angry with me, he was touched with your generosity. He requests permission to come in about an hour hence, to thank you, and to beg your acceptance of a small token of his gratitude.

*Mr. Calv.* No, there is no occasion for any presents. For doing well my children desire no reward but from themselves. Besides, restoring to a person his property is no more than a strict duty.

*Eustace.* How pleasing to perform that duty! I have gained a friend for my whole life; have not I, Rufus?

*Rufus.* If I could be worthy of that honour. I shall do every thing in my power to be so.

*Lionel.* Do not exclude me from your friendship. I was no better than Rufus; but I have just now felt how noble a passion revenge may be made.

*Serina* (*caressing the greyhound.*) Ah, you little runaway! this will teach you another time to stray from your masters: you have passed a night in prison for it. Offer to do so again and you'll see—Well, what would be the consequence? O, no, whatever you do, I find I shall always be fond of you.

## THE NEW YEAR'S WISH.

One new-year's day, little Peregrine came into the parlour, just before breakfast was ready. He advanced, and with the greatest gravity saluting his papa, in a solemn tone of voice began as follows:

'As the Romans were formerly accustomed every new-year's day to wish their friends all happiness; so *I*, thrice honoured father, come—— So, *I*, thrice honoured father, come,—come—come'

The little orator at this, stopped short. It was in vain; he fretted, rubbed his forehead and began to fumble in his pocket. The remainder of this excellent harangue was not forthcoming. The poor little boy was vexed and quite in agitation. Mr. Vesey saw and pitied his embarrassment, embraced him tenderly, and said as follows: 'Truly a most elegant oration! You yourself, no doubt, composed it?'

*Peregrine.* No, papa; you are very good to think so, but I am not half learned enough for such a task. It was my brother that drew it up. You should have heard the whole. He told me that it was in periods; and the periods, he said, were rounded off into the bargain. I will but run it over once, and you shall hear it then: or would you rather hear mamma's? I have *that* perfectly, I am sure. It is extracted from the Grecian History.

*Mr. Vesey.* No, no, Peregrine, it is not necessary; and your mother and myself, without it, are as much indebted both to your affection and your brother's.

*Peregrine.* O, he was a fortnight, I assure you, at the work; and I employed a deal of time in learning them. What an unlucky thing, that I should now forget, when I most wanted to remember it! Not longer ago than last night I delivered the whole speech without the least hesitation, in the servant's room, speaking to your wig-block, if it could but tell you.

*Mr. Vesey.* I was then at study in my closet, and, to comfort you, must say, I heard it.

*Peregrine* (*brightening up.*) Did you?—I am glad of that! and do not you think, papa, that I spoke it very well?

*Mr. Vesey.* Surprisingly, I must acknowledge.

*Peregrine.* O, but it was very fine!

*Mr. Vesey.* To say the truth, your brother has quite crammed it full of eloquence. And yet, I should have liked a single word or two much better from yourself.

*Peregrine.* But sure, papa, to say that I wish the person to whom I am speaking a happy new year, and nothing else, is far too common to give pleasure.

*Mr. Vesey.* Yes; but then why nothing else? as if, instead of offering such a naked compliment, you could not previously have thought within yourself, what I wished most of all to enjoy during the course of this new year.

*Peregrine.* O, that is not difficult. You wish, no doubt, to have your health, to see your family, your friends and fortune flourish, and to enjoy a deal of pleasure.

*Mr. Vesey.* Well; do you not wish me all this?

*Peregrine.* Yes, with all my heart.

*Mr. Vesey.* What hinders then, but you could have made up a charming compliment, without requiring the assistance of another?

*Peregrine.* Really I did not think myself so learned; but it is always thus when *you* instruct me; since I find out things which I did not think were in me. I can now make compliments to every one I know. I need say nothing but what I have mentioned just this moment.

*Mr. Vesey.* It may suit, I must acknowledge, many people; but should certainly be different with respect to others.

*Peregrine.* Yes, I understand you pretty well, papa; but I do not know what the difference should be; so explain it to me now we are alone.

*Mr. Vesey.* With all my heart. There are a multitude of what are called good things, that one may wish any person whatsoever to enjoy; such as what you mentioned just now: there are others, that refer to different individuals according to their situations, ages and duties. For example; one may wish to a man who is happy already, the long continuation of his happiness; to an unhappy man, the end of his affliction; to a man in office, that God's providence may bless his labours for the public welfare, give him necessary penetration, with the

gift of perseverance to continue in them, and establish the enjoyment of felicity among his countrymen, by way of recompence on his endeavours. To an old man one may wish a length of life, exempt from every inconvenience; to children the preservation of their parents, progress in their studies, with a love of arts; to parents, the completion of their hopes, in bringing up their children; every species of prosperity to such as are our benefactors: and the long continuation of their kindness. It is our duty even to think of our enemies, and to pray that God may show them the injustice of their conduct, and inspire them with a wish of meriting our friendship.

*Peregrine.* O papa, how much I thank you! I have now a budget full of compliments for every one. I shall know what sort of wishes they will expect, and have no occasion for my brother's rounded periods, as he calls them: but why, as we should always have these wishes in our heart, pray tell me why the first day of the year, in preference to any other, should be pitched upon to publish them?

*Mr. Vesey.* Because our life is, as it were, a ladder, every step of which is represented by a year. It is natural that our friends should flock together, and make merry with us, when our foot has got in safety on the step next to *that* which we lately trod, and to express their wish that we should climb the rest with equal safety. Do you understand me?

*Peregrine.* O papa, quite clearly.

*Mr. Vesey.* It is however in my power to make this clearer still, by using what we call another figure.

*Peregrine.* Ah, let us have it, pray, papa.

*Mr. Vesey.* Do you remember, then, our going to the top of that fine church in London called St. Paul's?

*Peregrine.* O what a charming prospect from the golden gallery there! Why, you remember we could see all London and a great deal of the country from it!

*Mr. Vesey.* Greenwich hospital particularly struck your eye; and as you could not then have any notion of the distance, you proposed that we should, the following week, go there on foot to dinner.

*Peregrine.* Well, papa; and did I not, pray, walk the long journey like a man?

*Mr. Vesey.* Yes, well enough. I had no reason to find fault with your performance; but remember I took care, at every mile-stone on the road, to make you sit and rest a little.

*Peregrine.* So you did indeed; and it was, in my opinion, no bad idea at the first, to put up those figured stones beside the road. One knows at any time what distance one has walked, how much is still to come, and so regulates one's pace accordingly.

*Mr. Vesey.* In this you have yourself explained the advantages which arise from our dividing life into those equal portions that we call years: for

every year is something similar to what we call a mile-stone in the road of life.

*Peregrine.* I understand you. And the seasons are so many quarter miles, which tell us that we shall very soon arrive at the next stone.

*Mr. Vesey.* Your observation is extremely just; and I am glad that this little journey is still fresh in your remembrance. If you take it in a proper point of view, it will exhibit a true picture of life. Remember, if you can, the different circumstances that took place while you were posting on to Greenwich; tell them in the order in which they fell out, as well as you are able, and I will make the application.

*Peregrine.* I should scarcely remember the whole business better, if it had happened yesterday. At first, as I was full of spirits, and desired to let you see it, I set out upon a trot, and made a number of trips; I do not well know how many. You advised me to go slowly, as the journey would be rather long. I followed your advice and had no reason to repent. Upon the way, I asked for information at the sight of every thing of which I did not know the meaning, and you were so good as to tell me. When we happened to go by a bit of grass, we sat down on it, and you read a story-book that you had brought out in your pocket to divert me. Then we got upon our feet again; and as we went along, you told me many other things not only useful but diverting likewise. In this manner, though the weather was not altogether fine, we had sometimes rain, and once a hail-storm to

encounter, we arrived at Greenwich, I remember, very fresh and hearty, and made afterwards a charming dinner.

*Mr. Vesey.* Very faithfully related, Peregrine! but for some few circumstances, which, however, I am glad you have not introduced; as for example, your attention to a poor blind man whom you caught by the arm, if you remember, to prevent him from falling upon a heap of stones that lay before him, and on which he might have broke his legs; the assistance that you afforded a poor washerwoman's boy, by picking up a handkerchief of linen which had fallen out of the cart; but particularly the alms that you gave to several people on the road.

*Peregrine.* Do you think, then, papa, that I forgot them? I know that we should not boast of any good, that we may have the opportunity of doing.

*Mr. Vesey.* And on that account, I am greatly pleased in dwelling on it, as a recompence for so much modesty. It is just that I should repay you some small portion of the joy which you caused me.

*Peregrine.* O I saw tears standing in your eye, not once alone, nor twice, but often. I was so delighted! if you knew how much that sight made me forget my weariness! I walked much the better for it. But let me have the application that you just mentioned.

*Mr. Vesey.* It is as follows, Peregrine. Give me all the attention in your power.

*Peregrine.* Fear nothing. I will not lose a syllable, sir, of what you tell me, I assure you.

*Mr. Vesey.* The look, then, which you cast round you from the golden gallery, all over London, and a great deal, as you mentioned, of the country, is expressive of the first reflections of a child upon the multitude about him. The long walk that you chose to Greenwich, is the journey which we propose to ourselves through life. The eagerness with which you wished to hurry on at setting out, without consulting your ability for running, and which cost you such repeated trips, is the natural impetuosity of youth which would excite us to the worst excesses, if a faithful and experienced friend were not to moderate it. The instruction that you derived as we were walking on, from reading and conversing with me, and the actions of good-will and charity that you performed, took off from the fatigue of such a journey; and you finished it thereby with satisfaction to yourself, though much rain, and even hail, had fallen. These circumstances, too, convey instruction; for in life there are no other means than the performance of our duty, to keep off disquietude, and to cherish peace within us, notwithstanding those vicissitudes of fortune which would otherwise, perhaps, nearly overwhelm us: and the comfortable meal that we made at the conclusion of our journey, is no other than an emblem of the recompense which God gives us when we die, to crown those virtuous actions that we have laboured to perform while in this world.

*Peregrine.* Yes, yes, papa; all this agrees

wonderfully well, and I shall have a deal of happiness, I see beforehand, in the year that is now begun.

*Mr. Vesey.* It rests with yourself alone to make the year quite happy; but once more, let us return to our excursion. Do you recollect when in going round, that we might see a little of the park, we came upon Blackheath? The heavens were then serene, and we could see all the way that we had been walking.

*Peregrine.* Yes, indeed, papa! and I was proud of having walked so far!

*Mr. Vesey.* By *proud*, you mean rejoiced. Are you then equally rejoiced at present, while your reason which now dawns within you, pauses and casts back a look upon the way that you have already made in life? You entered it quite weak and naked, without any means of making, in the least degree, provision for your wants. It was your mother who gave you your first food, and it is I that have the forethought to support you. How do we desire you to repay us? We want nothing more, than that you should yourself endeavour to be happy, by becoming just and honest; by acquiring a due notion of your several duties; and by seriously intending to discharge them. Have you then fulfilled these few conditions, no less advantageous to yourself than easy? Have you first of all been grateful to God's goodness, who has willed that you should be born of parents possessing wherewithal to bring you up in ease and honour? Have you always shown those parents the obedience and re-

spect that you owe them? Have you never given occasion for your brothers or your sisters to complain of envy or injustice in you? Have you always treated those who wait upon you, with a proper sort of condescension, and at no time claimed from their inferior situation, what it was their duty to refuse you? In a word, do you possess that love of justice, that equality of conduct, and that moderation which we, by our instruction and example, are at all times doing what we can to set before you?

*Peregrine.* Ah, papa, let us not look so much at what is past, but to the future. Every thing that I should have done, I promise by God's blessing to do hereafter.

*Mr Vesey.* That is well said: embrace me, therefore, Peregrine. I accept your promise, and confine to its performance all the wishes that I need make, on my side, for your happiness, on this renewal of the year.

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## THE GENEROUS ORPHAN.

Mrs. Fairborne had hardly lost her husband, when a lawsuit, in which he had been engaged, was determined to her disadvantage; the greatest part of her possessions being dependant on the verdict. She was under the necessity of selling all her furniture, and some few jewels; after which, when she had placed the produce at a banker's, she withdrew into a village, where necessaries of life were not so

high, and where she apprehended she might live with tolerable decency on her trifling income.

Hardly had she passed a month or two in her retreat, before she was given to understand that her banker was gone off, and all her money with him. Let any one imagine the horror of her situation. Grief and sickness had long since disabled her from doing anything like labour for her livelihood; and after having passed her youth in ease and pleasure, she had no resources left in old age, except an alms-house, or the common refuge of the poor, beggary.

In reality there was not one of her acquaintance who would condescend to have the least degree of interest in her sufferings. Brought by her beloved husband from a foreign country, she had no one to whom she could fly for assistance. None, except a tolerably near relation, whom she herself had brought to England; and whom, by granting him her husband's credit, she had rendered wealthy. But this man, a pattern of sordid avarice, was not likely to relieve another, when he would not even allow himself the necessaries of life.

In this helpless situation, there was, luckily, one resource still left for subsistence. In the years of her prosperity, she had adopted a young female orphan, named Clarinda, and she now became her guardian angel. Mrs. Fairborne's former kindnesses inspired her with a wish of showing that she was grateful for them.

No, said she, (when her unhappy mistress mentioned her design of seeking the asylum of a parish

poor-house,) I will never leave you. From your tenderness, I formerly received the treatment of a child; and, if in your prosperity I thought it so desirable to be related to you by adoption, I still think it more so now, in your adversity.

Thank heaven and your adoption, I live comfortably. Your maternal conduct was evinced in teaching me all necessary female arts; I shall, at present, therefore, look upon it as a boast, that I can exercise my knowledge for your sake. With health and courage, I shall be at least enabled to procure a living for us both.

The unhappy widow was exceedingly affected at this generous offer. She embraced Clarinda, and with joy consented to accept it.

We are now then to suppose Clarinda, in her turn, to become the mother, by adoption, of her former benefactress. She was far from thinking it enough to feed her with the produce of an unremitting labour; she consoled her in affliction, aided her in sickness, and endeavoured, by the tenderest cares, to make up for all the injustice of her lot.

The constancy and ardour of her attention did not relax a moment for two years, in which long time her mistress was made happy by her bounty; and when death removed her, she lamented, with sincerity, what she considered as a grievous loss.

Some little season after this, died also the kinsman above-mentioned, who had shown himself so utterly insensible to every claim of gratitude and kindred. As he could not take his money with him

he supposed it would be making some atonement for his want of natural affection, if he left the injured lady all his fortune.

But this succour came too late, as Mrs. Fairborne was not able to avail herself of it; she had not even the consolation, at her death, of knowing that such a change had happened in her fortune: as, in that case, she might easily have turned it to the benefit of her affectionate Clarinda.

The inheritance in question therefore fell, for want of heirship, to the king. As Providence would have it, the enquiries made on such a rare occurrence, brought him to a knowledge of the generous orphan's conduct.

Clarinda merits this inheritance, said he; and therefore I renounce my rights to favour her's; and shall be happy to approve myself her friend and father.

All the nation joined in the applause of such a liberal action; and Clarinda, when possessed of this honourable recompence of her gratitude, employed it in maintaining orphans, such as she had been; and took the greatest pleasure in inspiring them with sentiments, like those by which she had herself deserved her fortune.

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## EUPHRASIA.

*Euphrasia, to her doll.*

Well, Miss Obstinate! you won't then, I suppose, do what I bid you? you'll be always with

your neck as stiff as if you were a *sentry* in St. James's park. Hold up your head! and look at me! See how I put my neck.—There.—Don't you think that's charming! O, you're mighty dull this morning. Take care, Miss, and don't put me in a passion; or depend upon it I shall be as angry with you, as mamma was with me yesterday, for beating Pompey.

*Mrs. Stepney* (*having heard a few of these last words.*) Why, you seem quite serious! Has your doll failed in her behaviour to you?

*Euph.* I am showing her what airs and graces would become her; and she won't even hear me.

*Mrs. S.* I confess, it cannot but displease one, that such salutary counsel should be thrown away. However, you were speaking, I believe, of being angry.

*Euph.* O, no, mamma: I was only finding fault; —but very likely you heard every thing that I said?

*Mrs. S.* Suppose me not to have heard a syllable; now let me know what you were saying to her. Is it possible that you can object to my knowing your little secrets?

*Euph.* No, mamma, I cannot. On the contrary, I am sensible that young ladies should have no secrets between themselves and their mamma.

*Mrs. S.* Well said, my little girl! and therefore tell me word for word, as well as you are able, every thing that you said to your doll.

*Euph.* Well then, mamma, she would not hold her head a little thus, upon one side, and I was telling her that if she refused to follow my directions,

I would be as angry with her, as you were with me last night for beating Pompey.

*Mrs. S.* You suppose then that I was angry with you?

*Euph.* I imagined, when I saw you looking at me, it was not as you were used to do; and therefore I supposed so.

*Mrs. S.* No: it was not anger, it was sadness. In the first place, I was sorry that you could have a heart to hurt your dog; and in the next place, I was apprehensive lest Pompey might avenge himself, if you went on to strike him without mercy: if you recollect, I told you so; and as you seemed to be so much offended at my admonitions, I was fearful that you would show yourself quite disobedient in the end: on which account I was so much afflicted, that I could not but shed tears: therefore you supposed me in a passion.—In a passion!—out upon the word! I should have been then as faulty in respect to you, as you were in respect to Pompey.

*Euph.* But you are not angry, mamma, at what I told my doll?

*Mrs. S.* Say not a word of being angry: but as to certain airs of coquetry that you wished to teach your doll, and of which you even gave a pattern yourself—I should be glad to touch on that a little.

*Euph.* They set me off, as I thought, to advantage; for Miss Humphreville, not long since, told me so.

*Mrs. S.* I think I ought to know better than Miss Humphreville; and I assure you, I am not of her opinion.

*Euph.* Yet I practised something of that kind before my loooking-glass last night, and thought it became me mightily.

*Mrs. S.* You imagine then, that such twists and monkey tricks are worth the native grace of childhood! it is plain, you do not know to what they tend.

*Euph.* To what, pray? Tell me.

*Mrs. S.* Why to nothing less, Euphrasia, than to make you give into the habit of an odious affectation, and be as hypocritical in heart as in carriage.

*Euph.* Bless me! is that true, mamma? I am very glad then, that I was drawn into this conversation on the subject; as without it, I should certainly have run the risk of falling into such a vice, without intending it.

*Mrs. S.* And I, Euphrasia, full of confidence in your ingenuous candor, should probably not have perceived it, till the malady had made so great a progress, as to render difficult the application of a proper remedy. You see, then, of what consequence it is to pay no attention to the instruction which children, hardly more experienced than yourself, may give; but rather consult *me* always, when you want advice.

*Euph.* Yes, yes, mamma: I promise you I will, since you will give me good instruction. How should I feel hereafter, were you to charge me with this vice of affectation, as you know you have done with respect to other faults, in company? They

THE COMMODORE'S RETURN.

PAGE 227.

# THE COMMODORE'S RETURN.

A DRAMA, IN ONE ACT.

CHARACTERS.

COMMODORE FREEPORT.
MRS. FREEPORT.
MELISSA, CONSTANTINE, ARABELLA, MATILDA, *their Children.*
LIEUT. BOARDHAM, *betrothed to Melissa.*
MR. ASCHAM, *Tutor to the Children.*
THOMAS, *the Gardener.*
FANNY, *his Wife.*
COLIN, *their Son.*
MATTHEWS, *an old Tenant to the Commodore.*
*Young Men and Maids of the Village.*

*SCENE, the Garden of Commodore Freeport's Country Seat, close by the sea side.*

## SCENE I.

*Thomas and Colin.*

*Thomas is raking one of the walks, Colin runs in trembling and out of breath, as in a fright: he throws his arms round his father, and clings fast to him.*

*Thomas.* Well, what now, you little block-head? what now? Where are you running in such a fluster?

*Colin.* Ah, father, father, I am frightened out of my wits. I'm dead.

*Thomas.* It is very lucky you are able to tell me so. But what is the matter?

*Colin.* A ghost! a ghost!

*Thomas.* What, in broad day-light? I believe you are gibing your father. Well, what is it like? a beast or a man.

*Colin.* It is—it is like a man.

*Thomas.* Silly oaf! why then it is a man. Has it a mouth, and eyes, and hands, and feet?

*Colin.* O, yes, a mouth, and eyes, and hands, and feet, like one of us, and yet it is not like *we* for all that.

*Thomas.* What nonsense is all this?

*Colin.* O, if you had but seen it! bless us! it is the ghost of a Turk.

*Thomas* (*a little frightened.*) The ghost of a Turk?

*Colin.* Yes, indeed, father. You showed me some Turks when we were in London: well, it is the same for all the world. A long gown down to his heels, a yellow thing like a lady's muff upon his head, a long carving knife by his side, a great black beard, and a dead man's face over his own. (*A noise is heard behind the hedge row.*) O, there it is, father; there is the ghost, the Turk. Help, murder. (*He runs out.*)

*Thomas* (*alarmed.*) Colin, Colin! won't you come back. (*Colin, instead of returning, runs away precipitately. Thomas goes to follow him, but his rake falling trips him up, and while he is entangled with it Colin escapes.*) A little coward, to leave me here all alone! And then, if what he

said were true. I do not like meddling with your Turks, not I. By the mass I will not stay here to meet with him. (*While he stoops to take up his rake, Commodore Freeport, dressed in a long red gown, with a turban and a mask, comes softly up to him and plucks him by the skirt. Thomas turning about, perceives him, and attempts to run away; but finding himself held fast roars out*) Help! murder! A ghost! A Turk!

*Com.* (*putting his hand on Thomas's mouth to silence him.*) Why, Thomas, do not act the child! Don't you know me?

*Thomas* (*without looking at him.*) Avaunt! none but Satan knows you. I am none of your acquaintance.

*Com.* O, I see what deceives you. (*He takes off his mask.*) Look at me now.

*Thomas* (*hiding his face with his hands.*) What, I look at your terrible visage? No, let me go, or I shall cry out ten times louder.

*Com.* (*trying to part his hands.*) What, are you afraid of me?

*Thomas.* Say no more. You want to roast me. O, how hot you are!

*Com.* (*letting go his hands.*) Why, Thomas, are you mad? Do not shake so, man. Can't you recollect my voice?

*Thomas.* It is a main hollow ghostly voice; that is certain.

*Com.* Only look at me between your fingers.

*Thomas.* Well—well—I will—but get a little farther off.

*Com.* (*drawing back.*) There, now are you satisfied?

*Thomas* (*drawing back too.*) Are you a good way off? Stop a while. (*Separates his hands a little, and looks at him.*) Eh! what! the Commodore? Is it you, sir?

*Com.* Why yes, Thomas, it is I, your master.

*Thomas* (*showing his face a little more.*) Are you sure though it is not his ghost?

*Com.* Nay, Thomas, I can hardly take you for the same man. I did not think you had been so chicken-hearted.

*Thomas* (*letting fall his hands and looking still at the Commodore.*) O, yes, now I see it is you. (*Taking off his hat and advancing towards him.*) Dear master, I beg pardon for not knowing you at first. It was my son, a little blockhead, that put all these frights into my head. (*Beginning to swagger.*) A ghost, truly! Aye, just as if I believed in ghosts!—But, after all, your honour has got a huge ugly cap there. For my part I think it is dangerous jesting with such outlandish gear. Suppose one was to remain a Turk all one's life. I remember as well as if it was yesterday, my mother's telling me a hundred times how she saw one that had heard of a thing that happened in a family as long ago as any one could—O, it is all very true what I am telling you, I assure you.

*Com.* Well, come, you shall tell me your story another time. Is there nobody within hearing?

*Thomas.* Nobody, sir; for that silly boy of mine will hardly venture back. He is afraid! Ha,

ha, ha! Yet only mind, master, if you had been a ghost, he would have let you twist his father's neck off.

*Com.* Are my wife and children all here? Is the tutor with them?

*Thomas.* O, certainly, sir. They staid in the country on purpose to prepare a revel against your return, as they knew that you would come straight hither from Portsmouth. How happy they will all be! But what a blockhead am I, not to go and tell them the news, and then spread it through all the neighbourhood! (*Going.*) There will be rare doings.

*Com.* (*stopping him.*) Avast! avast! it is the very thing that I do not wish you to do at present.

*Thomas.* How! Won't your honour make one at the revel? It is all on account of your honour's return, and the whole neighbourhood will partake in the rejoicing.

*Com.* They are very kind.

*Thomas.* By the mass, they have good reason. There is not a set of tenants in England happier under their landlord than your honour's are; and they love you accordingly. All the bells should have been ringing before now. I wonder what the ringers are about.

*Com.* Thomas, have a little patience. I shall show myself in proper time.

*Thomas.* Proper time, sir? Alack, it is easy talking! but for my simple part, I shall be out of patience if you are long about it.

*Com.* And I shall be out of patience if you are not more discreet. Do not deprive me of the satisfaction that I promised myself at my return! Would you, by way of welcoming me home, oblige me to discharge you?

*Thomas.* Nay; that is enough; now I am dumb. Yet I must say, sir, it was ill done of your honour to leave us in uncertainty so long. We thought you were either drowned or taken prisoner. You cannot think, sir, how dull it made us. O, dear master! if we had lost you, and been obliged to put on mourning, instead of keeping a revel! The very thought makes my blood run cold. We would rather the war should have lasted ten years longer.

*Com.* I thank you, Thomas, for this language of unaffected friendship. It presages, I hope, a reception still more tender from my family.

*Thomas.* Then, sir, why do not you come to them directly?

*Com.* No, no. I tell you, my design is to double the pleasure of my return by an agreeable surprise. Only let me speak with my children's tutor.

*Thomas.* With Mr. Ascham?

*Com.* Yes, I wrote to him from Portsmouth to prepare him. You and he shall be the only persons in the secret. But I hear somebody coming down this next walk. (*He hides behind the hedge-row.*) Snug's the word, Thomas! Be discreet!

## SCENE II. *Thomas, alone.*

Discreet, say you? Aye, it is easy to be discreet

when one has nothing to talk of; but when one knows as much as I know—This secret, I feel begins to swell me already. (*Turning he perceives Mr. Ascham.*) Thank my stars! they send me at least somebody to talk to.

*Enter Mr. Ascham.*

*Thomas* (*running towards him.*) Joy, joy, Mr. Ascham! The fleet is come; the Commodore is come; you are come; and I am come. (*Flings up his hat for joy.*)

*Mr. A.* What, is Mr. Freeport here?

*Thomas* (*with an air of importance.*) Do you think he is not, sir, when I tell you so? I am in the whole plot, as well as you.

*Enter Commodore Freeport.*

*Com.* My secret was well trusted. I see, Thomas, I need only to depend upon you at all times. (*He takes Mr. Ascham's hand.*) My dear Ascham, I am glad to see you once more!

*Mr. A.* Sir, this will be a day of festivity for us.

*Com.* Provided that Thomas do not disconcert all my plan, with his silly joy and chattering.

*Tho.* Nay, look ye there! did not your honour tell me that Mr. Ascham was in the secret? Did I blab the least word to any body in the world?

*Mr. A.* True; because you saw nobody but me.

*Com.* Let us not lose a moment. Thomas, you must hide me in the green-house, until the moment of making my appearance.

*Tho.* That I will, and welcome; and you will find it in good order, I'll warrant.

*Com.* That is not all; but you must plant your son on the watch, to let me know when any one approaches.

*Tho.* But if madam herself should take a walk towards the green-house, or some of the young folks, I could hardly hinder them from going in.

*Mr. A.* Pshaw! a man of your sense will easily find an excuse to prevent them.

*Tho.* Why aye, sir, as you say——

*Com.* Do not forget to let us have some good fruit, Thomas.

*Tho.* O, sir, do not fear! I'll warrant your honour shall show the finest melons and pine-apples, and every fruit of the season, at your table to-day, that is to be seen in this county. (*goes out.*)

*Com.* Do you imagine, Ascham, that my wife suspects nothing of our preparations?

*Mr. A.* It would have been impossible for me to conceal them from her; I chose therefore to make them in concert with her, while she supposed that she should surprise you agreeably with this revel at your return. I told her that your cruise might perhaps continue longer. She was happy, therefore, to amuse the wearisomeness of your absence, by occupations that would show you how her mind was employed during that time.

*Com.* Thus I shall be the giver of the entertainment with which she proposes to receive me. My dear Ascham, your conduct charms me!

*Mr. A.* I hope you will be pleased with our performance. Indeed every one was eager to contribute to your pleasure. I have already instruct-

ed a few young men and maids amongst your tenants, and they know their parts to admiration.

*Com.* And I have brought my future son-in-law, Lieut. Boardham, who behaved so gallantly, you remember, during the war. What recommended him to my notice, was his attacking a pirate sloop in the East-Indies with only an armed boat, and taking her. These Turkish dresses were part of her spoils, and we put them on for this frolic, the better to disguise ourselves. O, I forgot to mention too, that I have brought a band of music from Portsmouth. I left them to refresh themselves at a public house close by our park: here, within a stone's throw of us.

*Mr. A.* So much the better; for we were but indifferently provided in that respect.

*Com.* I should be sorry that any thing were wanting to our festivity. I would not have a single tenant of mine unconcerned in it. I hope and flatter myself that they have reason to rejoice in my prosperity. It has always been my endeavour to make those happy whom Providence has placed immediately under me, both on board and ashore; for he but half serves his country, Ascham, who fights her battles with success abroad, but returns to be detested for injustice and oppression by his poor dependants at home.

*Mr. A.* Excellent sentiments! Commodore, you are deservedly beloved by your tenants, I can answer for so much without flattery; and that your public service has been approved, your repu-

tation and your Sovereign's favour sufficiently testify.

*Com.* (*taking him by the hand.*) These, my friend, are the sources from which every man of spirit should seek to derive his happiness and satisfaction. (*Colin is seen approaching by the hedge-row.*)

*Enter Colin with a basket of flowers on his arm.*

*Colin.* This ghost of a Turk cannot be very ill-natured. How friendly he talks with Mr. Ascham! He is shaking hands with him.

*Mr. A.* I hear footsteps.

*Com.* Yes. I must hide. (*He turns to go behind the hedge-row, and meets Colin full in the face, who trembles and stares at him awhile, but at length cries out in a transport of joy,*)

*Col.* O law: it is his honour; it is the Commodore!

*Com.* Come hither, my little godson! (*Colin throws down his basket, and runs eagerly to him, jumping for joy.*) Softly, my man; softly; I do not wish any body to know that I am arrived. Do not you tell, for the world!

*Colin.* What, sir, neither to madam, nor to the children?

*Mr. A.* It is from them particularly that you must conceal it.

*Enter Thomas* (*without seeing Colin.*)

*Tho.* Now every thing is ready for your honour.

*Colin.* Well, I am sure! It was not I that told my father, however.

*Thomas* (*perceiving Colin.*) Plague on it, we are all ruined! This monkey will go and blab. I was thinking of sending him on a message a mile or two off.

*Mr. A.* (*patting Colin on the head.*) Nay, I dare say he will be as discreet as yourself. Won't you, my little friend?

*Colin.* O, never fear, sir: I can keep a secret as well as another. It won't be the first time, neither.

*Tho.* No! when was the first time, then?

*Colin.* I'fegs t'other day, when you threshed me to make me tell whether I had stolen the apples off our tree at home. Did I tell you it was I?

*Tho.* It was you then that stole my apples, was it? Stop a moment! (*Colin runs behind Com. F.*) O, you shall pay for them!

*Mr. A.* Agreed, if he says a word about the Commodore.

*Com.* And if he holds his tongue, a guinea for his reward.

*Tho.* Do you hear that, Colin? a guinea!

*Colin.* Tut! I would have held my tongue for nothing, out of regard for my godfather.

*Com.* There is a good boy. Well, now for our concealment.

*Tho.* And you, Colin, stand here. If any body comes up this walk, as it leads no where but to the green-house, run thither immediately, and let his honour know. But if you open your lips, 'ware the apples, I'll cut your ears off with the Commodore's cutlass there. (*They go out.*)

## SCENE III.

*Colin* (*gathering up his flowers and making a nosegay.*)

If they know nothing, unless from me, they will not know much. But the poor children, Miss Arabella, Master Constantine, and Miss Matilda; it grieves me to think they should not know that their papa is here. Suppose I were just to whisper it to Miss Matilda: she is very fond of me, and though she is the youngest of them all, she is the drollest little body.—Ah, but she would tell it to Miss Arabella, and Miss Arabella to Master Constantine,and Master Constantine to Gatty, and Gatty to Miss Melissa, and Miss Melissa to her mamma; and then every body would be in the secret. There would be a guinea lost, and my ears cut off. O, it is better to pretend to be dumb. In the first place, if I do not speak, I shall tell nobody any secrets, that is plain. (*Clapping his hand on his mouth,*) There, you are locked up till to-morrow morning!

*Enter Constantine, Arabella, and Matilda.*

*Cons.* (*clapping Colin gently on the shoulder.*) Good morrow, little Colly.

*Arab.* (*curtsying to him with affected solemnity.*) Mr. Colin's most obedient humble servant!

*Matil.* (*taking him by the hand in a friendly manner.*) How do you do, my little man? (*Colin bows to her and gives her a nosegay.*)

*Cons.* You are all alone? (*Colin answers him with a nod.*)

*Matil.* Mamma wants to speak with your father.—Where is he? (*Colin points the way by which Thomas went out.*)

*Arab.* Are you making game of us? Have you lost your tongue? (*Colin looks about him without answering.*)

*Cons.* Well, but speak.

*Arab.* (*slapping him on the hands.*) Hah! I'll teach you another sort of drollery.

*Matil.* (*holding Arabella.*) Softly, sister! Do not hurt my little Colin. (*Colin looks kindly at Matilda.*)

*Con.* Let him speak, or I'll—What is he dumb?

*Arab.* Or deaf?

*Matil.* Perhaps something may have happened to him. Is any thing the matter, my little man? (*Colin makes signs in the negative. Upon which the other two children fall upon him, shaking him, pulling him, pinching him, and tickling him, crying out all at once,*) You must speak! you must speak! or we will know the reason why!

*Matil.* Have done, or I shall join him against you.

*Arab.* A fine champion truly he would have to defend him!

*Matil.* (*to Constan.*) Brother, you are the eldest; make her have done, pray do. I will talk to him gently, and perhaps I may get a word or two from him.

*Cons.* (*haughtily.*) No, I insist, he shall obey me when I order him.

*Matil.* Let me try what I can do.—Colin, my

good little Colin, answer me, if it be only one word. (*Colin smiles; but makes signs that he is not to speak.*) Do you know now that I shall be angry with you too.—But stay. Arabella, go and fetch his father, mamma wants him, you know.

*Arab.* Yes, yes, I'll tell Thomas of it. He will make him speak, perhaps. *(As she is going Colin stands full in her way to stop her, shaking his head.)*

*Cons. (with an air of authority.)* What, does he dare to stop my sister? Let me manage him.

*Matil. (holding Constan.)* Why, you see he does her no harm—Well, Colin, go yourself and fetch your father; tell him that mamma wants him; will you? (*Colin nods consent, and goes out. The children follow him with their eyes.*)

## SCENE IV.

*Constantine, Arabella, Matilda.*

*Arab.* He can hear at least, if he cannot speak.

*Matil.* I knew I could make him do whatever I had a mind.

*Cons.* He did well to get away. But I will make him pay for not obeying me.

*Matil.* (*seeing Thomas approach.*) O, here comes Thomas. We will know what is the matter with my little friend.

*Enter Thomas.*

(*All the Children run up to Thomas and jump about him.*)

*Tho.* Good morrow, master Constantine. Good morrow, young ladies. How do you do to-day?

*Matil.* O, very well, very well; but tell us what is the matter with your son, poor little Colin?

*Tho.* The matter with him? A good appetite; that is always the matter with him I think.

*Matil.* Then he is not sick?

*Tho.* He sick?

*Cons.* Then he is very obstinate.

*Arab.* The little monkey made game of us.

*Matil.* O, how you talk!

*Tho.* What, miss; made game of you?

*Matil.* I was afraid he was struck dumb.

*Tho.* He dumb?

*Arab.* We pinched him, and tickled him, but not a word.

*Tho.* Is it possible? why he bawled loud enough to deafen me here this morning, and frighten me too. I might have been afraid at least, if I had not a good heart.

*Cons.* As for us, he did not vouchsafe to honour us with a single word.

*Tho.* (*smiling.*) No? a little knave! only mind his cunning! He has ten times more wit than his father.

*Matil.* Wit? how, in not speaking?

*Tho.* Where could he have hit upon such a thought?

*Arab.* What do you mean?

*Tho.* And then, people will talk that the world is growing worse and worse. By the mass, children have at this time of day more sense than all their family.

*Arab.* For my part, I believe they are both out

of their sense. The one did not speak at all, and the other speaks without answering us.

*Tho.* O, he knew very well what he did not say, and I know very well what I do say.

*Arab.* That is more than we do.

*Tho.* Well, there is no harm done. But where is Madam? Colin told me that she asked for me.

*Cons.* He told you!

*Matil.* Then he can speak?

*Cons.* O, if he can speak, I'll make him speak.

*Arab.* Let us go and find him.

*Tho.* Aye, aye, go. He has walked into the park. You will hardly come up with him. He has a pair of legs if he has not a tongue. (*Const. and Arabella go out.*)

*Matil.* O, dear Thomas, pray tell Colin to speak a little, if it were only for my sake. I do so like to talk with him!

*Tho.* Yes, yes, let me manage. I'll talk to him, and he shall talk to you, and we'll all talk to one another very soon. O, what talk we shall have!

*Matil.* That is charming! I will run after my brother and sister, and hinder them from teasing him.

## SCENE VI.

*Thomas alone.*

I think I did right to send him a pretty way off. These young ones would have mauled him so, that he must have told his secret at last. But did any one ever see such a cunning fetch? Not to talk for fear of blabbing! One could not have hit upon a more cunning scheme. But here comes

Madam with Miss Melissa. Now for it, friend Thomas, take care of yourself. One man against two women; and hampered with a secret besides! It is hard odds.

*Enter Mrs. Freeport and Melissa.*

*Mrs. F.* Well, Thomas, I must come to seek you myself. I sent the children for you an hour ago.

*Tho.* Madam, I was this moment coming to you.

*Mrs. F.* I wanted to speak with you about this revel. Mr. Ascham has just now mentioned that it would be proper to have a general rehearsal of it. Perhaps it is to divert my uneasiness, but he assures me that it cannot possibly be long before my husband returns. This idea, which seems to hasten his return, still more—

*Tho.* He is perhaps not so far off as people think. What would you say, Madam—*(turning aside)* Hist! what were *you* going to say, Thomas?

*Mrs. F.* Have you heard any news of him?

*Tho.* News, Madam?—By the mass, what I know is truer than news. *(aside.)* Where the plague is my tongue running?

*Mrs. F.* What would you say, Thomas? Explain yourself.

*Tho.* The matter is this—Lookye, you underderstand—When I come from market, I put the best leg foremost to get home; not that I have so fine a woman to my wife, Madam, as you are, neither! nor so fine a daughter as Miss Melissa here. *(aside)* Plague on it! I'll turn it off some way.

*(to them)* Just so for all the world, in a manner, as a body may say, the Commodore is galloping home here as fast as he can. That is a clear case I *defer* it you else.

*Mrs. F.* Ah, when will that happy moment come, that I may welcome him to my expecting arms?

*Tho.* Who knows how soon? I will bestir myself, however, perhaps that will hasten him. I wish every pull of my rake were a lash to his horse's sides. I would not let the young Lieutenant lag behind neither, Miss Melissa. (*Melissa smiles.*)

*Mrs. F.* Well, it is very obliging of you, Thomas.

*Thomas.* Why, Madam, the truth is, I am sorry to see you melancholy. You are like flowers *impelled* with the dew, as the song says. But hang tears, the sun will come and dry up all sorrow presently. Joy! joy! Madam, here comes Mr. Ascham, he seems full of joy.

*Enter Mr. Ascham.*

*Mr. A.* All goes right, Madam. I have sent to assemble the young men and maids of the hamlet, who are to figure in our pageant. We are almost ready to begin. I was very well pleased yesterday to see them all so orderly, and so perfect in their parts, and I hope the general rehearsal to day will amuse you, if you do us the honour to be present at it.

*Mrs. F.* I shall certainly not deprive myself of so agreeable an entertainment. I should otherwise pay an ill compliment to the obliging exertions of your zeal and friendship for our family.

*Mr. A.* Madam, I could not receive a more flattering reward. But, indeed, my cares were already repaid, in the thought of seconding your wishes, and anticipating those of your husband.

*Mrs. F.* How I please myself with the idea of his surprise and satisfaction!

*Tho.* He won't, perhaps, be the most surprised in the company neither. (*Mr. A. looks sternly at Thomas.*)

*Mrs. F.* What do you mean by that, Thomas?

*Tho.* (*embarrassed.*) Why, madam, with regard—with regard to that there—I think you will be as much surprised to see him return fresh and hearty; full of health, honour and joy. Miss Melissa, too, will perhaps be surprised to see her young intended. I'll lay my spade to one of your pins, that she will blush like a rose. Marry, we shall all be surprised, for so good a master as his honour is not a sight to be seen with indifference.

*Mr. A.* I think, Madam, it would affect you in a pleasing manner, to see the impatience with which all the neighbourhood waits his arrival. At every step I meet some one or other who inquires eagerly for him. I figure to myself a numerous family inquiring for their father, their brother, their son, their husband. What will be their joy when they see him returned?

*Mrs. F.* I can imagine their transports by my own. But when will he return! I shall shudder with apprehension until I behold him safe.

*Mr. A.* What can give rise to your terrors?

This is not the season when thirst of glory might expose him to danger.

*Melissa.* Ah! mamma, do you remember those dismal days when we could not take up the newspaper without trembling? when we dreaded to see his name in every list of killed and wounded?

*Mr. A.* At present, therefore, indulge the sweets of hope. The tranquillity of peace leaves us no subject of inquietude.

*Mrs. F.* Ah! sweet peace, many a mother, many a wife blesses its return.

*Tho.* Ay, and many a gardener. Ah, if you had seen a little of the world, madam, as I have. You would not think that I have served during the German War. Yes, I served—in a garden. There came some of those mischievous Hussars. In an hour's time there was not a single hedge left standing in all that part of the country. Then the statues in our garden, your Apollos, your Jupiters, and your Mercuries, those they soon turned topsy-turvy. I should not have cared a straw for them; but my poor melons! my poor asparagus! it grieved me to the heart to see them demolished. And yet I was not the head gardener neither. Now that I am gardener in chief, only think if that was to happen. I should throw myself head foremost in the draw-well. But come, a fig for those madcaps. It is peace-time now; huzza! Come, Mr. Ascham, we will go and settle this business.

[*Exit Mr. A. and Tho.*

*Mrs. F.* Honest Thomas's cheerfulness has enlivened me a little. I find myself now much more

at ease. I feel nothing now but the pleasing throb of hope. Yes, Melissa, my heart tells me, we shall soon see them once more.

*Melis.* Alas! mamma, I rise every day to indulge this flattering idea, and every day it vanishes.

*Mrs. F.* Our murmurs against heaven are always unjust. How did I execrate the cruel war, that snatched my husband from me! Well, peace was made, he returned, covered with laurels, and admired by his countrymen, whose commerce he protected at sea. Shall we grudge another short absence in the service of his country? He will come home when his presence is most necessary for the education of his children. He will bring with him the person whom your choice and ours has destined to be your husband. Ah, my dear, how many women in the world envy our lot!

*Melis.* True, mamma; but for my part, your kindness hitherto has rendered me so happy, that I cannot support the least alteration in my happiness.

*Mrs. F.* Come to my arms, my dear child, and resume your natural gaiety, it becomes you so well. Do not let us poison, by an appearance of sorrow, the satisfaction which these good people are going to feel, while they make us the witnesses of their joy.

## SCENE V.

*Mrs. Freeport, Melissa. Constantine, Arabella, Matilda, Matthews.*

*Matil.* (*running up to her mother.*) Mamma,

mamma! we are bringing you the good farmer Matthews.

*Arab.* (*following her.*) Here he is, here he is!

*Farmer Matthews enters, supporting himself with a stick in one hand, and leaning the other upon Constantine. When he perceives Mrs Freeport, he endeavours to double his pace and totters. Mrs. Freeport and Melissa advance towards him.*

*Cons.* Lean heavier on my shoulder, do; you won't hurt me.

*Melis.* Softly, Mr. Matthews.

*Mrs. F.* Take care you don't fall.

*Matt.* They came to assemble my children, and all the young people of the hamlet. Is the commodore returned? I should never forgive myself if he was.

*Mrs. F.* No, Mr. Matthews, we are still expecting him.

*Matt.* Ah, so much the better. Which way does he come? tell me. I have a good head still, but my legs fail me. I should set out long before the rest to be up with him at the same time.

*Mrs. F.* How, would you go to meet him, weak as you are?

*Matt.* (*with vivacity.*) Would I? He has all his life-time hastened to meet my necessities, do you think then, madam, that I would sit still, and wait his coming? I would sooner be carried by my children.

*Melis.* No, Mr. Matthews. I am sure, my papa would be angry if you exposed yourself to so much fatigue.

*Matt.* Why, madam, it is for my own sake as well as his. The sight of him is necessary to me. He is like the sun that cheers my declining life.

*Mrs. F.* But, friend Matthews, at your age——

*Matt.* My age is the cause why I have more obligation to him than the young ones. I have known the commodore, madam, longer than you have. Many a time have I set him riding upon this very stick. He was not so big as master Constantine here, when he began to be my benefactor. I was poor then, and he had no more than his pocket-money. Well, he found means to relieve me out of many difficulties even with that. It was in vain that I told him only half my distress. He could guess more than I could hide from him. As soon as he came to his estate, he made me a present of the cottage that I inhabit, and let me some lands which are round about it, but on so favourable a lease, that I soon got above the world. Thanks to his friendship, I have been able to bring up all my children, and to settle them easily in the world, which, as I have done it through his means, I count them as much his family as mine, and love them the better on that score.

*Mrs. F.* You know his friendship for you still continues. There are few of his letters in which he does not mention you.

*Matt.* (*overjoyed.*) Is it possible! But I believe it, and it is no more than he ought. For why? he has done good to a great many of his tenants; he has rebuilt their cottages when thrown down by storms, or burnt; he has helped them in bad sea-

sons; he has forgiven them their rent. Let them bless him, let them love him, let them revere him! but I should be main vexed if I thought, that next to his family, any body loved him better than I do. I mean the same to you, madam; and to you also, miss.

*The children* (*jumping about him.*) And us too, Mr. Matthews; don't you?

*Matt.* I must needs love you, my dear little ones, that are my benefactor's children. And yet sometimes you make me angry.

*Matil.* We make you angry?

*Matt.* Yes, you make yourselves too uneasy about me sometimes. It looks as if I were so old, so very old.

*Matil.* O, no, you are quite hearty still. Hold, I will dress you up like a beau. There is my nosegay; I will stick it in your button-hole.

*Arab.* I have a fine ribbon here. Give me your hat, and I will fix a cockade in it.

*Cons.* (*standing on tiptoe to reach his ear.*) The next time you come to the hall, I'll have a glass of our best wine for you.

*Matt.* O, sweet little creatures! you are all *heart*, like your father. Come and let me kiss you. Madam, will you give me leave—

*Mrs. F.* Nay, it gives me the highest pleasure. Nothing can be more agreeable to my eyes than to see my children in the arms of an old man. It is the picture of innocence and virtue. (*The children throw themselves into Matthews's arms, who kisses them. Music is heard.*)

*Matthews* (*starting up briskly.*) What do I hear? Can it be the commodore?

*Melis.* Would to heaven it were!

*Mrs. F.* No, farmer, it is the young folks of the hamlet coming to amuse us with a rehearsal of their entertainment.

*Matt.* O, then I'll see it. I figured in these merry-makings formerly; but now I could scarcely hobble to keep in sight of them. Give me leave to go and place myself at the foot of this tree. This very tree I planted when I was a child. We were then much about the same age; at present it is a good deal younger than I am.

*Mrs. F.* No, Mr. Matthews; you shall sit down beside me.

*Melis.* Yes, between us both.

*Matt.* I, madam? it is too great an honour. Before all the folks too!

*Mrs. F.* I hope the folks will learn by our example to respect age and honesty. Come, farmer.

*Mrs. Freeport and Melissa lead him towards a green bank, and make him sit down betwixt them. Arabella and Matilda settle his coat skirts, and Constantine assists him to take a firm hold of his stick, in order to support himself.*

*Matt.* I wish my joy may let me live till I see the commodore.

*The young men and maids enter on different sides, and join in the middle. After walking in procession round the stage two and two, they file off before the bank on which Mrs. Freeport is seated with Matthews and the children.*

## RECITATIVE.

*By a young* VILLAGER.

Let the soft pipe's melodious swell
In lively notes our jocund purpose tell!
Let the sprightly tabor sound,
To welcome home the brave
From perils of the distant wave,
Safe returned to English ground.

## AIR.

FIRST STRAIN, *a* VILLAGE MAIDEN.

Full long the stern commands of war
Have sent our chiefs and warriors far
From Albion's plenteous shore:
Now white-rob'd peace hath smooth'd the main,
And homeward led the hardy train
To taste her joys once more.

SECOND STRAIN, *a* HUSBANDMAN.

Commerce and peace, with bloodless toil,
Unite to cull the wealthy spoil
Of nature's boundless reign:
No more the lily and the rose
Shall marshal hosts of banner'd foes,
By land or on the main.

THIRD STRAIN, *a* VILLAGE MAIDEN.

Our ships from port to port shall sail,
(While wealth descends in ev'ry gale,)
And plough the ocean o'er;
And free as air the wave shall be
To waft my sailor home to me,
With his brave commodore.

## CHORUS.

Welcome, thrice welcome, be the brave,
From perils of the distant wave,
Return'd to British ground!

Let pipe and tabor's mingled swell,
Our brave commander's welcome tell
To list'ning hills around.

*The chorus being ended, the young men and maids join two and two, and walk back in procession round Mrs. Freeport, &c. saluting her and scattering flowers as they pass.*

*Mrs. F.* My dear friends, how your joy affects me! What would I give at this moment to share it with my worthy husband!

*Matil.* Ah, mamma, if he was here? Eh, Mr. Matthews?

*Mat.* I do believe I should forget my rheumatism, and dance for joy.

*Military music is heard. The curtain rises, and discovers Commodore Freeport and Lieutenant Boardham in Turkish dresses, but unmasked. Beside them stands Mr. Ascham, with Thomas, Fanny, and Colin. The back part of the garden appears illuminated. Groups of peasants are seen mixed with sailors. The children are struck with astonishment. Constantine approaches first, looks steadfastly at the commodore for a while, then knowing him, he cries out*—O, it is my papa!

*Arab. and Matil.* (*following him.*) It is! it is!

*Mrs. Freeport, Melissa, and Matthews, rise from the bank, and hesitating a moment, run up to commodore Freeport and lieutenant Boardham, whose Turkish habits drop off, and show them in their naval uniform. Commodore Freeport springs forward, and embraces Mrs. Freeport and Melissa by turns.*

*Mrs. F.* My dear husband!

*Melis.* My father!

*The children (pulling him by the skirt.)* O papa! O papa! it is our turn now.

*Com.* I would I could embrace you all at once. Dear wife, and my dear little ones.

*Mrs. F.* We are too good for loving you, after the trick you have played us. But whence comes this disguise?

*Com. (presenting lieut. Boardham.)* There, there is the gentleman that you are to scold for this whole adventure. I give him up to your vengeance. *(Lieut. Boardham salutes Mrs. F. and Melissa.)* It was a smart action of his that first put us in possession of these clothes; so that he is the original cause of our frolic. I had a mind to show him to you in his eastern spoils.

*Lieut. B.* I hope, every action of my life will make me still more worthy of this lady's favour. *(he kisses Melissa's hand.)*

*Com. (turning toward Matthews.)* But don't I see my good old friend here? *(He steps up to Matthews, and takes him by the hand.)*

*Matt.* I could not speak, I was so intoxicated with joy. Now I have seen you, my noble landlord, I can die content.

*Com.* No, my dear friend! you shall live. This day shall make you younger by ten years. *(To Mrs. F.)* My dear, I thank you for the distinction that you have shown him. There is not, in all this country, an honester man, and our family will never have a more worthy friend.—*(He turns to-*

*ward the other country people.*) And you, my friends, my children, how rejoiced I am to see you once more! I am fixed amongst you now, probably, for some years. Let us all study to make each other mutually happy. I shall look upon your happiness as a proof of your gratitude.

*The Country people.* Long live our noble landlord! Long live our noble commodore!

*Com.* And you too, my friends, long may you live happy, and for that purpose let us be joyous. I have received your entertainment, I will return you mine. We shall not want for refreshment. Every thing is prepared.

*Mr. A.* We thought, madam, to surprise the commodore, but he is more alert than we are.

*Tho.* I hope you will allow, sir, that nobody could be more discreet than I was.

*Colin.* Then what do you say of me, father?

*Matil.* O, you have found your tongue at last.

*Fanny.* You may all say what you will, but I think mine has been the hardest part to day; for I have only this word to say, and am the last speaker of all.

*A general dance, commodore Freeport joins in it with all his family, to the sound of military music. After the dance all adjourn to tables, which are spread with refreshments of all sorts, in another part of the garden.*

## WAR AND PEACE.

Commodore Freeport, still agitated with the pleasing sensations that he experienced during the course of the day, could not close his eyes till long after midnight, when at length a grateful slumber stole upon him, and soft dreams composed his agitated bosom. In the morning, the first objects that he beheld were his children, impatient for his appearance. He received their sweet caresses, clasped them tenderly and went down into the garden with them.

The serenity reigning round about, the pleasure of revisiting those places which his own hands had cultivated in times past, and of being once again restored in safety to his family, when such an interval of separation had elapsed, and even the recollection of the dangers to which he had often been exposed, every thing inspired him with unspeakable affection; and his children, sensible of this, employed the opportunity to ask him question after question.

He gave a relation of every thing worth knowing, that had happened to him in his many and perilous voyages; of the storms that had attacked his ships, and the hazardous expeditions in which he was concerned. He described to them the solitary uninhabited regions visited by his people, and the populous nations that he had seen, together with their customs, characters, and manners.

During this recital, he was careful to remark

what sort of feelings it excited in their hearts, and what was the expression of those feelings on their countenances. At the slightest mention of the dangers that he had encountered, he felt the little girls by instinct as it were, press tenderly to him: they sighed, and now and then let fall a tear; while Constantine, his son, was animated, and seemed ready, or at least his features spoke him ready, to encounter the same degree of danger. In particular, at the recital of any warlike action, you might see his breast heave, and his eyes sparkle like fire.

Papa, cried he at length, if I were but as big as you, how I should like to go to war, that, in my turn, I might appear as brave a man as you.

*Com.* But, Constantine, you know not what a cruel wish you indulge.

*Cons.* Why, papa! do not you mean me for a soldier?

*Com. F.* Yes, I do indeed.

*Cons.* And is not the profession of a soldier necessary?

*Com. F.* Too much so, I must confess. It is with a kingdom as with a human body. Both are subject to interior maladies, and outward accidents. The physician watches the body carefully, to prevent complaints within it which might happen through the fermentation of sharp humours, or to save it from those ills that it might sustain from hurtful objects. Just so, likewise, does the soldier watch the state, of which he is a member, to suppress seditions that might rise within it, and repel

the invasions of ambitious nations dwelling round about it.

*Cons.* But, papa, if the profession of a soldier be so necessary, ought not I to wish for opportunities of exercising it?

*Com. F.* What would you think of that physician, who, impressed with a desire of practising his art, should wish a dangerous malady, a plague for instance, or something like it, to befal his fellow-creatures?

*Cons.* O, papa, how wicked!

*Com. F.* What then must I think of him, who, to gratify a principle of pride, or ambition, should desire to see the greatest scourge that can attend on human nature lay waste his country?

*Arab.* Ah, Constantine, think of that, and let us see what you will answer!

*Cons.* And yet war, papa, is quite delightful, and particularly if one were a king.

*Com. F.* In what then do you think it so delightful?

*Cons.* In the first place then, because a king may make himself more powerful.

*Com. F.* Be it granted, kings may have recourse to war with justice. But when they wish to have more power, do you imagine that in prudence they should do so; that is, go to war? Suppose, dear children, that the lands about my estate here, were so many little empires, and their owners, Mr. Marchmont and the rest, so many kings within them.

*Arab.* Ay, like those of France and England. Do you understand?

*Cons.* Don't be uneasy, sister, upon my account. I understand extremely well. Pray, dear papa, go on!

*Com. F.* If I prevail upon my tenants to take arms, and if they can obtain possession of a field belonging to Mr. Marchmont, is it not pretty likely that Mr. Marchmont will give his tenants arms, and beg them to defend that field, which they must know is his; and very possibly encourage them to seize on something that belongs to me?

*Matil.* Yes, that is quite natural.

*Com. F.* If so, then I am plunged into a sea of trouble, and must always be upon the watch, that I may rob my neighbour or prevent his robbing me. Of which the consequence is this: if I prosper, I must reasonably fear that my neighbours will conspire together to impede my further violences; and divide my spoils, if I am beaten.

*Cons.* Ay, papa; but then, the glory that you would gain, by letting all the neighbours see how brave you are!

*Com. F.* I understand you; and to gain this glory, which at best is but imaginary, I shall hazard the repose and life of those whom I ought to regard as my children! But it is very possible that my neighbour may be braver a great deal than I; what then shall I gain by this fantastic wish of glory?

*Cons.* As I take it, you should previously provide yourself with such a force, as to be sure of conquest.

*Com. F.* I might still reply by hinting that my neighbour certainly would take the same advantages, might possibly be more successful, and so make my enterprising disposition cost me dear at last. But for the sake of argument, Constantine, I will suppose that fortune favours me, and my estate is much enlarged: alas! this very circumstance, in all probability, may become my ruin.

*Cons.* How, papa? Methinks you would become the richer for it. With a greater quantity of land, you would have much more money coming in.

*Com. F.* Ah, Constantine! it is not on the size of an estate that its worth depends, but on the care which one takes to cultivate it.

*Arab.* Certainly; for only think of Wilsdon-heath, where Mr. Bramble lives. Why, no one in his senses would give up the fourth part of such an orchard as we have for all that heath.

*Matil.* I easily believe you. Wilsdon-heath produces only furze and thorns, while our orchard abounds in fruit.

*Cons.* But what would hinder you from cultivating all the land that you might take from your neighbour?

*Com. F.* If I have beforehand lost in dispute a number of my tenants, and a portion of the rest are still employed in arms, who then will cultivate my fields? I shall, notwithstanding, in the interval, be obliged to feed those men who have forsaken agriculture, and who, instead of following it, are occupied in laying waste the ground on which they tread. Now, to feed them, I must put fresh bur-

dens upon those who still remain employed in cultivating my estate and make them pay me larger rents. If I impose on them, they will leave their farms, and choose more kind and peaceful landlords than myself. Of course, I shall have none about me but armed tenants, who, if ever they conceive themselves ill treated, will be likely to conspire against me.

*Cons.* I have read, indeed, such things in history: my tutor very lately pointed one out to me.

*Com. F.* Let us now suppose, Constantine, that instead of vexing any of the nations round me; for I drop the idea of a landlord, and speak as if I were the king of England, and alluded to the king of France; suppose, I say, instead of vexing any of the French king's subjects, I should do my utmost to attach them to me, by a commerce advantageous both to them and my own people, and was scrupulously careful to prevent whatever might occasion division and dispute between us; and should give encouragement, within my own dominions, to the arts of agriculture, so that every one I govern might enjoy, if he thought fit, the sweets of peace, and that serenity which always flows from justice; should I not be happier, through the happiness of every one about me, than from any boast of having conquered? And in that case, would not my dominion be established on a much more solid base, than if I had enlarged its limits, when the consequence must be, that every part becomes much weaker?

*Cons.* But, papa, don't you remember you compared just now, a kingdom to a human body? If a

human body, then, as mine grows stronger every day, as it grows bigger, sure a kingdom must become more powerful, in proportion as its size increases.

*Com. F.* So it would, I confess, if that increase were carried forward, as it is in nature, by a slow and gradual rate, and not in consequence of sudden revolutions.

*Cons.* Pray, explain this last particular.

*Com. F.* I will make it clearly understood, by what I saw take place between a little boy and girl, on board my ship in which I came to England.

*Cons.* What you saw take place between a little boy and girl? I can't conceive how any thing like that can be of use in settling this affair!

*Com. F.* One evening, their mamma gave each of them a piece of cake. The girl was much smaller than her brother, and had, notwithstanding, very near as large a piece. The boy remarked that circumstance, and snatched her share away. Now, what do you imagine led him to this action of injustice?

*Cons.* I suppose he thought it wrong that his sister, being smaller than he, should have a piece almost as large.

*Matil.* O, what a mighty man!

*Com. F.* Exactly such is the pretext assigned in general by all conquerors. But what happened to the little boy? When he had finished eating, he grew sick. The aliments we swallow, being meant to strengthen us, it is very natural to fancy that the more we take the stronger we shall be: so also it is

not monstrous for a child to fancy that a prince, whose territories are increased, should find his power increased as well. But in reality, it is with a kingdom just as with our stomach. Being overcharged, it must be out of order. If the little boy had been contented with the piece he had received, (for you must know he was a sickly child, and therefore had not so much as his sister, who was very hearty) it would have digested properly, and strengthened him; whereas by eating more than he could bear, it had the effect upon him I have just mentioned. If his sister, following the example he had set her, had proceeded upon this to take away his bit of cake by force, as little as she was, he would not then have had sufficient strength to save it from her.

*Cons.* But perhaps he would have thought of the injustice he had done and yielded it without a struggle?

*Com. F.* That's a generosity of which the common sort of conquerors are not capable. If they were but so in favour of their subjects only, how could they reflect upon the multitude of victims they must sacrifice upon the altar of their vengeance or ambition, the first time they battle with the people they have made their enemies, and not be struck with horror at the thought? I should imagine it would be well, if kings, upon the point of undertaking any war, should have a picture hung before them, setting forth the horrors of that war, so that their minds might be incessantly affected at the recollection of it; and at midnight, when all

nature otherwise is still about them, hear the groans of wounded men reproaching them as the occasion of those pains they suffer, the despairing cries of wives and mothers loading them with curses, and the clamours of a people famishing for want of bread. Their souls are sometimes wrought on, by unjust solicitations, to grant criminals their life; and yet they sign without remorse, what shall condemn to death thousands of their unoffending subjects. A good king employs whole years in meditating on a project that may finally prove beneficial to some portion of his state, to population, trade, or agriculture. Twenty years shall pass away before the project is perfected; while a warlike king shall, by the resolution of a moment, exterminate half his people, put a stop to agriculture, tie up the industrious hands of artizans, deprive the poor of their subsistence, by depriving them of daily work, reduce whole families to dissolution, and at last entirely overthrow his realm.

*Cons.* And yet, papa, I've often heard great fortunes have been made by hundreds, in the time of war.

*Com. F.* And this is an addition to the evils it foments; for, not to speak of those antipathies which the inequality of wealth produces in the hearts of such as are each other's neighbours, those enormous fortunes cherish a degree of luxury that cannot but corrupt men's manners to the greatest excess. The pomp with which it is surrounded, the enjoyment it procures, the shameful deference or respect which man dare not, if they would, re-

fuse to it, stimulate the generality of those of the same rank, but less wealthy, to affect it with the same indecency, that they may either satisfy their pride, or keep up their respectability. They waste their real wealth in keeping up their luxury, that they may gain possession of the shadowy wealth they fancy they *shall* get. Intimidated by the dread of their approaching ruin, if they do not hasten to prevent it by unlawful methods, they embark in dangerous enterprises, and expose not only what they have, but what as many as the hope of a fallacious profit will inveigle to be partners in their schemes, may trust them with. Their ruin is at last announced; but the example will not terrify cupidity, that always hopes to prosper by employing subtler artifices: and as soon as probity is given up, mutual trust is banished, and a nation's commerce perishes through the very excess of the abundance it created.

*Cons.* But if any land grows rich by peace, should we not always have sufficient cause to fear the same misfortune.

*Com. F.* Not at all. It is only suddenly-made fortunes that intoxicate the minds of their possessors, and excite them to abuse the fortunes they have got together. Riches gradually gained, or in ordinary course of commerce, are consequently of many years, and consumed in toil. Men scarcely ever dissipate the treasure they have laboured hard to procure, but lay it by, to serve them in wearisome old age; besides, their fortunes are in that case, much more equitable, and every one is rich, while no one

overflows with wealth. The country having far less wants in the serenity it is blessed with, is not under the necessity of grinding the laborious husbandman; but is able to encourage him in furnishing the trading part of the community with those supplies of corn and other vegetables it requires. An empire strengthened thus by trade and agriculture, may give laws to other empires, even on account of its tranquillity. Its neighbours fear it, and instead of making inroads on a people that must be too powerful for them, seek alliance with that people. This alliance draws mankind together, roots out national antipathies, and kindles sentiments of unity and concord in their stead. The prince has only to prevent abuses in the state. A perfect legislation causes justice and strict order to prevail among his people, and they pass from individuals to whole states. Trade, arts and sciences, may be compared to bridges that proceed from one to the other, and on which not only Peace but Plenty constantly walk to and fro that they may keep inviolate the happiness of those they have united.

*Cons.* I conceive your meaning pretty clearly: yet in case there be no war, then soldiers are unnecessary, and my regiment must be broke before I join it!

*Com. F.* Not so fast, Constantine; for an undefended state would be exposed, by reason of its riches, to a multitude of enemies. It should keep up a regulated force in peace, if it would have one in the time of war. But then, instead of looking on an unconcerned spectator, while the military

quench their spirit in debauchery and sloth, it would assign them labours to keep up their strength, and make them useful to the State. They should be stationed on the public roads, and such as are now employed on them, never quit the plough and sickle: an additional connection would, in that case, forcibly unite them to their country, in the natural propensity men feel to value what their industry has created, and the pride with which they are at all times ready to defend it. The superior officer, who would direct their labours, would not, we must own, observe his name recorded in the papers of the day, and no where else, for trifling enterprises, such as history descends not to perpetuate; but would himself engrave it on a pillar, raised upon the spot where once ascended a high hill which he has levelled, on the side of a canal which he has dug, or at the opening of a bridge he has built. The traveller would come from the remotest part of Europe to see the magnificence and boldness of his toil, his countrymen would bless the benefits ensuing from it, and a generation unborn, rise up and wonder at its durability. The colour of his coat no longer would excite one thought of bloodshed, but of gratitude so justly due to benefits, and of respect invariably paid to ingenuity. His leisure moments would be spent in the extension of those sciences he had before cultivated, and suggesting plans of policy, resulting from his observations made in different provinces. Retiring at last to pass away the residue of life on his estate with honour, in the

recollection of those benefits he had communicated to his country, his activity would flourish still in agriculture. I even dare propose myself as an example. I am inclined to think, I have been serviceable to my king in India; but shall boast more of benefiting for the time to come my native land, by cultivating the inheritance left me, and by giving you, my children, a becoming education. I shall do my utmost to atone for that involuntary violence I may have done humanity, by henceforth being a protector of the needy round about me; and I hope I shall not die without the conscious satisfaction a good citizen enjoys, in having carefully discharged his duty.

*Cons.* What you say, papa, appears to me quite reasonable. Why then do not all men think as you do?

*Com. F.* Why, Constantine, but because they have unfortunately been brought up in prejudices, and not had sufficient resolution to correct them? Hitherto, philosophers have spoken to none but those, whose understandings could not see the truth and beauty of the principles which I have happily been taught. Nor is there any hope that men, now come to years of reason and reflection, will be taught to see them! so that those philosophers must get new pupils. It is in infancy the future man must be prepared. By giving him early a tincture of integrity, beneficence, and generosity, he will obtain, in his maturity, the habit of displaying them in every action of his life: and place his glory in contributing, as far as he is able, to that

general revolution so much to be wished for in behalf of virtue. A young prince possessed of these exalted notions, and persuaded that the rising generations have them too, might rationally hope to govern a new sort of people, who would certainly afford a model to all other lands. Congratulate yourselves, dear children, on the circumstance of being born in those auspicious times, when children are universally throughout all Europe, the peculiar objects whose felicity philosophers are studying to promote: and not they only, but even women—Women, notwithstanding narrow-mindedness delights at all times to disparage as it does, their understanding. Possibly, for you and your contemporaries is reserved the happiness of seeing the last traces of injustice and barbarity effaced from mankind. Thrice happy myself, if giving now these first ideas of a system of morality, so simple, but sublime, I take but one step forward in the business of establishing this system in your hearts. You will do all you can to second my endeavours, by communicating my instruction to your future children.

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## THE ROSE-BUSH.

WHO will give me some nice tree for my garden? said little Frederic one day to his brothers Augustus and Jasper, and his sister Jessica.

Their papa had given to each a little bit of ground to sow or plant as they thought proper.

O, not I, said Augustus; not I, said Jasper.

Well then, I will, answered Jessica. Let me know what sort of tree you would like?

A rose-bush, cried Frederic. Do but look at mine: it is the only one now left me; and the leaves as you may see are turned quite yellow.

Come then, said the lively Jessica, come and chuse one for yourself. On which she led him to a little spot of ground that she cultivated; and the moment they entered, pointing, with her finger to a charming rose-bush, told him he had nothing to do but to take it up immediately.

*Frederic.* How, sister! you have only two, and wish to give me the finest! No, no; here is the least, and just such as I want.

*Jessica.* You do not know how much pleasure I shall feel if you will but take the other, Frederic. This may scarce produce you any flowers next summer; but the other will, I am certain: and you know, I shall be pleased as much with looking at it elsewhere, when full blown, as if it had continued in my garden.

Frederic, overjoyed, approached the rose-bush, took it up; and Jessica, much more pleased, assisted in the transplantation.

It appears that the gardener noticed this piece of kindness in the little girl. Away he ran, selected from a number of young Windsor pear-trees, one which he thought the finest, and immediately conveyed it into Jessica's garden, planting it exactly in the spot which the rose-bush had possessed before.

Those who are churlish hardly ever are assidu-

ous: therefore when the summer months were come, Jasper and his brother having never attended their rose-plants, they promised no great quantity of flowers; and to increase their disappointment, the chief part of those which they thought were coming, perished in the bud; while Frederic's rose-bush, in consequence of great attention paid by himself and Jessica, bore the finest cent-foil roses that the whole country could boast; and as long as it remained in flower, the happy Frederic always had a rose for Jessica, and another for himself.

Likewise did the Windsor pear-tree thrive surprisingly: it scattered a delicious perfume over the garden, and soon grew so thick and lofty as to yield a tolerable shade. Jessica used to take her seat beneath it, when the sun was hottest; as her father also did; when he would tell her many charming stories.

Here is one that he told her for her generosity to Frederic; by which story she was thoroughly convinced that such as we oblige can recompence our generosity; which circumstance, he said, without adverting to the satisfaction of our hearts, must be a strong incentive to kind actions.

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## THE NOSEGAYS.

Little Gerald went out one morning with his neighbour Eugene, to divert themselves by gather-

ing flowers. Their eagerness would not allow them to finish their breakfast in the house: they took it with them in their hands.

They met a beggar-woman in the way, who had a child apparently expiring with hunger.

My dear little master, said the woman, looking at Gerald, who happened to be first, for heaven's sake give my child a morsel of your bread. He has not had any thing to eat since yesterday.

It may be so, said Gerald; but I am very hungry likewise, and went forward, munching all the way.

Now what was Eugene's conduct? He was no less hungry, we must think, than his companion; but beholding how the poor child cried, he gave up his bread and butter; and received a hundred blessings from the poor mother.

But this is not the whole. The little boy, revived by what the charitable Eugene had bestowed upon him, instantly began to run before his benefactor, brought him to a meadow, where he knew there was a multitude of flowers, and helped him to make up so magnificent a nosegay, that the pleasant smell proceeding from it made him quite forget his trouble.

Eugene went home and showed it with a deal of pleasure; for not only was the sweetness of it very grateful, but its size was such that he might easily have hid his face behind it.

Next day likewise they went out, and another little boy, whose name was Watty, met them.

After having taken half a dozen turns with Gerald and Eugene in the meadow, Watty, looking

down, perceived his buckle lost, and begged them both to assist him in searching for it. O, says Gerald, I cannot spare time for that at present, and went on; but Eugene stopped immediately, that he might be of service to his little friend.

He walked a long while up and down, stooping all the way, and patting with his hand, to try if he could feel it in the grass: and had at last the happiness to find it.

Wattty too was happy; and they set about the business which had brought them thither.

Watty out of gratitude, bestowed the finest flowers of those which he had gathered, on Eugene; but paid no regard to Gerald, who had refused to help him; so that Eugene had that day also, a finer nosegay than Gerald, and came back as satisfied as the other was discontented.

Gerald supposed the third day he might prove more lucky: He preceded Eugene, and defied him to collect a finer nosegay than he should. But hardly were they come into the meadow, when the little boy who had been fed by Eugene, came to meet him with a basket full of flowers, which, it seems, he had gathered that morning.

Gerald would have begun to gather for himself; but how was he to find flowers; the little boy had got up earlier than he; and therefore he had still less flowers that day than either of the two preceding.

They were going home, but met little Watty.

My dear friend, said he to Eugene, I have not forgot the service that you did me yesterday, and

have taken such a liking to you, that I could wish to be at all times in your company. Papa, too, though he never saw you, has the same ideas in your favour, and has bid me bring you to his house this morning.

I will take you to a garden hard by us, where we are allowed to walk, and there you will find four or five companions of my age to welcome you; when we are all together we will play at whatever game you like.

Eugene instantly laid hold of Watty's hand, and flew with him to the garden. As for Gerald, poor fellow! he went home quite melancholy. Watty had not invited him.

He learned by these three days' adventures, but particularly by the last, how much we gain by kindness and assistance to others. He reformed his churlish temper; and would certainly, in time, have shown himself as courteous as Eugene, if Eugene, by having exercised a friendly disposition from his cradle, had not conferred his favours with a greater grace.

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## THE SUN AND MOON.

What a charming evening! Come, Hilario, said Mr. Manning to his little boy; the sun is just ready to go down. How glorious he appears! We may behold him now. He does not dazzle our eyes as much at present as he did at noon, when he was up so very high. How beautiful the clouds

too, round about him, seem! They are of a purple, gold and scarlet colour! But behold how swiftly he descends! already only half his orb is visible. And now he is wholly vanished. Farewell, sun! you have now left us till tomorrow morning.

Look, Hilario, towards that quarter of the heavens opposite to where the sun descended. What may that be, shining so behind the trees? a fire? No, nothing like it; but the moon. How large and red it is! One would suppose 'twere full of blood! This evening it is quite round, or, as they say, full moon. It will not be quite so round tomorrow evening; less so the next evening; less the evening after; and so on, decreasing every evening, till at last it will be in some sort like a wire bent round into a semi-circle, when a fortnight's gone.

It will be then new moon, when you will see it in the afternoon. From day to day you will observe it afterward grow bigger, and seem rounder, till in fourteen days it will be again full moon, and rise as now it does behind the trees.

But pray, papa, inform me, how do both the sun and moon preserve their situations unsupported in the air? I cannot but think sometimes they will fall down upon my head.

Fear nothing, Hilario; there is no danger. I will explain the reason why, when you can understand the matter; so at present only listen while I mention how the sun and moon address you.

To begin then with the sun: He says as follows: I am the King of day. I rise, or make my first

appearance in the East; and what they call aurora, or dawn, precedes me, that mankind may know of my approach. I soon after tap at your window with a golden beam of light to warn you of my presence. Rise, I say, rise, lazy-boots. I never shine, that men may lie a-bed and sleep. I shine that they may wake, get up, and go to work.

I am a mighty traveller; and I run rejoicing like a giant, quite across the heavens, without ever stopping; for at no time am I weary. I have a crown of glorious radiance on my head. I shed this radiance round about me to a vast extent, even over half the universe. Wherever I am present, every thing is beautiful and bright.

I give heat too, as well as light. It is I who ripen the fruits in the gardens, and the corn that grows in fields. If I should cease a moment to assist the course of nature, nothing could then grow, and famished men would die of despair, in all the horrors of that darkness you yourself are so afraid of.

I am higher than the hills and clouds. I should but need come down a little toward the earth, and my devouring flame would burn it up as soon as you have seen straw consumed which men in bundles toss into a furnace.

What a length of time has passed since first I gladdened the whole universe! Hilario, you were first in the world but six years ago, but I was in it when your father was born, and many thousand years before; and I am not yet grown old.

At times I lay aside my crown of radiance, and

surround my head with silver clouds. It is not so difficult to view me then; but when I dissipate those clouds about me, and burst forth in all my noon-day splendor, you could never bear the blaze: should you attempt to bear it, I should blind you. There is but one living creature can look at me, and that living creature is the eagle, whom the birds confess their monarch. He can contemplate my glory with a steady eye wide open while he views me.

This same eagle darting from the summit of some elevated mountain shapes his progress towards me with a towering wing, and soon is lost amid my beams, through which he darts to pay me homage every minute of the day. The lark, suspended in the air a great deal lower, sings while I am rising, his best song; and awakes the other birds that slumber on ten thousand trees. The cock on the ground, proclaims the time of my return to mortals with a piercing voice. But the bat and the owl avoid my presence; they fly from me with a plaintive cry, and hasten to take refuge in the ruins of those towers I once saw proudly rising and domineering for many ages over spacious countries, and then sinking with the burden of old age.

My empire is not limited, like that of earthly monarchs, to a little part of the world. The universe at large is my dominion: and besides, I am the most illustrious object that was ever gazed at.

But the moon says, in the next place, with a voice not half so much exalted as the sun's, I am

the queen of night. I send my silver beams to give you light, as often as the sun withdraws at evening from the world.

You may keep looking at me without danger; for I am never so resplendent as to dazzle the spectator, much less do I burn. I am so good-natured, that I let poor glow-worms blaze among the hedges, which the sun, unpitying as he is will not.

The stars shine round about me; but myself am far more luminous than any star; nay, all the stars together give not so much light as I do; and I seem among their multitude as if I were a fair round pearl, surrounded by ten thousand diamonds.

When you lie asleep, I dart a ray of silver brightness through your curtains; and my words are, Sleep on, little friend, in safety. You are tired. I won't disturb your slumber.

You have heard the nightingale. *She* sings for me, who sings much better than all other birds. She perches on a spray, and fills the forest with her music, no less sweet and gentle than my brightness, while the dew descends on every flower, and all is calm and silent in my empire.

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## THE SELF-CORRECTED LIAR.

Little Griffith was now six years old, and had never told a falsehood. He never had committe any great fault, and therefore had no need to hide

the truth. When any accident befel him, he went immediately and told his father, who would be always so good as to forgive him, with a caution that in future he be more careful.

Griffith had a cousin, but a very naughty boy indeed, whose name was Robert. Robert came one day to see him; and Griffith, by way of showing his attention to his visitor, made proposals for a game at drafts. His cousin eagerly accepted the proposal, on condition that they should play for something. Griffith for a little time refused, but in the end was wrought upon by Robert, and in less than thirty minutes, all the money which he had been laying up many weeks from his allowance was completely gone. Affected with his loss, poor Griffith got into a corner, and began to cry, while Robert fell to laughing, and went home in triumph with his spoil.

It was not long before poor Griffith's father, who had been from home, returned. He sent to see him in the parlour. But what ails you? said he. And what has happened? You have been crying.

*Griffith.* Yes, papa, because my cousin has been here, and made me play with him at drafts.

*Father.* And what of that? I see no harm done yet; for drafts are a diversion that I have given you liete to take. But possibly you played for money?

*Griffith.* O, no, no, papa.

*Father.* Then why do you cry?

*Griffith.* Because I wished to show my cousin

how much money I had saved to buy a book. Now I had hid it all behind the great stone post without, and when I put my hand into the hole, it was gone. Some person, passing by the gate, has stolen it.

Griffith's father fancied this recital to be false: but did not mention his suspicions then. He went that moment to his brother's, and as soon as he saw little Robert, he forced a smile, and began in this manner:.... Well, my child, you have been lucky, have not you, to-day?

O yes, said Robert, very lucky, sir!

And what did you win?

A shilling, said the nephew.

What, so much? And did he pay you, Robert?

Doubtless, uncle. I have it in my pocket.

Notwithstanding Griffith had deserved a grievous punishment, his father thought it not amiss to pardon this, as being his first falsehood; and therefore only told him, with a scornful tone of voice, that since he knew that he had a liar in his house, he should be careful how he trusted him in future.

Some few days after, Griffith went in turn to visit Robert, and pulled out a handsome pencil-case which his sister had bestowed on him at Christmas. Robert wished to have it, and in exchange would have been glad to give him every one of his play-things, his ball, his top, and rackets; but as Griffith, he observed, would not part with it, he began to play the bully, put his arms akimbo, and advancing towards him, said, "The pencil-case is mine: I lost it at your house, or else you stole it." Griffith, to no purpose, earnestly protested that it was his

sister's present. Robert quickly let him see that he meant to force it from him ; and as Griffith grasped it with both hands, he closed upon him, threw him down, and forced him to yield the case.

Poor Griffith, being treated in this manner, posted home, with his nose bleeding.—"Papa, papa, (said he, as soon as he was come within his father's hearing,) look how I have been used! The naughty Robert has this moment robbed me of my pencil-case, and handled me as you see."

But far from pitying him, his father answered, "Go, you have lost your pencil-case at drafts, and to deceive me, smeared your nose with mulberry-juice." Griffith solemnly protested, that he spoke only the truth. "I cannot credit one who has already proved himself a liar," said his father.

Griffith, quite confounded, went to his chamber, and bewailed most bittterly the consequences of his first untruth. Next day he begged permission to appear before his father, and implore forgiveness. "I acknowledge (said he) how wicked I have been in seeking to deceive you with a falsehood once: but, dear papa, let me intreat you to give up your resolutions of believing me no longer when I even speak the truth.

His father told me the other day, that from that moment Griffith had not let the least untruth escape him, and that therefore he had recompenced his son's veracity by trusting him implicitly. He never looked for protestations from him: it was sufficient if Griffith told him a thing, that he should take it for as great a certainty as if himself had seen it.

# THE TULIPS.

Lucetta had seen for two summers successively a bed of tulips in her father's garden, which were streaked with the most beautiful colours.

Like the fluttering butterfly she often roved from flower to flower, being struck merely with their beauty, but never reflecting to what they owed their origin.

Last Autumn, she saw her father digging up the bed and planting tulip roots. Ah, papa, cried she in a whimpering tone, what are you doing? Will you spoil all our fine tulip-bed, and instead of those fine flowers that grew there, put onions in it for the kitchen?

Her father answered her, that he knew what he was about, and he was going to tell her that from those onions would come forth new tulips the following year; but Lucetta interrupted him by her complaints, and would listen to nothing.

When her father saw that he could not make her understand reason, he left her to pacify herself, and continued his work while she retired sobbing.

During the winter as often as the conversation turned upon flowers, Lucetta sighed, and thought how great a pity it was that her father had destroyed the finest ornament of the garden. Winter finished its course, and Spring came next to sweep the snow and ice off the ground.

Lucetta had not entered the garden yet. Indeed

it would have been difficult to prevail on her to go in, as it was deprived of her favourite flower. One day, however, she entered without thinking. But what were her transports of surprise and joy, when she saw the tulip-bed still more beautiful than the preceding year! She stood at first motionless and silent with admiration: at length she ran into her father's arms, crying, Ah, dear papa, I thank you for plucking up those ugly onions, and putting in their place those sweet flowers that I am so fond of.

You owe me no thanks answered her father; for those sweet flowers that you are so fond of, sprung from nothing else but ugly onions.

The obstinate Lucetta would not believe it: on which her father pulled up carefully one of the finest tulips, together with the bulbous root (resembling an onion) from which the stalk grew, and presented it to her.

Lucetta quite confounded, asked pardon for having been so unreasonable. I pardon you, my dear child, with all my heart, replied her father, provided you acknowledge how easy it is for children to deceive themselves, when they attempt to judge, from their ignorance, of the actions of people who have had experience.

O yes, papa, answered Lucetta, I am convinced of that, and therefore for the future shall distrust my own eyes; and whenever I am tempted to suppose that I know more of the matter than other people, I will think of the Tulips and Onions.

# THE PAGE.

# THE PAGE.

A DRAMA, IN ONE ACT.

CHARACTERS.

THE PRINCE.
MRS. DORFFEN.
ELDER DORFFEN, *an Ensign,* } *Her Sons.*
YOUNGER DORFFEN, *Page.* }
CAPTAIN DERENHOFF, *Her Brother.*
MASTER OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.
ATTENDANT.

*The stage represents an anti-chamber in the palace. Beyond appears a bed-chamber with folding doors open; withinside a camp-bed, at the foot of which, on a stand, is a lamp lighted, and a watch.*

## SCENE I.

*The Prince, in a morning gown, lying upon a camp-bed and covered with a large cloak. The Page, asleep in an arm-chair in the anti-chamber.*

*Prince, awaking.*

THIS is something like rest. This is the happiness of peace. One can now indulge sleep, without being aroused by the noise of arms. (*Looks at his watch.*) Two o'clock? It must be later! I have slept more than two hours.—Page! Page!

*Page (starting from his sleep, half awake, and falling back into the arm chair.*) Eh? who calls? —I'm coming—presently.

*Prince.* Is any body there? What, no answer?

*Page* (*turning himself and yawning.*) O dear! I was in such a fine sleep!

*Prince.* I hear somebody speak. Who is there? (*He turns the lamp and sees the Page.*) Is it possible? What that child here? Should he watch by me, or I by him? What could my people mean?

*Page* (*rising up half asleep, and rubbing his eyes.*) Sir!

*Prince.* Come, come, my little friend, awake. Tell me what o'clock it is by your watch: mine is stopped.

(*Page, supporting himself on the arms of the chair, and still half asleep.*) Eh? what, sir?

*Prince* (*smiling.*) You are fast asleep. What a comical little face! He would afford an excellent picture as he is now. I bid you see what o'clock it is by your watch.

*Page* (*approaching slowly.*) Watch, Sir? I beg your highness' pardon! I have none.

*Prince.* You are dreaming still; or have you really no watch?

*Page.* I never had one.

*Prince.* Never? How could your father send you hither without a thing so necessary, and indeed the only thing for which, in your case, you have an absolute occasion.

*Page.* My father? Ah, if he were alive!

*Prince.* You have no father, then?

*Page.* He died, sir, before I was born. I never saw him.

*Prince.* Poor child! But your guardian, your mother should have taken care—

*Page.* My mother, sir? Ah, does not your highness know it? She lives very poorly indeed. What money she had she laid out upon me, but she had not enough to buy me a watch. My guardian said, indeed, that I would want one; but (*yawning*) he has not given it to me yet.

*Prince.* Who is your guardian?

*Page.* My uncle, sir.

*Prince* (*smiling.*) That is good. But there are many uncles in the world! What is your uncle's name?

*Page.* He is a captain in your highness' guards, and on duty to-day.

*Prince.* You are right: I recollect him: It was he who brought you to me. My little man, take this taper; hold it fast. In that bed-room there, on that side, you will find two watches hanging by the glass. Bring me the one that you find on the right hand, and take care not to set the room on fire with the taper! Make haste!

*Page.* Yes, sir. [*Goes out.*

## SCENE II.

*Prince.* What a sweet child! what amiable simplicity! Ah! if there were a man like this child for sincerity, and that man my friend!—It is a pity he is so little: he will never answer; I must send him back to his mother.

*Enter the Page, with the light in one hand, and the watch in the other.*

*Page.* It is five o'clock, sir.

*Prince.* I was not mistaken: it will soon be light. (*Taking his watch.*) But is this the one that I sent you to bring? Was this on the right hand?

*Page.* Is not that it, sir? Indeed I thought it was.

*Prince.* Well, my little friend, supposing it was, if you had known your own interest properly, you would have taken the other; for this, set round as it is with brilliants, cannot be proper for a child to wear. Is it possible that covetousness directed your choice? or are you like those who lose all, by trying to gain too much? Tell me!

*Page.* I do not know what your highness says.

*Prince.* I must explain myself then more clearly. Can you tell the right from the left?

*Page* (*looking at each hand by turns.*) The right and left, sir.

*Prince* (*patting him on the shoulder.*) Well, my little friend, perhaps you distinguish them as little as good from evil. Pity that you cannot preserve that happy ignorance! Go, run and tell your uncle, the captain, to come to me. (*The Page goes out.*)

## SCENE III.

*Prince.* How ingenuous! how amiable a child! An additional reason for restoring him to his family. The court is the centre of corruption. I will not suffer him to fall a victim to it. Yes, I will send him home. But where must he go, if his mother is so indigent, as he says, and not able to maintain

him ? I must enquire about it. Derenhoff can give me every information that I desire.

*Enter Page.*

*Page.* My uncle, the captain, is coming to your highness.

*Prince.* Well, what is the matter? You look quite heavy. Perhaps you would wish to have a little more sleep ?

*Page.* Why yes, sir, a little.

*Prince.* If that is all, go and fix yourself again in your arm chair. I have been a child myself, and know how agreeable rest is at your age. Go seat yourself, I tell you; I give you leave. (*The Page sits in the arm-chair, and settles himself to sleep.*) I thought he would not need to be bid twice.

*Enter Captain Derenhoff.*

*Capt. D.* Your highness——

*Prince.* Come in, Captain. What do you think of the little messenger that I sent to you? What use shall I make of him? to attend me in my chamber ?

*Capt. D.* (*shrugging up his shoulders.*) I confess, sir, he is rather little.

*Prince.* Or to go on horseback on my business?

*Capt. D.* I should be afraid that he would never come back.

*Prince.* Or to watch here at night ?

*Capt. D.* (*smiling.*) Yes, provided your highness sleep.

*Prince.* What can I do then with this child ? nothing; that is plain. So that in bringing him hither, you probably did not intend that he should

be of use to me in his service, but that I should to him in his fortune. You told me, I recollect, that his mother was not able to bring him up; but is it true that she is reduced absolutely to indigence?

*Capt. D.* (*laying his hand on his breast.*) Yes, sir, it is the exact truth.

*Prince.* And by what misfortunes?

*Capt. D.* By this very last war, which has enriched so many others. It is true, her estate was something encumbered, but at present it is taken wholly out of her hands. Every thing is pillaged, burnt, utterly destroyed. Besides all this, law-suits; they follow war as the plague does famine. Happily for her, her children are settled for the present. The youngest is Page to your highness, the eldest, ensign in your highness' guards. As to the mother she lives as she can.

*Prince.* Wretchedly enough, no doubt.

*Capt. D.* True, sir. She has retired to a cottage, where she lives quite alone and forsaken. I never go to see her. I am her brother, and could not bear the shocking sight of her distress.

*Prince.* You are her brother?

*Capt. D.* Yes, sir, unhappily.

*Prince* (*with contempt.*) Unhappily! and you never go to see her? I understand you, sir. Her distress would make you blush; or, if it affected you, to relieve her, you think, would cost you something. (*Captain Derenhoff appears confused.*) What is your sister's name?

*Capt. D.* Dorffen, sir.

*Prince* (*musing.*) Dorffen? Had not I a major of that name in my troops?

*Capt. D.* Yes, sir.

*Prince.* Who was killed at the opening of the first campaign?

*Capt. D.* True, sir. He was father to the ensign, and to this child; a man of honor, and perfectly brave. He mounted a breach with the cheerfulness of one going to an entertainment. He had the heart of a lion.

*Prince.* Of a man, captain; that is saying more. I remember him very well, and could wish——

*Capt. D.* What would your highness wish?

*Prince.* To speak with his widow.

*Capt. D.* Your highness can do that immediately. She is here.

*Prince.* Is she here? send to her; let her come to me as soon as she rises. I desire to see her, and to return her child to her.

*Capt. D.* Sir——

*Prince.* I forbid your mentioning it to her. Go. (*Capt. Derenhoff goes out.*)

## SCENE IV.

*The Prince—the Page, asleep.*

*Prince.* What! reduced to so distressful a situation by the war? Dreadful scourge! how many families has it plunged into misery! Still, however, it is better that they should be unhappy by the war than by me. It is necessity, and not my choice, that has made me take up arms. (*He rises, and*

*after walking about a little, stops before the Page's chair.*) Amiable child!—how he sleeps at his ease! It is innocence in the arms of sleep. He thinks himself in the house of a friend, where he ought not to be under constraint. Perfectly in nature! (*walks about again*) His mother? But indeed I should not concern myself much for her, if she were like the captain. I will put her to the proof, in order to know her; and then—then it will be time enough to take my measures. (*He leans over the back of the arm chair, and looking at the page, perceives a letter hanging out of his pocket.* But what is this? a letter? (*opens it, and reads at the bottom*) "Your affectionate mother, Catharine Dorffen." Ah! it is from his mother. I will read it. I wish to know her character. She will not dissemble with her own child. Let us see. (*reads.*)

"My dear Son,

"The difficulty that you find in writing, has not, I see, hindered your complying with my request; and your letter is even longer than I could expect. This willingness in you convinces me that you love me. I am sensible of it, and thank you sincerely for it. You tell me that you have been introduced to the Prince; that he has been so good as to approve of you; that he is the best and mildest of masters, and that you love him very much already." (*He looks at the Page.*) What, my friend, you have written so to your mother? I only do my duty then, in making you a return, and in seeking to give you proofs of my friendship. "You have reason to

love him, my dear child; for without his generous assistance, what would be your lot in this world? You have lost your father! and although your mother be still living, you are not the less to be pitied. Fortune has put it out of her power to fulfil her duty to you; that is my greatest grief, and the most cruel of my distresses. While I had only to think of myself, misfortunes could never affect me; but when your image rises to my thoughts, my heart is ready to burst, and my tears never cease."—Much tenderness, much sensibility appears here; and if she is as excellent a woman as she is a tender mother —And why should she not be? She is, I have not a doubt of it.—"I cannot, my dear, lead you myself in the road to fortune, as I could wish; I am obliged to remain here in solitude and retirement; but I shall never cease to give you my advice with all the earnestness of affection; and while my voice can reach you, it shall constantly entreat you to follow the paths of honour and virtue. As a fresh proof of that obedience which you have hitherto shown to me, I request you always to carry this letter about you."—(*Looks at the Page.*) Well he has been obedient.—"If ever you should be in danger of failing in your duty, or neglecting the advice that I gave you when I kissed you at parting, and bedewed you with my tears, then, my dear son, remember this letter; open it; think of your mother, your unfortunate mother, who is only supported in her solitude by the hopes that she builds on you." —What, has he not a brother?—"Think that she would die with grief were you to behave amiss, and

that you yourself would stab the heart that loves you above all things upon earth."—She sees his danger. She is right, for he is much exposed here. Ought she to have sent him hither?—"It is not suspicion or distrust that makes me speak thus. Your behaviour never gave me cause for them. No, my dear child; but your brother has made my tears flow; you, I hope, will spare the feelings of your mother more than he has done." So then, the eldest?—the ensign?—I must inform myself more of this.—"You have always behaved with duty and respect: I own it with tears of joy. Go on, my dear child; become an honest man, and your mother, be she ever so poor, ever so unhappy, will soon forget her misfortunes and distress."—Very well. I like this woman; misfortune exalts her sentiments, instead of depressing them.—"You tell me at the end of your letter, that all your companions have watches. I know that you should have one too; however you break off there, and do not express even a wish for one. That reserve pleases me, and I am unhappy in not being able to reward it. You know, my dear, that I cannot, and therefore you will pardon me. Business of importance calls me to the capital; I am going thither, and this journey will take from me what little money I have left. It is a necessary expense, and I cannot avoid it. But be assured that in the end I shall do every thing in my power to satisfy your wish. And should I even stint myself of every thing, I will never suffer my heart's best beloved to want encouragement to virtue. I hope soon to see you again, and am"——

This woman is worthy of a better lot. I will keep this letter and show it to my princess. But no, it is this child's treasure; why deprive him of it? (*He puts the letter into the Page's poeket again.*) With what tranquillity he sleeps, still! Heaven, they say, prepares the happiness of its children, while they sleep. (*He takes him by the hand.*) Ho! my little friend! (*The page awakes and looks at the prince for some time.*) He is a charming child upon my life! Come, my little friend, awake. It is broad day, and you cannot sleep here any longer. Rise.

*Page* (*rising slowly.*) Yes, sir.

*Prince.* You are fast asleep, still. Here, go into my bed-room. (*He goes in.*) Put out the light, and shut the doors. Now go to that place where you found the watch. Make haste; not there, this way. Here straight on; quick; come back the other side. Well, are you awake now?

*Page.* Heigho! yes, sir.

*Prince.* Tell me, for I look upon you as a diligent child, and even clever; can you write letters?

*Page.* O yes, when I set about it. I have written two long ones already.

*Prince.* These were to your mother, I suppose.

*Page.* Yes, sir, to my mother.

*Prince.* Joy sparkles in your eyes when I speak of her. (*Aside.*) What affection they bear to each other even in poverty! But is your mother very good?

*Page* (*taking the prince's hand between both his.*) Ah! if you knew her!

*Prince.* I will know her, my little friend.

*Page.* She is so good-natured, and so fond of me——

*Prince.* I could wish her sons to be like her. Your brother the ensign? They say he does not go on well. But you?—

*Page* (*shaking his head.*) Ah! my brother the ensign——

*Prince.* Yes, they say he causes your mother much trouble. Is that true?

*Page.* Ah, sir—But I was forbid to open my lips about it. If his colonel knew—(*with an air of confidence.*) O, that colonel is an ill natured man.

*Prince.* He shall know nothing of it, I promise you. Speak then; what has been the matter? what has your brother done?

*Page.* A great many things. I don't know myself quite how it was. I only saw my mother was mighty angry about it; and to hide my brother's fault, she gave away all that she was worth in the world. (*He goes near to the prince and speaks low.*) Only for that, she said he would have been broken.

*Prince.* Broken? For what?

*Page.* Ah, sir, I cannot tell that.

*Prince.* What, not to me?

*Page.* They would not let myself know that.

*Prince* (*laughing.*) They were very right, I think. But as to you, since you have not a watch, I suppose you asked your mother in your letter to buy you one.

*Page.* Only once—no more.

*Prince.* O, then she was angry with you?

*Page.* No, no, sir; so far from that, she wrote to me that she would spare from the little money that she had, and buy me one. I am sorry that I spoke to her of it. She can hardly live as it is. That grieves me very much.

*Prince.* So it should. A good son should not be an expense to his mother. It is his duty on the contrary to seek all means of relieving her. As to the watch, if that were all, one might content you. *(He takes out his purse.)* Hold, my little friend; here are ten guineas that I can spare. I will make you a present of them. Give me your hand.

*Page* (*holding his hand, while the prince counts out the money.*) Are they for me, sir?

*Prince.* Yes, certainly; but tell me, what do you think to do with this money?

*Page.* Could not I buy a watch with it?

*Prince.* Yes and a very handsome one; but however, when we consider the matter, you have no absolute occasion for a watch. There are enough here. (*While he speaks, the page looks earnestly at him.*) If I were in your place, I know very well what I would do. I would lay that money out better. However, just as you please. I am going to dress. Stay here until I come back.

*Page* (*calling him.*) Sir!—

*Prince.* Well, what do you want?

*Page.* My mother is in town. She sets off this morning, and I could wish to take my leave of her. Will your highness give me leave?

*Prince.* No, my boy; there is no occasion for that.

Your mother shall come to you for this time. You shall see her; have a little patience. (*He goes out.*)

## SCENE V.

*The Page.*

*Page.* She will come here? I shall see her here? what can be the reason of that? no matter; if she comes and sees me, that is enough. One, two, three—(*Counts all the money.*) Twelve guineas to buy a watch! How happy I am! I think I have it already in my hands; I hear it click, and wind it up myself. But when the Prince said that he knew very well what he would do if he was in my place, what did he mean by that? what would he do then? Ah! he has watches in all his rooms; so he knows not what it is to want one. But he told me too, that a good son should relieve his mother. No doubt then he was thinking of mine. Twelve guineas! (*Looks at them.*) It is a great deal of money indeed; a great deal of money. If my mother had them, they would be of great service to her. (*He presses the money to his breast with both his hands.*) Ah! a watch! a watch! (*lets his hands fall.*) But then a mother too! and so kind a mother! Yesterday she was so dull, she looked so pale, and so ill: I do believe that giving her this money would recover her at once. Shall I go without it for her sake?—(*With resolution.*) But let her come soon, for I may change my mind. I have the watch at heart still! (*Puts his finger on his mouth.*) Not a word! Hist! somebody comes.

*Enter Mrs. Dorffen and Capt. Derenhoff.*

*Page* (*running to meet his mother.*) Ah mother!

*Mrs. D.* (*looks anxiously round, not noticing the child.*) I do not know, brother; but I am uneasy; what can his highness want with me?

*Capt. D.* There; look at that child. He is going to give him back to you. (*She looks at the child with concern, who meantime hangs on her quite joyful.*) In fact, it was nonsense to bring him here. What can the Prince do with him? The other pages grow up, appear like men, and enter into the army. But he with—(*with a look of contempt*)—he is such a diminutive creature, he will never be good for any thing. The milk that you gave him was poisoned by your griefs. He is a plant that is spoiled at the root. He will never have strength or figure.

*Mrs. D.* O, brother!

*Capt. D.* In short, when you see the prince, be sure not to say a word to him of this child. It would be to no purpose. Rather solicit him in favor of the ensign. He has some appearance at least: he is a man.

*Mrs. D.* In favor of the ensign?

*Capt D.* Yes, he has sent for him.

*Mrs. D.* You alarm me. Can he have learnt?—

*Capt. D.* (*coldly*) It may be so: nay, indeed it is probable. (*Leaning upon his cane and shaking his head.*) What do you think would be the consequence if he knew that the puppy meant to decamp and had taken up money? and that it is only on my account, who settled the affair—(*with vehemence.*) I tell you, and you will see it, I shall suf-

fer for my own good-nature, and perhaps be put under arrest myself. I wish I had never concerned myself about your children. However, I never shall again—(*as he goes off grumbling, he turns back.*) No, I never shall, as long as I live. (*Goes out.*)

*Page.* My uncle is always in a bad humour. But let him talk on, mother, never fear.

*Mrs. D.* Be silent, child; you do not know——

*Page.* O, I know more than he does. The prince is not what he says. He never does harm to any body. So far from that, look! look here! (*Shows the twelve guineas in his hand.*) See all that—and it was he who gave it me.

*Mrs. D.* Is it possible! The Prince?

*Page.* He took it out of a large, large purse that was full of gold, a little before you came. Ah, if the prince chose, mother, if he chose—O, he is rich, I promise you.

*Mrs. D.* But how was this? I do not understand it. He must have had some reason.

*Page.* Certainly. His watch was stopped. He had been hunting all day yesterday, and forgot to wind it up; and this morning—(*he runs to the bedroom, and opens the door.*) There, mother; there is the place where he lay. So he called me and bid me look at my watch; and as I had none—

*Mrs. D.* He gave you that money?

*Page.* Yes, he gave it to me to buy one. (*Showing the money again.*) Twelve guineas, mother.

*Mrs. D.* Look at me. Am I to believe you?

*Page.* Indeed you may. But I am not in a

hurry for a watch. I shall have one some time or other, (*taking his mother's hand.*) Take this money, mother. Put it into your purse.

*Mrs. D.* What, my dear? How?—

*Page.* I am so sorry to see you always crying. Ah, mother, I wish that I had a great deal of money, then you should never cry any more. All, yes, every farthing you should have and welcome.

*Mrs. D.* What, you would, my dear!—

*Page.* How pleased I should be to see you happy and contented!

*Mrs. D.* I am happy, my love. I would not give the happiness I feel at this moment for all your prince's gold. Ah, you do not know how the compassionate tenderness of a son impresses the heart of an unfortunate mother.

*Page* (*taking his mother's hand again.*) But you will take this money, though? I beg you, my dear mother, not to refuse me.

*Mrs. D.* Yes, my dear, I will take it. As others may impose upon you, I shall take care to——

*Page.* To do what? to buy me a watch?

*Mrs. D.* Why, if you remain with the prince, you will want one.

*Page.* O, no, no. The prince has watches in every room. He told me himself that I should not want one.

*Mrs. D.* But what he has given you was to buy one.

*Page.* That is what he told me, however.

*Mrs. D.* You are deceiving me, my dear; and even your fondness for your mother should not make you tell a story.

*Page.* A story? Then you do not believe me? Now I wish that his highness were here, I wish he would come. (*turning about.*) Ah, here he is himself.

*Enter the Prince.*

*Page* (*running to meet him.*) Is it not true, sir, that you gave me twelve guineas at first, to buy a watch?

*Prince.* Yes, my man.

*Page.* And did you not tell me afterwards that I should not want one?

*Prince.* Yes, that is true, also.

*Page* (*turning immediately towards his mother.*) Well, mother now?

*Mrs. D.* (*confused.*) Your highness will be so good as to excuse the simplicity of a child, who forgets the respect—

*Prince.* Excuse it, madam? that simplicity delights me, and I could wish to find it in every one; it is so agreeable to nature. Well, my man, your mother would not believe you then?

*Page.* No, sir. At first she would not believe me, and afterwards she would not accept the money.

*Prince.* What do you say? accept? Why, have you thought so little of my present, as to give it away again? I cannot suppose that.

*Page* (*hesitating.*) Sir——

*Prince.* If I thought so, I should not be very ready to give you more. Come then, tell me the truth; is it so?

*Page* (*pointing to his mother.*) Ah, sir, my mother is so poor!

*Prince.* Good boy! Have you given up the only object of your wishes, in order to relieve your mother? it would be very hard, indeed, that you should lose a watch for doing so. (*He takes out his own.*) There! if I had but this single watch, I would give it to you to reward your affection.

*Page.* Ah, sir. But does it go?

*Prince.* Never fear; it goes very well. (*The Page runs to his mother and shows the watch.*)

*Prince.* Come, my little friend, put up your watch. And since you have made so good use of the little that I gave you, (*gives him his purse*) here, take this. There are a hundred guineas instead of the first twelve.

*Page.* Sir!

*Prince.* Do you hesitate? Here, take them.

*Page.* What, the purse, sir, and all that is—? (*going to return it.*) Indeed it is too much.

*Prince.* Yes, for yourself. But I give it to you that you may dispose of it. And who do you think wants it most?

*Page.* Who wants it? (*Looks at the Prince and his mother by turns.*) There, mother, take it.

*Mrs. D.* (*coming towards the Prince.*) Your highness——

*Prince.* Pray, no acknowledgements, madam. You will find that it is very little, and I fear it may be of more harm to you than advantage. But, (*pointing to the Page*) I need not tell you that this

child is too weak and too little for my service. At his age, children are hardly able to do much for others. In short, I hope you have no objection to take him back again.——You are silent.

*Mrs. D.* Your highness will excuse—

*Prince.* What ?

*Mrs. D.* I own, sir, I am wrong to blush for a poverty which I did not bring upon myself, and I may without disgrace ingenuously confess it to my sovereign. Yes, sir; my circumstances are too narrow to maintain and bring up my son. I have long looked forward to the future with an anxious eye; and now my fears are real. I shall be the victim of grief. Ah, if I must carry back with me into the sorrowful retreat of misery this child that your highness returns to me, who is the only object of all my concern; this child who is too young as yet—(*endeavouring to restrain her tears*) to—feel the loss of a father—Ah, pardon a mother's weakness.

*Page* (*taking the Prince's hand, sorrowfully.*) Mother is crying, sir.

*Prince.* Well ! supposing that you were to live with your mother ?

*Page.* Your highness won't send me home ?

*Prince.* No ? Do you think not ? This confidence, my little friend, pleases me. Madam, he may stay. And yet it would be a pity if his morals, his innocence—But, no. There is nothing to fear as yet.

*Mrs. D.* His innocence, did your highness say ?

*Prince.* There is no fear, madam. You would

imagine, perhaps, that I wish to draw back my word. But do not be uneasy.

*Mrs. D.* Yet, might I take the liberty, without breaking through the respect that I owe your highness, to request you to explain yourself.

*Prince.* Madam, what I meant was this. I have for some time past been extremely dissatisfied with my pages. Their company and example might perhaps—Yet after all, it is but a perhaps, and one may try——

*Mrs. D.* (*eagerly seizing her son's hand.*) No, sir.

*Prince.* No! As you please, madam.

*Mrs. D.* My son's innocence is too dear to me. I shudder at the dangers to which I was going to expose him.

*Prince.* But consider——

*Mrs. D.* I consider nothing; I see my son in the midst of flames; and if I can but save him, no matter, though he should be naked.

*Prince.* But without fortune, without education, madam, what will become of him?

*Mrs. D.* Whatever it shall please heaven. I submit to the divine will. If he cannot support his birth, let him go, labour in the fields, let him die in poverty, but retain his innocence.

*Prince.* This is thinking nobly. Yes, madam, I see you deserve every thing that I can possibly do for you. In what can I be of assistance to you? Tell me how I can serve you. Only speak, you see a friend before you.

*Mrs. D.* Ah, sir——

*Prince.* Tell me first of all what is your situation. How are you with regard to your estate?

*Mrs. D.* It will be absolutely impossible, sir, for me to save it.

*Prince.* Your debts then are considerable? You are at law now, I am told. Do not they give you any hopes?

*Mrs. D.* None, sir. One cause concerning a a small inheritance, should have been decided long ago in my favor. My title is indisputable. But interest and money are against it. Necessity brought me hither to town, in order to endeavour to compromise, but I could not succeed.

*Prince.* So much the better. You shall have justice now, without making any sacrifice, I give you my word of honor; and accept moreover a a pension of a hundred a year. I hope that will put you above every necessity.

*Mrs. D.* O, sir, so much goodness! How shall I——

*Prince.* I only discharge what I owe to the memory of a man whose widow you are. I do for you no more than I would do for any one whose virtue I esteemed. Tell me, would you still hesitate to to take back your child?

*Mrs. D.* Sir, could I so forget——

*Prince.* And you, my little friend, would you like to go back with your mother?

*Page* (*playing with his watch.*) With my mother? Yes, sir.

*Prince.* And yet, now I know that you love me, would not you like as well to stay with me?

*Page.* Yes, very well, sir.

*Prince.* Now, if that be so, were I to give you back to your mother, it would be sending you away from me, and you have asked me so earnestly to keep you here. Besides, your mother has thrown you into my arms. [*Exit.*

## SCENE VI.

*Mrs. Dorffen and the Page.*

*Mrs. D.* (*throwing herself into an arm-chair.*) O blessed day! O unexpected happiness!

*Page.* Well, mother; well, are you glad?

*Mrs. D.* (*drawing him to her affectionately.*) O my son, my dear son!

*Page.* But you do not rejoice. You ought to be merrier, mother.

*Mrs. D.* Even my happiness makes me blush. It reproaches me for the little confidence I had in Providence, and for the sorrow that I felt when you came into the world. It was but a moment after I had heard of the loss of your father. I looked at you with pity, and lamented that ever you saw the light. Yet it was you, who were to relieve your unfortunate mother! your young hands were to dry her tears! O, heavens! what can I now desire more? Nothing, nothing, but to be sure of your brother's lot, and then my happiness would be complete.

*Page.* My brother's! Why, mother, what of him?

*Mrs. D.* If the prince knew what he has done—

*Page.* And if he did, there would be nothing of it. You saw how good and generous he is.

*Mrs. D.* To us, my dear, who are not guilty of any crime.

*Page.* Besides, he promised me that he would not tell, and that the colonel should know nothing of it.

*Mrs. D. (frightened.)* What? he promised you!

*Page.* Yes, indeed: so you need not be afraid.

*Mrs. D.* I am thunder-struck. You have told him then?

*Page.* Nay, hardly any thing. Only all I knew. And then he asked me concerning my brother's behaviour, and so I could not tell a fib. You know you bid me never to do so.

*Mrs. D.* But, my dear child—

*Page.* Why are you uneasy, mother?

*Mrs. D.* Uneasy? can you ask? O, if the prince should inquire farther—if he should be informed—You may ruin your mother and your brother! you may plunge us all into the deepest misery.

*Dage.* The deepest misery?

*Mrs. D.* Somebody comes—(*She kisses and encourages him.*) Say not a word. Dry up your tears. They will only perhaps make the matter worse. Do not be uneasy.

*Enter the Prince, followed by Capt. Derenhoff and Ensign Dorffen.*

*Prince.* Come in, gentlemen. You are ensign Dorffen, the son of that brave Major?

*Ensign D. (bowing very low.)* Yes, sir.

*Prince.* That is a great recommendation with me. Your father was a man of honor, and a brave officer. I have no doubt that his example rouses your emulation, and that you strive to make yourself worthy of him.

*Ensign D.* Sir, I only do my duty.

*Prince.* That is doing every thing. The bravest man can do no more. There, sir, is your mother: her virtues, and the hopes that may be formed of this amiable child, have given me the most favourable idea of your family: and therefore I wished to see you all assembled here.

*Ensign D. (still bowing.)* Your highness does me particular honour!

*Prince.* No more certainly than you deserve.

*Ensign D.* Your highness judges favourably of me.

*Prince.* Really, sir, I only want to be confirmed in the opinion that I am tempted to form of you at present, in order to make your fortune: and yet that air of freedom and confidence that becomes you so well——

*Ensign D.* Ah, sir!

*Prince.* Denotes, permit me to say, a heart either very noble, or very corrupt. The son of such parents cannot be suspected. Certainly not. Therefore, sir, what can we do to serve you? A step higher would not advance you much in rank. What think you?

*Ensign D. (rubbing his hands.)* No, certainly, sir.

*Prince.* Now, if we were to pass over this step? A company! the rank of captain! It is the main object with you young gentlemen. But first—(*turning short round to Capt. Derenhoff,*) Sir, what is your opinion of your nephew?

*Capt. D.* (*something confused.*) Mine, sir? My opinion?

*Prince.* One would think it to be unfavourable.

*Capt. D.* No, sir, rather much the contrary; I believe that he has courage, and will be brave——

*Prince* (*looking with satisfaction at ensign Dorffen.*) Aye! is that true?

*Capt. D.* Besides, he has a promising figure.

*Prince.* He is a fine lad, I confess. But his behaviour, his morals? I am ashamed, indeed, to ask you about such trifles. In short, what is his character?

*Capt. D.* (*smiling.*) O, a little too airy, sometimes petulant. After all, sir, you know, that does not misbecome a soldier.

*Prince.* I know? Really that is something new to me. I want now, madam, only your testimony. What will you say of your son? (*after a pause.*) Nothing?

*Mrs. D.* What should I say of him?

*Prince.* What you think. The truth.

*Mrs. D.* But can I, sir? If I had reason to praise him, would you wish me to do it in his presence? Or should I speak to his prejudice before the man, who can determine his fortune?

*Prince* (*smiling.*) Excellent, madam. To the fondness of a mother you join the address of a

woman. I cannot but admire you. (*In a serious tone.*) Sir, every one has his way. I have mine. When I mean to advance an officer, I begin by putting him under arrest. What do you think of it?

*Ensign D.* (*frightened.*) Sir—

*Prince.* Yes, that is my manner. Give up your sword to the captain. An air of more modesty would have excused all. But this confidence, this undaunted tone—What can be expected from a person who, with your conscience, is master of such assurance? Who ought to be sensible that he has deserved my displeasure? Who knows how unworthily he has treated the best of mothers? and who, nevertheless,——Sir, let him be confined for a month: I will have no explanation upon what is past, and that on your account, madam, and because of the manner in which I came by my information; but particularly because circumstances make me presume that his fault is of a weighty nature.—(*With a severe and determined voice.*) Captain, if hereafter any thing should happen, I desire to be informed of it immediately, you understand? immediately. I mean to advance this young man; and neither you, (*to the captain*) nor (*in a gentler tone*) you madam, shall make me alter my plan—Never give him any thing, never the smallest trifle by way of present. His pay may serve him; and let him learn to contract his expenses. (*Making a sign with his hand.*) Go, sir, to your confinement.

(*The two officers go out.*

## SCENE VII.

*The Prince, Mrs. Dorffen, the Page.*

*Prince.* Well, madam, you seem dejected.

*Mrs. D.* Sir, I am a mother.

*Prince.* But you are not one of those weak mothers, who, to spare their children a slight mortification, choose not to correct them.

*Mrs. D.* That would be a very false tenderness. No, sir, I only fear that he may have lost forever his prince's favour.

*Prince.* Do not be uneasy, madam. My design is barely to make him worthy of the favors that I mean to bestow on him. His youth claims some indulgence, therefore I excuse his levities and indiscretion, but I shall not always do so. What in one person brings back the love of virtue along with repentance, will, in another, strengthen his inclination to vice. Upon the whole, make yourself easy. The young gentleman will come to himself, and I shall proportion my favor to his improvement. (*Turning to the Page.*) As to this child, do you know what my intentions are?

*Mrs. D.* Whatever they are, sir, they will only aim to secure his happiness. O, sir! I have never let pass a day without paying to your virtues the tribute of homage, but I now see how far it fell below them.

*Prince.* What would you say, madam? You do not know me. My object is to give the state a worthy member, and myself a faithful servant, and to raise up for my son, a friend who may one day

be ready to sacrifice his life for him as his father has done for me.

*Enter Attendant.*

*Atten.* Please your highness, the master of the Royal Academy.

*Prince.* Let him come in. I hope, madam, that you need only be informed of my intentions to approve them.

*Enter Master of the Academy.*

*Master (bowing.)* I am come according to your highness' orders.

*Prince.* Your servant, sir, I am glad to see you. What do children of the first condition pay at the Royal Academy?

*Master.* Of the first condition, sir? That is as parents agree.

*Prince.* However, mention the terms.

*Master.* Sixty pounds, sir.

*Prince.* Very well. This child I mean to send to you. And as I shall be instead of a father to him, I promise to do as much for him as the best gentlemen do for their children. But tell me, who has the care of attending to these young persons? for that is the essential point.

*Master.* The different masters, sir.

*Prince.* Who are, I suppose, qualified for their employment. But I do not know them. It is on you alone, sir, that I wish to depend. You have gained my confidence. Would you be so good as to take this child particularly under your own care?

*Master.* Sir, it is my duty.

*Prince.* I do not mean to make it a duty to you. Will it be agreeable?

*Master.* Sir, my duty is always agreeable to me.

*Prince.* Very well. You may depend then on my gratitude. (*To the Page as he takes him by the hand.*) Come hither, my man, do you see this gentleman? he is mild and good-natured; would you like to go and live with him.

*Page.* (*after looking a moment at the master.*) Yes, sir.

*Prince.* But observe you are to look upon this gentleman as your master, as your benefactor. You are to show him the greatest obedience, and the most dutiful respect; and if ever he has reason to complain of you—

*Page.* O, sir, he never shall.

*Prince.* You have seen that I can be as severe as I am gentle. So that the smallest complaint—

*Page* (*bowing respectfully to the master.*) I hope, sir, you will never have reason to complain of me.

*Prince.* How do you like this child?

*Master.* It is enough, sir, that I receive him from your hands, that will make him always dear to me as my own son.

*Prince.* Well then, he may go with you. You have no objection, madam?

*Mrs. D.* Heavens! sir, objection?

*Prince.* Go then, my dear; and never quit the paths of virtue and honor. I have only to add, that you may make yourself easy; you shall never want. But why so dull?

*Page* (*taking the Prince's hand.*) I wish your highness all happiness.

*Prince.* And I wish you the same, my good little friend. God bless you, my dear.—Now, sir, you may take him :—and you, madam, accompany this gentleman, and see where your son is to be.

*Mrs. D.* (*throwing herself at his feet.*) Can I leave your highness without humbly—

*Prince.* What are you doing, madam? I do not like this.

*Mrs. D.* Permit me to—

*Prince* (*raising her.*) By no means. Rise, madam, I cannot suffer that in any one.

*Mrs. D.* Well, I obey your highness, and take my leave—(*Lifting up her hands.*) I will bend then before my Maker, and pray him to protect for ever so generous a prince.

*Prince.* Farewell, madam. I wish you happy.

# TOM AND HIS DOG.

Tom was the son of an unfortunate day-labourer, a very honest man, but so poor, that he had nothing in the world, but the tools with which he gained his subsistence. A long sickness of his wife, by which she had at length died, had just completed his ruin. He would have sunk under so many misfortunes, had he not felt it necessary to support himself for the sake of his child, whom he loved extremely; as he was good, teachable, and of the happiest disposition.

Little Tom was going one day by the door of a great house, when a servant saw him, and calling him into the court, asked him if he should like to earn a six-pence? Very gladly, said the poor boy, but what must I do for it?

*Servant.* Take one of our dogs, tie a stone to his neck and throw him into the river.

*Tom.* Why do you want to kill him? Has he bitten any body?

*Servant.* No; that is not the reason. Come with me, and I will show you what it is. So saying, he took him into the coach-house, where in a corner on some straw, he saw a little dog, that seemed to have hardly a spark of life left in him; he had lost his hair, and his whole body was eaten up by the mange.

*Tom.* O, poor fellow! he is in a very miserable way.

*Servant.* That is the reason why my mistress wishes to get rid of him. There are other dogs about the house, and she is afraid they may catch his distemper. So if you have a mind to get a six-pence, you have nothing to do but to take and drown him. For my own part, I would not touch him for a crown.

*Tom.* But must I certainly throw him into the river? Perhaps he may recover.

*Servant.* There seems very little chance of that. My lady's physician has given him over.

*Tom.* Never mind that. It is always worth while to try.

*Servant.* As you like for that. Do what you will with him, only let us get rid of him.

*Tom.* Shall I have the six-pence all the same?

*Servant.* O, you are mercenary.

*Tom.* I do not want it for myself, but for him. If I was rich, I could do without it; but I am poor; I cannot alway get bread for myself; and he ought not to go without, now he is sick.

*Servant.* Come then; the bargain is made. There is your six-pence.

Tom saw an old basket hanging in an outhouse, and begged to have it; into that he put the dog with some straw under him, and hastened to his father, who was at work in a place at some distance. As he went, he now and then turned his eyes towards the basket, and the disgusting sight of his little patient made him shudder; but at the same time it moved his pity. Poor little fellow, said he, you must suffer very much! How sorry I

am for you! I promise you they would never have got me to throw you into the water.

As he passed through the village, his first care was to buy a little soft loaf; and the baker kindly gave him leave to soak it in his porridge-pot, to make it the more savoury. All that the poor dog was able to do was to lick it with the end of his tongue, but even that a little supported the strength of the patient, and the hopes of the little physician.

Tom's father was ready to scold him for returning later than usual, but, when he learned what had detained him, so far from being angry, he was delighted to see him show so tender a disposition.

Near the field where he worked was a green meadow, and there Tom took the poor shivering dog, and laid him at the foot of a tree, to bask and warm himself in the sun. His disorder had been occasioned merely by over feeding; and as soon as the sun had a little revived him, he crawled along the meadow, searching with his nose for such plants as instinct taught him to employ for his cure. He eat some of these, and immediately found himself much better. Tom soon after left his work a moment, to see how he went on, and was surprised to find him gone from the place where he had left him. Still more pleased was he to see him on his legs. For a whole week after he took care to carry him every day into the meadow, and at the end of that time the poor animal was perfectly recovered. His appetite was better than it had ever been before.

Tom had already laid out his sixpence to support him in his illness, and recovery; but when he found him quite in health, he very willingly shared his own bread with him. He had given him the name of *Trueman*, and Trueman grew every day more and more handsome. His eyes recovered their lost lustre, and his limbs their suppleness. In a little time his hair came again, as smooth as silk, and of a dazzling white, like snow when the sun shines full upon it.

The fame of his beauty soon reached the lady at the great house, to whom he had formerly belonged, and she sent her servant to offer little Tom two guineas for him, if he chose to give him up. O, no, no, said Tom to the messenger, my lady would condemn him to the river again, if he happened to fall sick; but for my part, I shall never desert him. What are your two guineas, compared to the pleasures I receive from his affection to me? We love each other too much ever to be separated. Tom was in the right: he would not have parted with his dog for a kingdom; but, in return, the dog would not have left him for the service of the greatest prince on earth. He faithfully attended his steps, sometimes running before him, and playing a thousand pretty gambols for his amusement. When Tom had been at work with his father, if he quitted his spade for a moment, and sat down in the shade to take a little refreshment, at the least sign, Trueman forgot his own pursuits, jumped upon him, and standing on his hinder legs, with

his tail wagging rapidly to express his delight, took from his very lips a part of every mouthful of bread. Tom had many hardships to go through, but they did not in the least affect him, so delighted was he with his little friend, and every day more than the former.

Alas! a great misfortune now hung over them. At the end of autumn the little boy fell dangerously ill. His father used the little money he had saved from his daily labour, to obtain the common remedies for his child; but these poor savings were very soon exhausted. He then recollected the considerable price which the lady of the great house had offered, to repurchase her dog. Two guineas, in the present circumstances, were all the money in the world to him. He resolved therefore to repeat the proposal to his son, but Tom no sooner heard it than he cried out, Never, never! and the agitation occasioned by so melancholy an idea, greatly increased his fever.

His disorder grew daily worse and worse. To increase his torments, a violent colic was added to the fever, and the poor lad rolled and twisted himself on his little crib, crying out in the most piercing manner. His little dog would then come crouching up to him, and give him so pitiful a look, as if he would have said, my dear master, how I grieve for you. Tom, on his part, looked tenderly upon his dog, and, when he was sufficiently at ease to speak, would say, poor Trueman! must I then quit you very soon? Alas, I saved your life, and now you are unable to give me any help. So say-

ing, he shed a flood of tears, which Trueman licked off as they trickled down his burning cheeks.

There was in the neighborhood a Mr. Wilmot, a wealthy and compassionate man, who heard at length of the illness of the boy, and the extreme indigence of the father. He therefore came immediately in person, to ascertain the truth with his own eyes, and to discover some means of giving aid to this afflicted family.

When this good man arrived at the cottage, poor little Tom was attacked by the most violent crisis of the fever. His father was by his side, but had given himself up to the most extreme affliction. Though he had for several days taken only the very slightest nourishment that could support nature, the hunger that tormented him was far from being the severest of his sufferings. The sight of what his child went through, destroyed the sense of what he felt himself. He endeavored to console him by caresses, and was supporting his languid head, while the little dog, with his fore paws on the bed, sometimes howled lamentably, and sometimes tried by little playful tricks to make his master give a look or two towards him.

Mr. Wilmot had stood for some time fixed by this affecting scene of distress, before he could proceed into the cottage. He forced himself at length to advance, and was at the foot of the bed before he was observed, and even before the dog had turned round to bark on his approach: and when Tom and his father turned up their eyes to-

wards him in astonishment, they saw that his were already full of tears.

O, my dear friends, said Mr. Wilmot, in how sad a situation do I find you! I am told, Thomas, that you are unable to supply the expenses of your son's illness. That has been only for these two last days, replied Thomas; my means held out till then, but now I have nothing to give up for him unless I sell this miserable bed on which he lies. At these words, little Tom stretched out his trembling hand to touch his dog, and gave a deep sigh.

Poor child, said Mr. Wilmot, be comforted, I will undertake the care of you. Thomas, added he, addressing himself to the father, your cottage is damp and your son can have no comfort from it in his sickness, will you trust him to me? I will take him to my house, and have him cured. Will I trust him! cried Thomas; yes, my good sir, your charity will bring us both to life again.

Mr. Wilmot raised him from the ground, gave the little boy his hand, and immediately went out to give orders for the necessary preparations. Half an hour after came a stout fellow of a servant, who wrapped up little Tom in a warm blanket, and carried him in his arms to Mr. Wilmot's house. His father walked beside with a countenance, in which hope and joy seemed by degress to efface the marks of long continued melancholy. As for the faithful Trueman, his behaviour had nothing equivocal in it: he proceeded by jumps, his nose lifted to the wind, and his eyes constantly fixed

young master, who from time to time peeped out of his covering to take a look at him.

Thanks to the generosity of Mr. Wilmot, and the attention of a skilful physician, little Tom's disorder was soon checked. As long as he continued ill, Trueman was his faithful and constant companion. It was in vain to tempt him out of his master's room, to take the air a little in the fields: all the ceremony he would show, even to Tom's father, was to attend him to the first stair when he went away; then he turned himself briskly, and ran back hastily into the room, making a thousand capers round the bed.

In about a fortnight, little Tom was well enough recovered to return home to his father. Mr. Wilmot had new clothed him from head to foot: any other person would have had some difficulty to make him out in his new apparel, but Trueman's eyes were not so easily deceived. You may imagine what was his joy when he saw his master walk abroad again, and was able to frisk about him as much as he thought proper.

When Thomas received his son again in his cottage, the first word that came from his lips was the name of Mr. Wilmot. O, my dear child, said he to his son, but for that worthy man, I had lost you for ever. You see how happy he has made us. What can we do to express to him our gratitude? O father, said Tom, I have been thinking of that [illegible] innot tell you to-day, and so saying, [illegible] his head, to conceal the tears which [illegible]en from his eyes. He went very

early to bed; but sleep never visited his eye-lids; he did nothing all night but turn and toss, and sigh.

The next day his father asked him what method he had devised for repaying his obligation to Mr. Wilmot. The poor little fellow was unable to make any answer, and could only point with his finger at Trueman. Immediately after, he put on his new clothes, and went out, with so violent an effort, that it was easy to see he had exerted all his courage. Trueman followed: never had he been so gamesome before. He skipped and gambolled in a manner which attracted the attention of all passengers. Every body envied Tom the happiness of possessing so delightful a little creature; but the happier Trueman was, the more melancholy was Tom. Alas, said he to him, you would not be so rejoiced, if you knew that we are going to part for ever. I chose rather to suffer for want of medicines, than to part with you; I would have lost my life rather. But now I must give you up to another, or pass for an ungrateful wretch. O, my poor Trueman! my poor Trueman.

Full of these melancholy reflections, he arrived at Mr. Wilmot's house. He crossed the court and went up stairs, but when he saw the door of the apartment, his heart beat so violently, that he was obliged to stop some moments to revive his resolution. At last he took Trueman in his arms, and gently knocked at the door. [illegible] scarcely opened it to receive him, [illegible] himself at his feet. O, my good

bing, to you I owe my life. To discharge the debt, I have nothing but my little dog, which I here present. Pray, accept him. Alas! it is not without pain that I give him: but you will make me still more unhappy if you refuse him.

Mr. Wilmot had such a heart as men ought all to have for their own happiness, and for that of others. The honest simplicity of the little boy made him smile, but he was not the less affected with the greatness of the sacrifice, as he well knew the strength of the attachment. He took him therefore by the hand, and said, No, my dear Tom, I will not reject your kindness. I accept your present very cordially, and at this price consider myself as fully paid for all that I have done. But since we are thus quits for what is past, I now give you Trueman again, in return for the pleasure given me by your gratitude.

What, sir! cried the little boy;—and could say no more.

Yes, my child, returned Mr. Wilmot: I ask but one thing of you, which is to press the matter no further. Go: I am more pleased than you can be, in having found one method more to make you happy.

Tom, who a few minutes before was ready to sink under the weight of his affliction, was now no less overwhelmed by the excess of joy. He looked with an eye of astonishment on his benefactor. By turns he pressed the hand of Mr. Wilmot, and his little favourite, to his heart, and to his lips. He

cried, but his tears were delightful; they were tears of tenderness and pleasure.

Mr. Wilmot did not content himself with these first benefits. An employment in his family becoming vacant, he bestowed it on the good old Thomas. As for the boy, he had him educated with care, and put to a good trade. Trueman lived in the family very happy, and Tom, sometimes caressing him, would say, poor fellow! to you perhaps it is that I owe all my happiness. He daily loved him more and more: and in the village where they lived, whenever the people wished to speak of any remarkable friends, they were at no great loss to find them: the names came of course into their mouths; they were those of *Tom* and *Trueman*.

END.

# CONTENTS

## OF THE FOUR VOLUMES.

---

### VOL. I.


| | Page |
|---|---|
| The Little Brother. | 1 |
| The Four Seasons. | 14 |
| The Snow Storm. | 17 |
| The Children who would be their own Masters. | 24 |
| The Bushes. | 32 |
| Arthur. | 35 |
| The Canary Bird. | 40 |
| Joseph. | 47 |
| Cecilia and Marian. | 51 |
| The Pleasures of Employment. | 64 |
| Little Jack. | 72 |
| The Hen, or the first Loss least. | 90 |
| The Death Bed. | 98 |
| God's Bird. | 112 |
| A good Heart compensates for many Indiscretions. | 117 |
| Priscilla and Marcus. | 143 |
| The three Cakes. | 149 |
| The Great Garden. | 156 |
| The Spirit of Contradiction | 171 |
| The two Apple Trees | 177 |
| The ugly Beauty | 180 |
| A small Pleasure exchanged for a great one. | 182 |
| Matilda | 194 |
| The Deserter | 197 |
| The Watch. | 230 |
| Blindman's Buff | 242 |
| The Ruffles and Garters. | 271 |
| The Conjuring Bird | 277 |
| The Little Prisoner | 304 |

## VOL. II.


| | Page |
|---|---|
| The Little Fiddler | 5 |
| Maurice | 32 |
| Vanity Punished | 59 |
| The little Girl deceived by her Maid | 75 |
| The little Needlewomen | 87 |
| The Lamb | 95 |
| The Veteran dismissed with Honour | 101 |
| Two Heads better than one | 128 |
| The Bird's Nest | 130 |
| The Secret of Pleasure | 134 |
| Man is best as he is | 138 |
| Old Colin | 157 |
| The Vine Stump | 165 |
| The Silk Dress | 168 |
| The School for Stepmothers | 177 |
| The Man who rose to sudden Fortune | 199 |
| The young Sparrows | 205 |
| The Blacksmith, or two made happy | 209 |
| An old Man begging | 211 |
| The Little Vixen | 216 |
| The Military Academy | 219 |
| The Same, second part | 241 |
| The Dirty Boots | 262 |
| The Affectionate Mother | 267 |
| Kindness and Complaisance | 295 |

## VOL. III.


| | Page |
|---|---|
| The Sword. | 5 |
| Jonathan | 20 |
| Pascal, or the Graduate in Vice | 23 |
| The Farmer | 34 |
| The Wild Geese | 45 |
| The Little Gleaner | 49 |
| A Love Quarrel | 74 |
| The Fathers reconciled by their Children. | 83 |
| George and the Bird's egg | 109 |
| Cæsar and Pompey | 117 |
| The Hobgoblin | 121 |
| The frank Confession | 123 |
| The Scar, or the two Friends | 126 |
| The Little Prater | 129 |
| The Affectionate Present | 134 |
| The young Gamblers | 139 |
| James, the avaricious Boy | 173 |
| Money makes the Mare go | 177 |
| The Fire by Night | 185 |
| Philip | 205 |
| Alfred and Dorinda | 209 |
| Abel | 211 |
| The Useful Disappointment | 215 |
| Foolish Frights | 219 |
| The Tatler | 234 |
| The Provident Father | 238 |
| The Monkey | 242 |
| Amelia | 245 |
| The first trial of Courage | 248 |
| Advantages of Sociability | 253 |
| The Prudent Officer | 255 |
| A game at Backgammon | 259 |
| The Adventures of a Journey | 269 |
| The borrowed Purse, or the proper use of Time | 297 |
| The Flower that never Fades | 300 |
| Old Lawrence | 308 |
| Elspy Campbell | 310 |
| Julian and Rosina | 312 |
| Policy | 324 |

## VOL. IV.


| | Page |
|---|---|
| The Good Son | 1 |
| The Masons on the Ladder | 2 |
| Physiognomy | 31 |
| The Froward Girl | 4 |
| Fashionable Education. | 4 |
| God sees you, if Men do not | 8 |
| The Mountain Lute | 8 |
| Robin, or the spoilt Child | 10 |
| Narcissus and Hippolytus | 10 |
| Charlotte, the kind Girl | 11 |
| The Sloven | 12 |
| The Separation | 12 |
| Caroline | 13 |
| The Christmas Box | 13 |
| The Alps | 16 |
| Caroline | 17 |
| The Greyhound and the Ring. | 18 |
| The New-Year's Wish. | 20 |
| The Generous Orphan | 21 |
| Euphrasia | 21 |
| The Commodore's Return | 22 |
| War and Peace | 25 |
| The Rose-Bush | 26 |
| The Nosegays | 26 |
| The Sun and Moon. | 27 |
| The Tulips | 28 |
| The Page | 28 |
| Tom and his Dog | 31 |

OCT 5 - 1939